

REAL SPECIAL EDITION CRIME ANNUAL

INSIDE THE MINDS OF
HISTORY'S SICKEST CRIMINALS

VOLUME 3



132
PAGES
OF TRUE
CRIME

Digital
Edition



VOLUME 3

LIFE WITH
THE KRAYS

OFF WITH
HIS HEAD

TOKYO CHILD
KILLER

WELCOME TO

REAL CRIME ANNUAL

MAXINE CARR'S INVOLVEMENT IN THE MURDER OF TWO LITTLE GIRLS MADE HER ONE OF THE MOST REVEILED FIGURES IN BRITAIN, BUT WAS SHE JUST ANOTHER VICTIM? IN THE REAL CRIME ANNUAL, UNCOVER THE MOST DISGUSTING CRIMES, APPALLING HEISTS AND FEARSOME GANGSTERS THAT CAPTURED THE WORLD'S ATTENTION.

「 FUTURE 」

REAL CRIME ANNUAL

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Part of the

REAL CRIME

bookazine series



CONTENTS

08

TRUE CRIME 2021: THE HIT LIST

Which 2021 true crime shows, podcasts, books and documentaries are worth your time?

14

TRAPPED BY THE SUB SICKO

An evening ride on an inventor's submarine so close to home should not have been Kim Wall's last story

26

OUT OF THE BLUE

How was Wayne Couzens, a man with a history of creepy and illegal behaviour, allowed on the Met Police force?

34

ATLANTA CHILD MURDERS

Wayne Williams is serving life for double homicide. Is he also responsible for the infamous Atlanta Child Murders?

44

MURDER IN PARADISE

Linked to at least 12 murders, Charles Sobhraj became Asia's most notorious serial killer

52

SHE COVERED FOR A KILLER

Maxine Carr's became the most reviled woman in Britain, but was she just another victim?

62

THE OTAKU RAT MAN

He crept from his car, camera in hand and anime on his mind, and called the children to their deaths

34

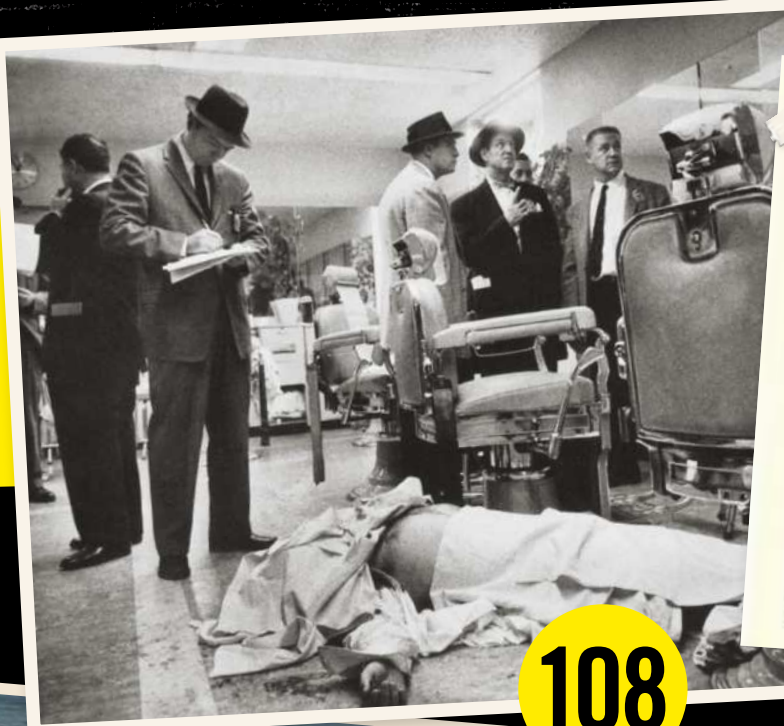


26



74





108



122



14



86

70

OFF WITH HIS 'HEAD'!

She chucked his manhood from a car window in a fit of pique

74

SAVILE THE SICKO

How did this cunning sexual predator get away with his crimes for so long?

86

TERROR IN BOSTON

The 2013 bomb attack on the Boston Marathon was vicious and indiscriminate

92

MYSTERY OF THE YUBA COUNTY 5

Five young men kissed their families goodbye and drove off to a basketball game, but never returned home alive

100

MY LIFE WITH THE KRAYS

From living the high life to brawling with low lifes, Maureen Flanagan remembered her time with the Krays

108

GROWING UP IN THE MOB

Frank DiMatteo knows all too well the reality of growing up among the most notorious criminals in the world

114

DIAMOND GEEZERS

The 2015 Hatton Garden robbery is one of the most daring heists in British criminal history

122

THE FINE ART OF GETTING RICH

The renaissance man of fraud, Art J Williams Jr turned from petty crime to forgery on a grand scale

THE BEST TRUE CRIME OF 2021

THIS YEAR TRUE CRIME ENTHUSIASTS ALIKE HAVE BEEN BINGING, SLEUTHING AND DEVOURING THE LATEST RELEASES, SO WHICH SHOWS, PODCASTS, BOOKS AND DOCUMENTARIES CAME OUT ON TOP?

WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS

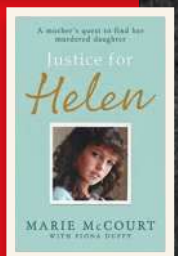
Marie McCourt (left) took her battle for justice to the highest courts in Britain in a bid to keep her daughter's killer behind bars



Image source: Marie McCourt

JUSTICE FOR HELEN

A TRULY SAD STORY OF A MOTHER'S LOVE AND A DAUGHTER STILL LOST



TYPE OF RELEASE: BOOK
AVAILABLE ON: AMAZON
AUTHOR: MARIE MCCOURT AND FIONA DUFFY

Helen McCourt vanished on her way home from work in Liverpool in 1988. A local pub landlord was convicted in the face of overwhelming evidence despite her body having never been recovered. It seemed as though he would die behind bars unless he revealed where he had hidden her body, until changes in the law meant that his silence was no longer a factor in his freedom and the real battle for justice for Helen began. Her mother Marie, with the help of journalist Fiona Duffy, fought to ensure a killer who refuses to reveal the location of their victim's body is never freed, but would it work?

SUSPECT

A PARTY IS HELD IN SEATTLE. COSTUMES? CHECK? DRINKING? CHECK? MURDER? CHECK.



TYPE: PODCAST
AVAILABLE ON: APPLE, SPOTIFY AND WONDERY+
AUTHOR / DIRECTOR / HOST NAME: MATTHEW SHAER AND ERIC BENSON

For those whose interest is most piqued by an unresolved case, 'Suspect' provided nine hour-long episodes this year to obsess over, as hosts/journalists Matthew Shaer and Eric Benson dissected the murder of 24-year-old computer programmer Arpana Jinaga. Killed in 2008 after a Halloween party was held in her quiet Seattle apartment complex in Redmond, Washington, her murder remains without a resolution despite years of investigation, numerous suspects and two trials. The hosts revisit the case more than a decade later and speak with everyone about that night of the party, retelling the facts of the case – can answers be uncovered all these years later?

Image source: King County Prosecuting / Attorney's Office



Arpana Jinaga was raped and murdered in her bedroom after co-hosting a Halloween party in Washington

JUDAS HORSE

THE QUEEN OF TRUE CRIME NOVELS AND HER TRUSTY DETECTIVE JACK WARR RETURN

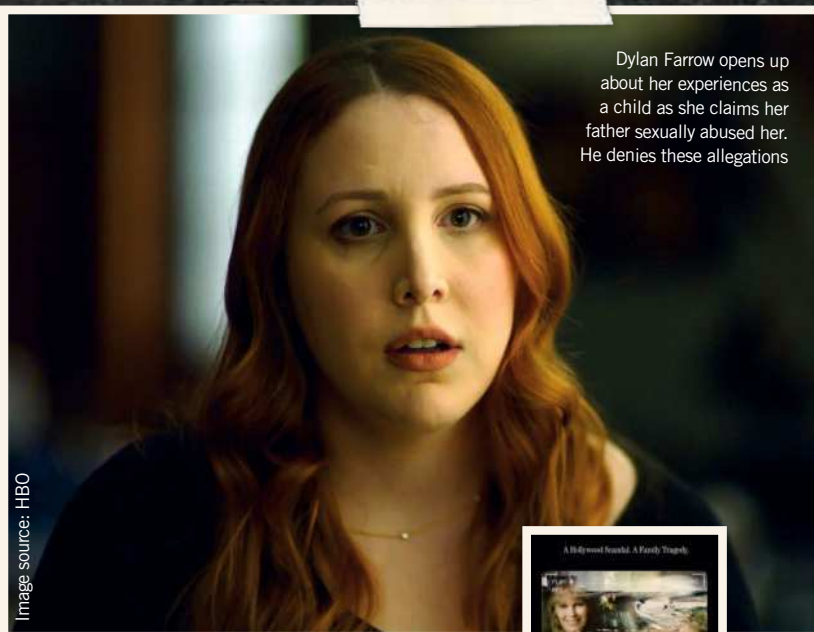
TYPE OF RELEASE: BOOK
AVAILABLE ON: AMAZON
AUTHOR: LYNDA LA PLANTE

Detective Jack Warr is back following his debut in La Plante's 2020 novel 'Buried'. This time the Metropolitan detective investigates a series of increasingly violent burglaries in the quaint English countryside. When a body is discovered it's up to Jack to serve justice against a particularly callous killer.

Award-winning crime fiction author, Lynda La Plante has gifted her fans with a new novel



Image source: Getty Images



Dylan Farrow opens up about her experiences as a child as she claims her father sexually abused her. He denies these allegations

Image source: HBO

ALLEN V FARROW

AN IN-DEPTH LOOK AT THE ALLEN/FARROW DYNAMIC AND AN ALLEGATION OF SEXUAL ASSAULT

TYPE OF RELEASE: TV SHOW AVAILABLE ON: HBO
DIRECTOR: KIRBY DICK AND AMY ZIERING

In a time before Brad Pitt and Jennifer Aniston or Johnny Cash and June Carter, there was Mia Farrow and Woody Allen. This documentary highlights their tumultuous marriage in the wake of allegations of sexual abuse made against Woody Allen by his then seven-year-old daughter Dylan. Watchers are made privy to dozens of boxes of unearthed documentation from an attorney's storage unit including sworn testimonies, police files, affidavits, and taped conversations alongside in-depth interviews with Dylan, now an adult, and Mia Farrow about their experiences of their family life, the bitter custody trial, the shocking revelation of Allen's relationship with Farrow's adopted daughter, Soon-Yi; and the controversial aftermath in the years that followed.



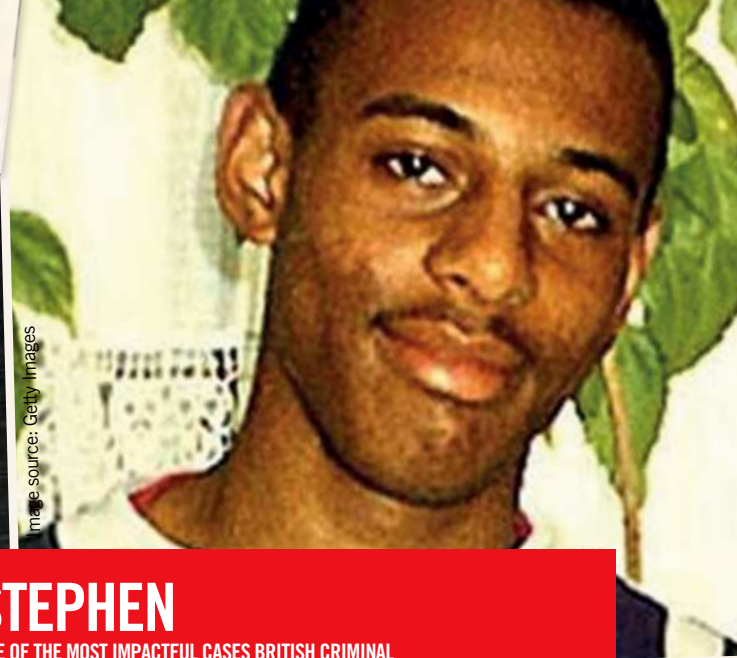
STEPHEN

ONE OF THE MOST IMPACTFUL CASES BRITISH CRIMINAL HISTORY COMES BACK TO OUR SCREENS

TYPE OF RELEASE: TV SHOW AVAILABLE ON: ITV DIRECTOR: ALRICK RILEY

A sequel to the 1999 British television true crime drama film 'The Murder of Stephen Lawrence' and one of the most heart-wrenching true-crime dramas to feature on television this year, 'Stephen' revisits the landmark case of a black teenager murdered in 1993 in Eltham, London for one reason: the colour of his skin. Set 13 years after the murder and six years after the inquiry concluded, the drama follows the Lawrence family's crusade to secure justice to see a conviction brought against those responsible. Viewers are taken through Metropolitan Police detective DCI Clive Driscoll's tough investigation, which eventually saw two of the men who committed the murder jailed for life.

Image source: Getty Images



Sharlene Whyte and Hugh Quarshie star as Stephen's parents

Image source: ITV

MURDER: FIRST ON SCENE

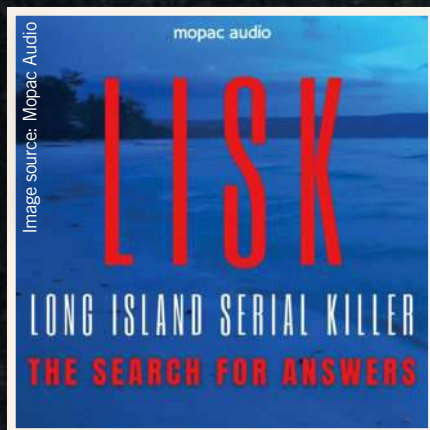
A MURDER CASE TOLD THROUGH THE EYES OF THOSE FIRST TO INVESTIGATE IT

TYPE OF RELEASE: TV SHOW AVAILABLE ON: CBS REALITY PRODUCED BY: PHOENIX TELEVISION

When a body is found, it's all hands on deck, but how does all the work done at the scene of a crime affect what is ultimately an arduous journey to justice? This 10-part series explores ten international murder cases and how those first on the scene are faced with the challenge of preserving as much evidence as they can to catch a killer. We hear from emergency dispatchers, lead detectives and forensic experts tasked with attending to the scene of a murder and learn how their diligent detective work amounts to justice done by the victim.

Image source: Phoenix Television



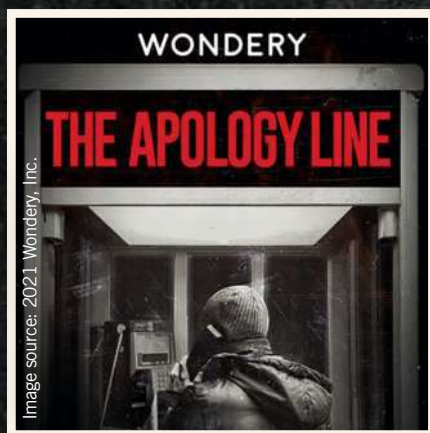


LISK (SEASON 2)

KEEPING THE SEARCH FOR THE KILLER ALIVE, LISK PODCAST RETURNS, UNDETERRED

TYPE OF RELEASE: PODCAST
AVAILABLE ON: APPLE PODCASTS
HOST NAME: CHRIS MASS

The case of the Long Island Serial Killer has baffled true crime enthusiasts for decades. One of the best podcasts on the subject returned for season two. Host Chris Mass pours over every detail and every character from the case as he searches for answers on who the killer could be.



THE APOLOGY LINE

A SOCIAL EXPERIMENT PIQUES THE INTEREST OF A SELF-CONFESSED SERIAL KILLER

TYPE OF RELEASE: PODCAST
AVAILABLE ON: APPLE, SPOTIFY AND WONDERY+
HOST NAME: MELISSA BRIDGE

Told by the long-term partner of now deceased 'Mr Apology', 'The Apology Line' tells the story of Allan Bridge and his 'Apology Line' which he set up in 1980, advertising to "amateurs, professionals, criminals, blue collar, white collar" to "Get your misdeeds off your chest! Call Apology." The calls that came in were dark, from claims of cheating, mugging to murder.

THE NEW MILLENNIUM SERIAL KILLER

DID TWO-TIME KILLER CHRISTOPHER HALLIWELL FESS ALL WHEN CAUGHT, OR DID HE MURDER MORE?

TYPE OF RELEASE: BOOK AVAILABLE ON: AMAZON
AUTHOR: CHRIS CLARK AND BETHAN TRUEMAN

Retired Norfolk Detective Chris Clark (author of titles such as 'Yorkshire Ripper: The Secret Murders' and 'The Face of Evil') and 'Seeing Red' podcast host Bethan Trueman have teamed up to put convicted killer Christopher Halliwell under a magnifying glass, could they be onto some shocking revelations about one of the most horrific killers of our generation? Starting with an outline of the murders of Sian O'Callaghan and Becky Godden, for which he was convicted in 2012 and 2016 respectively, the book examines a number of other unsolved disappearances or murders. With the facts laid out before the reader, the pair ponder: 'Did Halliwell kill others?' 'Could he have avoided detection for decades prior to admitting his deadly deeds?' 'Which victim is buried in a 5ft deep grave if it wasn't one of the girls he led police to?' and 'Will we ever know the true tally of Halliwell's depravity?'



Image source: Wiltshire Police



Christopher Halliwell, a Swindon taxi driver, killed two girls and hid their remains around Wiltshire, eventually confessing all when caught in 2012

Denise Welch talks to inspirational people who have faced tragedy and come through the other side



Image source: Getty Images

SURVIVORS: WITH DENISE WELCH

WHEN FACED WITH UNIMAGINABLE SUFFERING AND TERROR HOW DO YOU SURVIVE AND THRIVE?

TYPE OF RELEASE: TV SHOW
AVAILABLE ON: CRIME AND INVESTIGATION
PRODUCED BY: HELLO MARY

Six stories from six brave survivors, all of whom have lived through the horrific ordeals of a violent crime. Each episode we hear them detail the horrific events they lived through as they speak out against ordeals such as domestic violence, attempted murder, and child grooming, each one sitting face-to-face with Denise Welch as she asks intimate but important questions about their experiences. The series is a humbling look at the strength of humanity and their willingness to overcome tragedy in the face of evil.

RELEASED TO KILL

AN EXAMINATION OF THE PAROLE AND PROBATION SYSTEMS THAT RELEASE DANGEROUS CRIMINALS

TYPE OF RELEASE: TV SHOW AVAILABLE ON: CBS REALITY
PRODUCED BY: EMPORIUM PRODUCTIONS

At some point a violent offender reaches the end of his sentence. Showing contrition and a willingness to rehabilitate means they find themselves back in society. But what happens when instead of showing contrition they go on to commit the one of the most devastating of crimes: murder? Then we start to question: 'How did this happen?' 'Were there warning signs?' and 'How do the families of these victims deal with the backlash of a broken system?' Fronted by Donal McIntyre, 'Released To Kill' is an in-depth look into the cases that challenged the state of the parole and probation system and dominated media.

TRACES: THE MEMOIR OF A FORENSIC SCIENTIST AND CRIMINAL INVESTIGATOR

PROFESSOR WILTSHIRE'S INSPIRING MEMOIRS LOOK AT HER CAREER IN FORENSIC SCIENCE

TYPE OF RELEASE: BOOK AVAILABLE ON: AMAZON DIRECTOR: PROFESSOR PATRICIA WILTSHIRE



The advice and expertise of Professor Patricia Wiltshire has been well respected in the pursuit of justice

Image source: Patricia Wiltshire

A forensic ecologist, botanist and palynologist and truly gifted female character in the world of forensic science, Professor Patricia Wiltshire has worked on more than 250 criminal cases across the UK. Her expertise has put her at the heart of investigations into some of the nation's most notorious rape, murder and abduction cases as well as searching for graves and hidden remains. Her book, 'Traces: The Memoir of a Forensic Scientist and Criminal Investigator' takes the reader on a journey of a lesser-known area of forensic science and how her growing career has impacted the outcome in high profile cases such as the murders of Milly Dowler and Sarah Payne.



A terrible crime is committed, but could it have been prevented?

Image source: Getty Images

BENT COPPERS: CROSSING THE LINE OF DUTY

AN EXPLORATION OF POLICE CORRUPTION AND A BATTLE TO SMOKE OUT DIRTY COPS

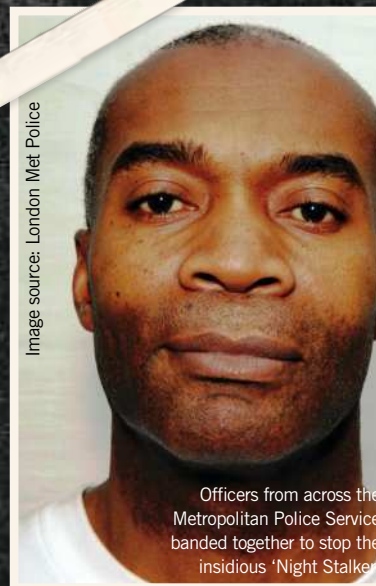
TYPE OF RELEASE: TV SHOW AVAILABLE ON: BBC TWO DIRECTOR: TODD AUSTIN

With a colourful mixture of archive clips, covert recordings and inside interviews 'Bent Coppers' gave new life to this poignant story as the series takes you behind the infamous Times investigation which exposed and ultimately jailed three disgraced Met officers. This three-part documentary, beginning in 1969, takes the viewer back to a time when British police were regarded with the utmost esteem, until a merry band of corrupt cops are exposed operating throughout London. The series is a brave deep-dive into the once corrupt underbelly of the Metropolitan Police and how the flames of corruption were eventually stomped out.



In 1969, two journalists were responsible for bringing to justice three bent coppers in the Metropolitan Police

Image source: BBC/Bohemia Film



Officers from across the Metropolitan Police Service banded together to stop the insidious 'Night Stalker'

MANHUNT: THE NIGHT STALKER

THE FORMER METROPOLITAN DETECTIVE OPENS UP THE CASE FILES ON A NOTORIOUS LONDON RAPIST

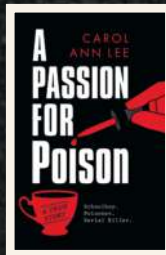
TYPE OF RELEASE: BOOK AVAILABLE ON: AMAZON
AUTHOR: COLIN SUTTON

Colin Sutton, famously known as the Metropolitan detective who led investigators to the door of serial killer Levi Bellfield back in 2000, the man behind the ITV crime-drama Manhunt has returned and this time, in his new book 'Manhunt: The Night stalker' Colin looks back on another huge case as he is tasked to review a perplexing perpetrator – a man who has been making his way through south London neighbourhoods since the 90s, burglarizing and raping its residents for more than a decade. Chasing down the perpetrator makes for a real nail-biter of a book and readers will be on the edge of their seats as the team close in on the so-called 'Night Stalker', who is he? How has he been evading capture for so long? How many victims were there really? A truly sad overview of a terrible spate of crimes that left a community too scared to sleep.



A PASSION FOR POISON: SCHOOLBOY. POISONER. SERIAL KILLER

THE NOTORIOUS CRIMES OF THE MOST BRITISH SERIAL KILLER-TEACUP
POISONER GRAHAM YOUNG



TYPE OF RELEASE: BOOK AVAILABLE ON: AMAZON AUTHOR: CAROL ANN LEE

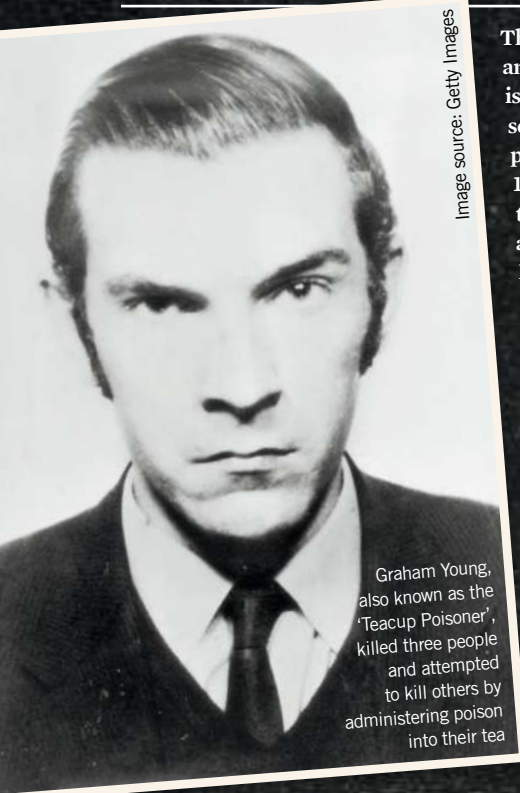


Image source: Getty Images

Graham Young, also known as the 'Teacup Poisoner', killed three people and attempted to kill others by administering poison into their tea

The true story of teacup poisoner and serial killer Graham Young is utterly horrifying, so much so that even Young himself told police when he was captured in 1972: "The whole story is too terrible. You'll be disgusted and amazed." This year Carol Ann Lee, author of 'Somebody's Mother, Somebody's Daughter' and 'The Murders at White House Farm: Jeremy Bamber and the Killing of His Family, The Definitive Investigation' writes about her in-depth and meticulous research into one of the most undiscussed but fascinating serial killers in British criminal history, Graham Young, from his early years to his incarceration with some of history's most brutal killers.

Niamh Algar takes the leading role in this gripping four-part drama about the controversial honeytrap used to investigate a brutal killer

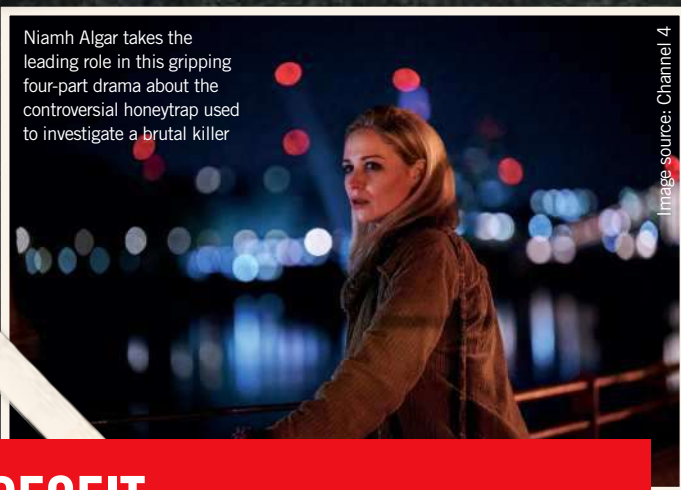


Image source: Channel 4

DECEIT

A SICKENING MURDER AND THE POLICE STING THAT SNARED THE WRONG MAN

TYPE OF RELEASE: TV SHOW AVAILABLE ON: 4OD DIRECTOR: NIALL MACCORMICK

The 1992 murder of Rachel Nickell as she walked across Wimbledon Common shocked a nation. Now, almost three decades on, this four-part drama looks back on the controversial honeytrap at the heart of the high-pressure investigation to find her killer and the conviction of an innocent man.

Suspicious actions by Elisa Lam in the lead up to her death prompted others to question what had really happened at the Cecil Hotel

Image source: CBS



CRIME SCENE: THE VANISHING AT THE CECIL HOTEL

A MYSTERIOUS DEATH AND THE SEEDY UNDERBELLY OF THE CECIL HOTEL MADE A LETHAL CONCOCTION

TYPE OF RELEASE: TV SHOW AVAILABLE ON: NETFLIX DIRECTOR: JOE BERLINGER

Joe Berlinger, the Emmy-winning filmmaker behind the 'Paradise Lost' saga, and last year's 'Extremely Wicked, Shockingly Evil and Vile' returned to our screens this year with a new addition examining how the bizarre death of Elisa Lam at the Cecil Hotel in downtown Los Angeles in February 2013 sparked an internet sleuth-fest. Her death, suspicious and frightening, prompted speculation she had been murdered at LA's most insidious hotel. Intimate interviews with those closest to the case, the staff working the day the death was discovered make for steady story-telling, alongside the gaggle of sleuths who inserted themselves into the investigation wanting to solve how the lone travelling Canadian student wound up in a septic tank on top of the hotel. Ultimately the ferocity of armchair detectives saw devastating effects by a society of people whose shame was entangled in their love for a girl they'd never met.

The Cecil Hotel became a landmark for death, a reputation further cemented by the bizarre factors surrounding a young girl's death in 2013

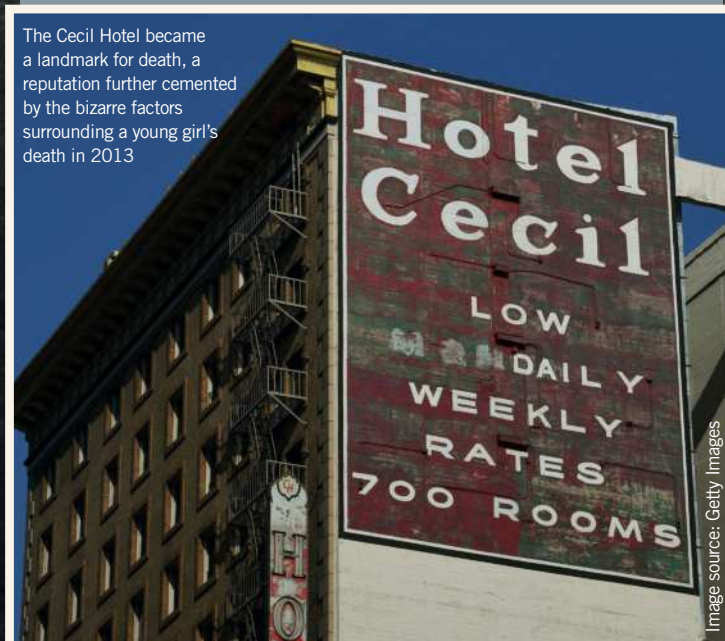


Image source: Getty Images

MURDER AT THE COTTAGE: THE SEARCH FOR JUSTICE FOR SOPHIE

THE TALE OF HOW DR RUJA IGNATOVA DISAPPEARED AFTER DEFRAUDING MILLIONS OF PEOPLE AROUND THE WORLD

TYPE OF RELEASE: TV SHOW AVAILABLE ON: SKY CRIME
DIRECTOR: JIM SHERIDAN

The murder of Sophie du Toscan Plantier in the rolling hills of Schull, Cork in 1996 fell into the spotlight this year. With two channels vying for the top spot (Sky Crime series and a Netflix three-part feature) the decision was tough, but ultimately the Sky Crime documentary took the crown. Produced by Jim Sheridan and Donal McIntyre, it is an enthralling piece of investigative documentary making that was capable of eeking the story out over five hour-long episodes. The show doesn't just talk about the tragic taking of a life but also shows how a murder investigation affects everyone. A man's guilt/innocence is made an open discussion but you can't help but think if police have got it wrong, a man's life has been devastated by the cloud of suspicion he has fallen under. After five hours of truly immersive film, the question remains: will justice ever truly be done for Sophie?

Viewers will be transported to the beautiful emerald isle to review a truly shocking murder



Image source: Sky UK Limited

Copenhagen Police must delve into Madsen's life and prove, beyond reasonable doubt, murder in order to secure a conviction against a cold-blooded killer



Image source: BBC Picture Desk

THE INVESTIGATION

AN EXPLORATION OF POLICE CORRUPTION AND A BATTLE TO SMOKE OUT DIRTY COPS

TYPE OF RELEASE: TV SHOW AVAILABLE ON: BBC TWO
DIRECTOR: TOBIAS LINDHOLM

Without featuring the killer or the crime itself, this Danish series instead focuses on the investigation leading to the conviction of Peter Madsen who murdered Swedish journalist Kim Wall in August 2017 when she boarded his homemade submarine in Køge Bugt, Denmark. Starring Søren Malling who plays the Copenhagen Police's Homicide unit Jens Møller.



CRIME CON 2021

AN ENTIRE WEEKEND DEDICATED TO ALL THINGS TRUE CRIME FOR ENTHUSIASTS ALIKE

TYPE OF RELEASE: EVENT AVAILABLE ON: CRIMECON.CO.UK HOST NAME: CRIME CON

Previously an event found only in the US, this year the UK saw its first ever 'Crime Con' at London's Leonardo Royal Hotel and Spa hotel. The weekend was filled with amazing guest speakers, live podcast sessions and Q&As with some of the industry's most fascinating individuals, such as forensic psychiatrist Dr Sohom Das, forensic psychologist Kerry Danes, 'Dont F*** With Cats' super-sleuth Deanna Thompson, and investigative journalist Mark-William Thomas. Podcasters Row meant visitors could get up close and personal with some of their favourite true crime podcasters such as 'Twisted Britain', 'Generation Why', 'True Crime Garage', while smaller exhibit rooms hosted intimate sessions on topics such as miscarriages of justice, writing historical true crime and interviewing techniques. VIP ticket holders could rub shoulders with the speakers at dinner on the Saturday evening while downstairs in the basement the crew from 'Just Killin Time' subscription box hosted a tremendous true crime quiz with all the trimmings.

Image source: CrimeConUK



A truly fantastic weekend event in central London brought true crime fans from across the nation together

TRAPPED BY THE SUB SICKO





JOURNALIST KIM WALL'S PURSUIT OF A GREAT STORY HAD TAKEN HER ON RISKY ASSIGNMENTS IN THE PAST, BUT AN EVENING RIDE ON AN INVENTOR'S SUBMARINE SO CLOSE TO HOME, SHOULD NOT HAVE BEEN HER LAST

WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS



30-year-old Kim had reported across the world, visiting places like Cuba and North Korea. She surveyed post-war tourism in Sri Lanka and explored voodoo in Haiti, but it was a “quick trip” in Madsen’s submarine that cost her her life

On 10 August 2017, aboard his crowd-funded, self-built midget submarine the UC3 Nautilus, 46-year-old Danish inventor Peter Madsen went on the Internet. In the search bar he typed the words, “beheaded”, “girl” and “argony”. A link led Madsen to a video of a girl having her throat slit open – a search he would later deem “pure coincidence”. The prosecution attorney to Denmark’s most famous murder trial would deem this a sign of things to come. Only hours later Madsen was lying on the floor of his vessel as he sent a text message to his wife. It read, “I am on an adventure on Nautilus. All is well. Sailing in calm seas and moonlight. Not diving. Kisses and hugs to the cats.”

Barely centimetres away from him lay the body of a sweet Swedish redhead, an independent and determined freelance journalist who Madsen had killed only 20 minutes earlier in a “cynical and pre-planned sexual assault of a particularly brutal nature”. The victim, 30-year-old Kim Wall, had willingly climbed into Madsen’s sinking torture chamber only hours beforehand, determined to discuss his inspiring DIY rocket “space race”. But trapped metres below sea level, the perverted inventor knew no one would hear her screams as he butchered her in a re-enactment of the snuff porn he had devoured online only hours earlier.

DEADLY DESCENT

10 August 2017 was, for Kim, a time to say goodbye to her Scandinavian life. A freelance reporter, she had been born in 1987 in the southern Swedish town of Trelleborg to parents Ingrid and Joachim. As a young woman she had attended school in the Skåne capital of Malmö, before receiving a bachelor’s degree in international relations at the London School of Economics. An intelligent and driven young woman, Kim Wall went on to receive a dual master’s degree

ABOVE-RIGHT Several people had witnessed Madsen and Kim on board the UC3 Nautilus the evening she was killed, and the sub was later spotted again, with only Madsen present

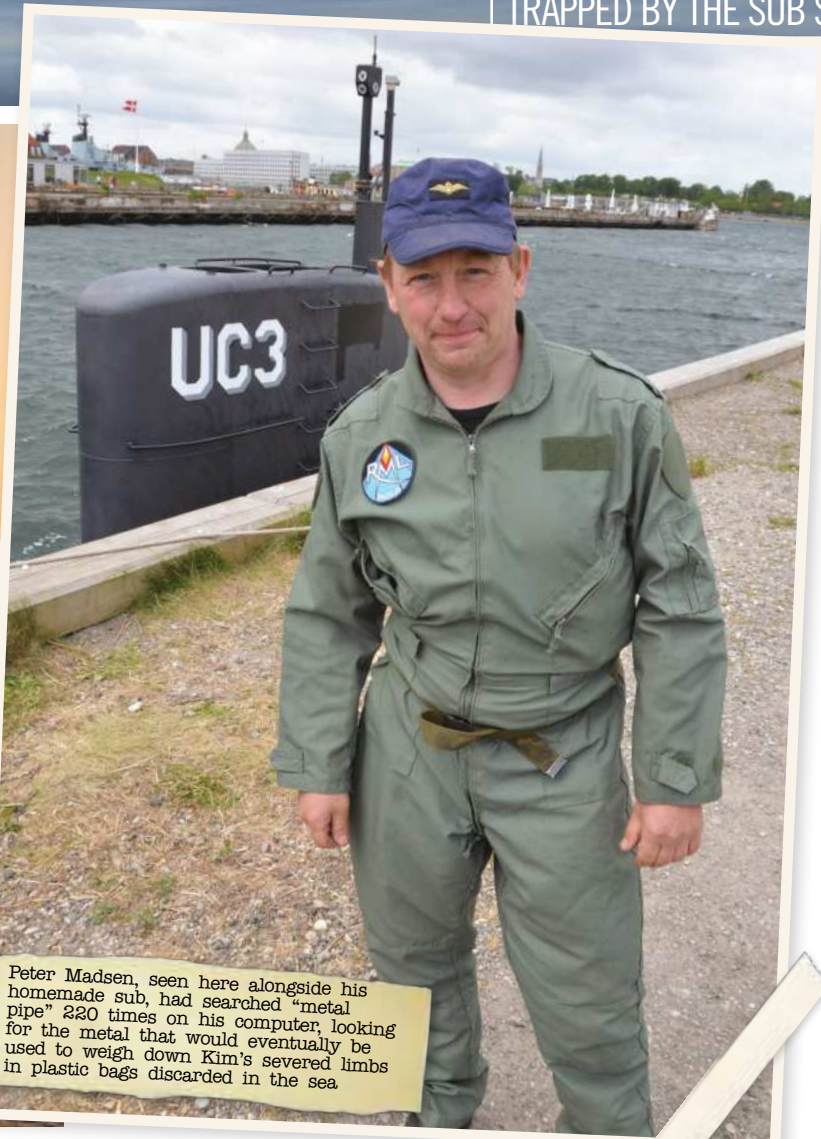


in journalism and international relations at New York’s Columbia University.

Her work had, over the years, featured in newspapers such as British newspaper *The Guardian* and renowned US broadsheet *The New York Times*, as well as online and magazine outlets such as *Vice*, *Slate* and *Time*. Her stories focused on themes such as identity, gender or subculture, and often explored the realms of social justice and “the undercurrents of rebellion”. With still so much to achieve in her life, she and her partner, Danish designer Ole Stobbe, were leaving Denmark the following week for Beijing, China, and were throwing a party in Refshaleøen to bid farewell to their friends. It should have been the start of a new beginning for the journalist, but that fateful day was instead to be a tragic, final ending.

Hours before the party was due to start, Kim’s phone received a message from a man she had not expected to ever hear from – Danish entrepreneur and local celebrity Peter Madsen. The inventor had been thrust into the media limelight back in May 2008, following the launch of a submarine he had built himself and funded thanks to donations from the public. The sub, named after the fictional vessel in writer Jules Verne’s 1870 science fiction novel *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea*, had gained incredible attention across the globe.

Soon after its launch came the announcement of Madsen’s next idea, a groundbreaking DIY rocket that was to be the first of its kind. The project, which had been the brainchild of



Peter Madsen, seen here alongside his homemade sub, had searched “metal pipe” 220 times on his computer, looking for the metal that would eventually be used to weigh down Kim’s severed limbs in plastic bags discarded in the sea.

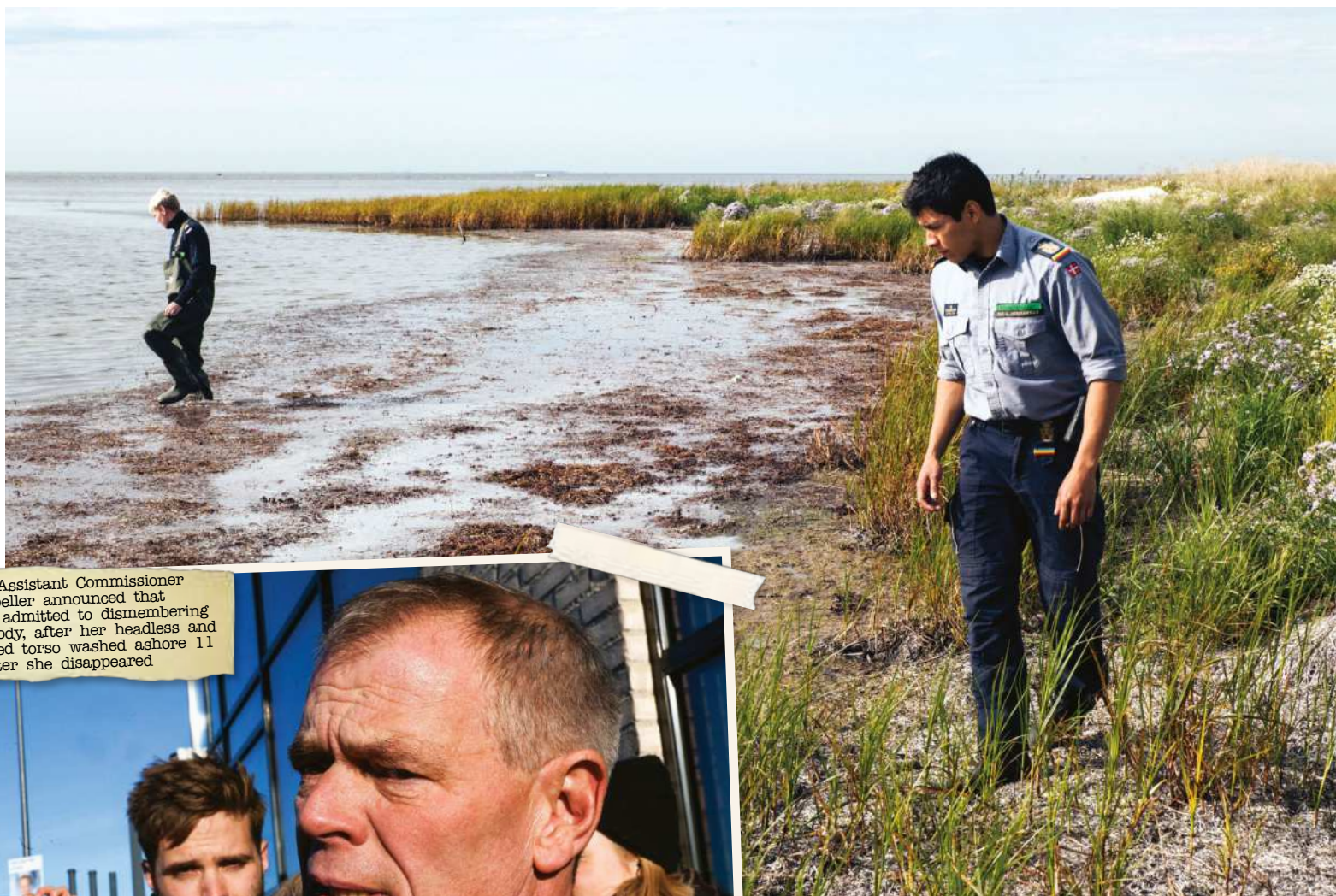
Madsen and former NASA contractor Kristian von Bengtson, aspired to launch the world’s first DIY rocket as part of their newly co-founded and crowdfunded enterprise ‘Copenhagen Suborbitals’. Their rocket workshop was set up in a derelict hangar close to Copenhagen harbour, but after relationships between the partners grew strained, Madsen set up his own rocket workshop, named ‘Rocket Madsen Space Workshop’, in June 2014, just across the way from his original workspace. In March 2017 Kim had come across the inventor’s hangar and put out feelers to see whether Madsen would be willing to grant her an interview as part of a story she was writing about the rocket builders. She had heard nothing for months, until the day of her farewell party, when the submarine owner finally accepted her request and invited her to meet him at his workshop.

Kim was delighted at the idea that her story on Madsen’s ‘space race’ might go ahead after all. That afternoon she met with Madsen, and over a cup of tea at his ‘space lab’ the pair talked. With hindsight, this now appears to be nothing more than Madsen’s attempts to put his future victim at ease. Journalism can sometimes be a risky profession, especially for a woman, but for Kim the friendly chatter of Madsen clearly had the desired effect and, although she was a smart woman with great instincts, Madsen’s plan progressed smoothly. Kim accepted his invitation to board the vessel with him that evening for a journey around the harbour. Kim returned to her partner with exciting news about her voyage. She invited Ole to go with her. He later claimed he had been

“ IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE START OF A NEW BEGINNING FOR THE JOURNALIST, BUT THAT FATEFUL DAY WAS INSTEAD TO BE A TRAGIC, FINAL ENDING ”

RIGHT Launched in May 2008, the crowdfunded and privately built submarine UC3 Nautilus became the setting for the most famous murder case in Denmark’s history





Deputy Assistant Commissioner Jens Moeller announced that Madsen admitted to dismembering Kim's body, after her headless and punctured torso washed ashore 11 days after she disappeared

looks out over the waters. It would turn out to be one of the last pictures of Kim ever taken.

Kim's boyfriend received a text from her shortly after she left, saying, "I'm still alive btw. But going down now!" She signed off what would be her final message to the outside world: "I love you".

Inside a hold on board his vessel Madsen had stored a number of concerning items that would prove fundamental to the prosecution's case months later: a saw, sharpened screwdrivers, straps, pipes and a video camera.

“ APPEARING IN COURT THE FOLLOWING DAY, MADSEN’S STORY CHANGED. THIS TIME HE CLAIMED THERE HAD BEEN A ‘TERRIBLE ACCIDENT’ ON BOARD NAUTILUS ”

on the verge of saying yes, but they had guests arriving soon and, feeling it was better that at least one of them was there to greet them, he told Kim to go alone.

Leaving the party on dry land, Kim stepped on board Nautilus at around 7pm. Passengers on board another vessel snapped a picture of Kim and Madsen some 90 minutes after they set sail. It was still light outside and Kim appeared to be enjoying her expedition around the waters. Hip to hip with Madsen in the sub's conning tower, if she was nervous she didn't show it: a broad smile spreads across her face as she

TOP While searching the shorelines and waters where Kim was last seen, investigators found her severed limbs wrapped in plastic and weighed down with metal scraps

DOWN THE HATCH

On land, the farewell party carried on in the absence of its second guest of honour, but after the crowds had dispersed and the festivities had wound to a close, Kim's partner grew increasingly concerned. Midnight had passed and still there was no sign of Kim. The couple were due to attend a wedding in the morning, and it seemed strange that she would still be out at this time. After a search around the island on his bike, Ole called the police at 1.45am. Half an hour later he called the navy. Kim had boarded Madsen's submarine more than seven hours ago and it was clear something was wrong.

The search for Kim was frantic and strange in equal parts. The submarine was sighted off the coast at around midnight before it disappeared again. The following morning, at 11am according to a local news report, a man who was out on

DISMEMBERED IN THE DEEP

SIGHTINGS OF THE UC3 NAUTILUS ON THE EVENING KIM MET WITH MADSEN HINTED THAT SOMETHING STRANGE WAS HAPPENING IN THE CALM WATERS

COPENHAGEN

DRAGØR

KIM WALL'S BODY
DISCOVERED

KØGE

10 AUGUST 2017 - 7PM

Kim boards Madsen's famous private submarine docked at Refshaleøen, near Copenhagen, having spent that afternoon interviewing him from his rocket workshop, located nearby.

10 AUGUST 2017 - 8.30PM

Danish military authorities receive a message from a cruise ship that observes the submarine sail out of Copenhagen harbour. At around this time one of the last images of Kim on board the submarine is taken.

11 AUGUST 2017 - 12AM

A witness spots the Nautilus submarine but notices that it's sailing unusually close to a merchant ship.

11 AUGUST 2017 - 10.30AM

A man stationed at a nearby lighthouse sights the submarine in the waters near to the Swedish border. Radio contact is made and Madsen says he is setting course for Copenhagen and that the submarine has technical problems, but does not say anyone on board is harmed.

11 AUGUST 2017 - 11AM

The submarine sinks in Køge Bay. Locals rescue Madsen from the water and take him to Dragør Harbour. Madsen claims that technical problems caused the sub to sink but that no one was harmed. Kim is nowhere to be found.

his boat helping with the search for the missing vessel saw Madsen in the submarine tower out on the water. Madsen descended down the hatch, and then re-emerged as the submarine began to sink. He swam to safety and was picked up by a nearby motorboat.

Reporters had flocked to the shoreline, desperate to find out about the missing person report that had prompted a huge search for Nautilus. Madsen, once returned to shore, told them that while he was sad his sub had sunk, he was unharmed and everything was fine.

When questioned about the whereabouts of his passenger, Madsen feigned ignorance, claiming that three and a half hours after she had boarded the midget vessel, he had dropped her off on the tip of Refshaleøen island at 11.30pm. He insisted that he hadn't seen her since. Already details in Madsen's story weren't adding up. Her boyfriend and friends knew that she had been excited about the party and going to China, and found it perplexing that she would fail to return home. They weren't the only ones to doubt Madsen's story. Copenhagen police arrested Madsen on suspicion of

involuntary manslaughter and accused him of "having killed in an unknown way and in an unknown place Kim Isabel Fredrika Wall of Sweden, sometime after Thursday 5pm."

Appearing in court the following day, Madsen's story changed. This time he claimed there had been a "terrible accident" on board Nautilus. He said Kim had hit her head on the submarine's 70-kilogram hatch and died. Panicking, he had pulled her body out of the submarine using a rope and dumped her body somewhere off Køge Bay.

On 21 August, 11 days after she was last seen, Danish police were alerted to a grim discovery that had been made by a cyclist riding close to where the submarine had sank: a headless, limbless torso.

The following day DNA tests confirmed the worst – it was Kim. Madsen's charge was upped to manslaughter. A month later deep-sea divers discovered the five remaining components of Kim's body, bundled into plastic bags and weighed down in the water by metal scraps. Madsen stuck to the story that he had dumped her body at sea fully intact. Police had reason to believe otherwise: divers had found a

“ACCORDING TO THE ALLEGATIONS, MADSEN HAD BOUND, BEATEN AND STABBED KIM BEFORE KILLING HER BY CHOKING OR CUTTING HER THROAT”

saw they thought could have been used to dismember the journalist. Moreover, Madsen's personal computer hard drive was full of videos showing women being strangled, tortured and decapitated. An inspection of Kim's body showed that it had been cut into six pieces, but also that the skull showed no signs of trauma, which went directly against Madsen's story that a heavy blow to the skull had killed her. Kim had also been stabbed a dozen times in the vagina. It was a grim discovery that hinted at the possibility of sinister and twisted motives for murder.

Then, on 30 October, came Madsen's third and final version of the events that occurred on board Nautilus. He now claimed that Kim had accidentally died of carbon monoxide poisoning and that he had indeed dismembered her body before throwing her overboard. A statement, released in January 2018 by the courts, said that Madsen had been indicted for homicide that “took place with

prior planning and preparation”. A method of murder was not initially offered, but it was revealed that police had also charged him with “sexual relations other than intercourse of a particularly dangerous nature, as well as for dismemberment”. According to the allegations against the Danish prisoner, Madsen had bound, beaten and stabbed Kim before killing her by choking or cutting her throat.

THE MIND OF A “POLYMORPHIC PERVERT”

Awaiting trial for murder, Madsen sat behind bars with limited access to anything other than paper and a pencil. Meanwhile, across the globe Kim's name was becoming frequently used in discussions about how an intrepid reporter could meet such a grisly demise. Those who knew Kim when she was alive knew that she was driven by her enthusiasm for independent journalism and her passion to give the world a closer look at the areas frequently glossed over by mainstream media. The irony that she had been murdered in her hometown – one of the world's safest and most equality-driven regions – was almost too much to bear.

Madsen's much-awaited 12-day trial commenced on 8 March 2018, heard by Copenhagen City Court Judge Anette Burkø and two jurors. In his opening statement, prosecutor



Madsen's defence lawyer, Betina Hald Engmark, tried to convince the court that although her client's decision to dismember Kim was strange, it was not a given that he had murdered her





Jakob Buch-Jepsen detailed how Kim's severed limbs had been found on a southern shoreline in Copenhagen, and that her death had been a premeditated attack by a man psychiatrists regarded as "having no empathy or feelings of guilt". The prosecution, it had been revealed back in January, were seeking life imprisonment for Madsen with a secondary claim for safe custody, meaning that the court could keep Madsen in prison for as long as he was deemed a threat and a danger to the public. Madsen's defence lawyer, Betina Hald Engmark, argued that while Madsen admitted to dismembering the journalist on his submarine, there was no proof that her client had murdered Kim.

On the first day of his trial, Madsen took the stand for over two hours, wearing glasses, a dark shirt and jeans, to give his version of events. He told the court he had lied on previous occasions to spare her friends and family the details of how she had died, following a "wonderful evening" that ended in a "horrible accident". According to the defendant, his female passenger had died a slow and painful death thanks to a combination of exhaust gas and a fall in cabin pressure while he was on deck. He claimed that he had tried to open the hatches but couldn't, and when he finally could, Kim's body was lying lifeless on the floor. He had tried to resuscitate her but finally gave up. Madsen, who tried to insist that the dismemberment of Kim was not attributable to any kind of sexual fantasy and was carried out to make it easier to remove the body from the submarine, became irritable when Buch-Jepsen suggested that Madsen had sexually interfered with the body. When he was asked about semen stains found in his underwear, Madsen answered back, "It's not strange given I am such a promiscuous person."

Forensic experts and pathologists testified in court, citing that no evidence of gas poisoning was found in Kim's lungs or heart tissue. The second day of the trial saw no signs of the prosecution's fierce questioning of the defendant abating, as Madsen was put on the stand again to give an explanation



(left) In court on the first day of his trial, Madsen was grilled by the prosecutor, who attempted to demonstrate to the court how Madsen had sexually assaulted Kim as part of a sadistic premeditated attack, before killing her



city, Schmitt
uhhans Bygnet 25/11-18
og grundet for dommen
looses op!

OPPOSITE Prosecutor Jakob Buch-Jepsen argued at the trial that blood stains found on Peter Madsen's boiler suit were not consistent with his testimony that he had stabbed and dismembered Kim's body only after her death – he had attacked her while she was alive

TOP-LEFT Jens Falkenberg, who helped Madsen build the sub, told the press he wondered if Kim had "slipped on the ladder leading up to the first hatch"

TOP-MIDDLE Traces of Kim's blood were found on the sub, and police strongly suspected foul play had taken place

TOP-RIGHT Just hours before Peter Madsen met with Kim Wall to take her on a ride in Nautilus, he searched the Internet for "beheaded girl argony [sic]", and watched a video of a woman having her throat slit. Madsen tried to argue this was a "coincidence"

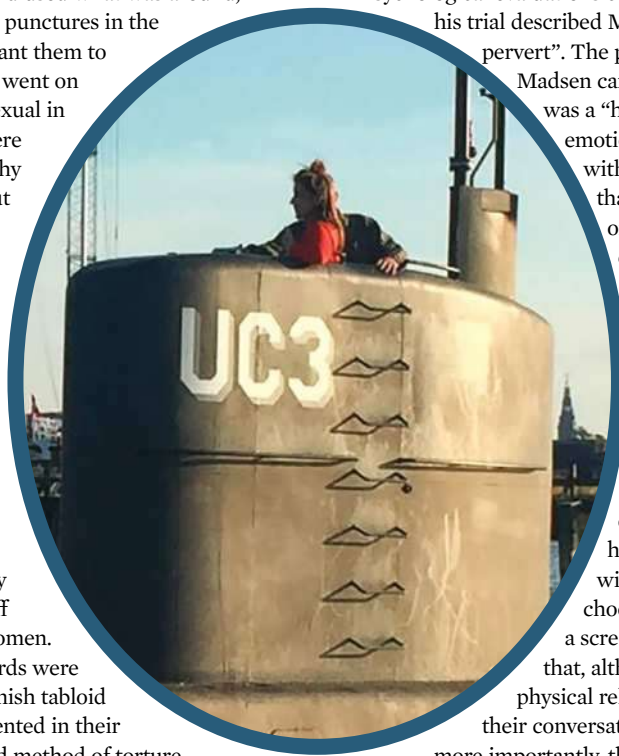
regarding the dismemberment of Kim, which he had said took place after toxic gases suffocated her. He admitted he had dismembered the journalist in the bathroom but offered little more insight. "I have said what I have to say about this. I was in an insane situation and used what was around," he told the court. "I put some punctures in the body parts because I didn't want them to be inflated by gases," Madsen went on to admit. "There is nothing sexual in the fact that the stab holes were in her vagina. I understand why you might think there was, but there was nothing sexual in it for me."

The prosecution's claims hinged quite heavily on the findings on Madsen's iPhone profile. The phone itself was never found and nor was Kim's, and Danish police assumed they had likely been tossed overboard. However, they were still able to recover online data from them. Madsen's search history showed his proclivity for snuff porn and violence towards women. His top three porn search words were "throat" "girl" and "pain". Danish tabloid *The Copenhagen Post* commented in their trial report how "his preferred method of torture, it would appear, includes a woman being mistreated with a knife, fire or a spear". The judges and jurors also saw a film, recovered from Madsen's computer, showing a woman having her throat slit. It was similar to the one Madsen watched just hours before Kim boarded his vessel. Too

horrific to be shown publicly, the rest of the court could only listen to the gory sounds from the video. When asked why he watched an animated video showing a similar thing, Madsen began to compare it to watching films like *Seven* and *Kill Bill*.

Psychological evaluations conducted in the run-up to his trial described Madsen as a "polymorphic pervert". The psychologists who evaluated Madsen came to the conclusion that he was a "highly untrustworthy" and emotionally impaired manipulator with narcissistic tendencies, and that he had a lack of empathy or a conscience. Madsen's defence team countered, arguing that the prosecution could not prove exactly how Kim Wall had died, and therefore they were missing a crucial component in their arguments and the case against their client.

During the fourth day of the trial, on what should have been Kim's 31st birthday, witnesses came forward, many choosing to give evidence behind a screen. A female witness claimed that, although she had not had a physical relationship with Madsen, their conversations focused on sex and, more importantly, the role of pain and death in sexual arousal. They discussed the most pleasurable way to die, snuff movies, the ability to be a caring father and a "loving psychopath" and increasingly wilder fantasies. At one point Madsen suggested she could photograph an orgy he had planned. The prosecution also read evidence to the



HAS HE KILLED BEFORE?

MADSEN HAS BEEN LINKED TO ANOTHER INFAMOUS CASE, UNSOLVED FOR YEARS, THAT BEARS SOME STRIKING SIMILARITIES TO KIM WALL'S MURDER

With Madsen in custody, Danish police started to consider the possibility that this wasn't Peter Madsen's first kill. Copenhagen police reopened a long-standing cold case that had occurred before Kim was even born, when Madsen was 15 years old. In 1986 a taxi driver on his lunch break stumbled across a grim discovery: a black bag floating between two boats in the harbour of Islands Brygge. Inside were the lower limbs of a woman. Weeks later another bag was found containing the upper body and arms of the same woman. Finally, the head was recovered. For eight months police were unable to identify the woman, and a number of theories circled, from the idea that North Koreans had subjected the victim to torture, to simple suicide. That was until the victim's parents called the police, concerned that they had not heard from their

daughter following her round-the-world trip and a voyage to the Danish capital.

The woman was identified as 22-year-old Japanese student Kazuko Toyonaga. Her murder and the identity of the person who desecrated her body remain a mystery, but following Madsen's arrest police wondered: had Madsen killed before and could these cases be linked?

For now the theory remains speculation, but the killer's DNA is currently being evaluated in the reopened cold case, hoping to give police more answers about Madsen and potentially an idea about how Kazuko died – if only to rule out that she came face to face with the submarine sicko.

RIGHT The 22-year-old Tokyo-born student vanished when travelling in Scandinavia and Germany more than 30 years ago



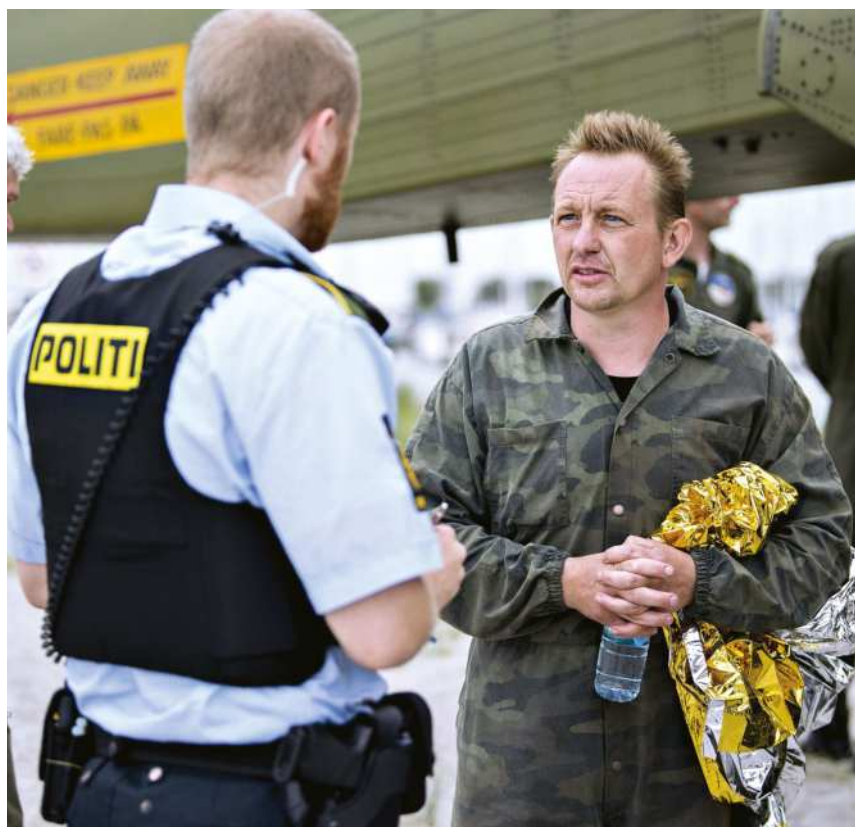
“PSYCHOLOGISTS CONCLUDED HE WAS A ‘HIGHLY UNTRUSTWORTHY’... MANIPULATOR WITH NARCISSISTIC TENDENCIES AND A SERIOUS LACK OF EMPATHY”

court of Madsen's interview with police talking about the dismemberment of Kim.

A SINKING SHIP

“One thing has become pretty clear today,” *The Copenhagen Post* wrote on the sixth day of Madsen's trial, “Peter Madsen doesn't have much of a defence.” As Madsen's trial wore on, the inventor's credibility and apparent innocence withered fast. On the seventh day in court, a witness took to the stand to explain that, back in 2000, Madsen had been accepted into a local BDSM club called ‘Det Sorte Selskab’. According to the club's owner, their new member's attitudes towards the group's consensual sex and torture meant that he “was shortly afterwards thrown out – not because he was too extreme, but because he was too passive. He seemed fascinated but not turned on.”

Throughout the trial, Madsen's version of events had remained without much credibility. In early April, on the eighth day of his trial, Madsen thought he might have a shot at convincing the judge and jury that Kim's death had been an accident, thanks to a graduate in civil engineering – Kim Winther from the Danish Technological Institute, who specialised in thermodynamics. Despite never stepping aboard Nautilus, he examined the possible outcomes based



ABOVE Speaking to police after he was rescued on 11 August 2017, Madsen gave no indication that anyone had been injured on board the vessel, let alone that a young woman had died

OPPOSITE Kim and Madsen were snapped side by side in the submarine's conning tower. Her relaxed posture suggests that Kim did not feel alarmed or threatened

on different valve settings on the vessel. His calculations ruled that Madsen's explanation was plausible. However, according to Winther, the submarine would have heated quickly, to as high as 70 degrees Celsius in less than three minutes and to 150 degrees Celsius within ten minutes. A forensic officer had already testified earlier in the trial that Kim's body showed no signs of heat impact. Madsen's lawyers tried to argue that the bottom of the submarine, where Madsen claimed he had found Kim's body, would have been much cooler.

A further witness refuted Madsen's story. Ditte Dyreborg, a lieutenant commander in the Danish navy, told the court that they weren't able to detect any carbon monoxide or carbon dioxide in the submarine and that “the experience from military submarines is that it wouldn't pose a significant risk”. Madsen's lawyers tried to show her knowledge of submarines only extended as far as those used in the armed forces and did not include privately built vessels.

To prove that the slaying of Kim was murder and not manslaughter, prosecutors had to show that there was a level of intent and that the death of the victim was planned. It appeared that Madsen had not only targeted Kim. Another witness who testified told the court that Madsen had contacted her to extend an invitation to go aboard Nautilus back in May 2017, after a chance encounter between the two. The woman, who could not be named for legal reasons, never replied to him. Only days before Kim stepped onto the submarine he contacted her again, once more offering the chance to come aboard. She again declined the opportunity. She was not the only woman to testify that Madsen had tried to entice her onto his submarine. A long-term friend of the inventor's told the courts that, in the summer, Madsen had joked with her that he might have to kidnap her. He invited her onto the submarine, this time only two days before Kim



“ NO MATTER HOW MANY WITNESSES... TALK ABOUT WHAT A WONDERFUL HUMAN BEING HE IS... PETER MADSEN HAS A DARK SIDE ”

boarded the vessel. She declined, concerned that his interest in her was sexual.

During the closing arguments of the trial, prosecutor Buch-Jepsen acknowledged that Denmark's most severe punishment had only ever been handed down for the murder of a single person in "very special circumstances". However, he said the evidence against Madsen for the sexual assault carried out on the victim, along with evidence of premeditation, was enough to justify such a sentence. "In this case there are no mitigating circumstances, only aggravating circumstances," he told the court. Referring to what he described as a "ying and yang" when it came to Madsen's personalities, he argued, "No matter how many witnesses the defence has called who can talk about what a wonderful human being he is, that does not change the fact that Peter Madsen has a dark side."

Madsen's lawyer argued that a murderer would not have been so open and blasé about having taken his victim on a voyage. Referring to the images showing Kim and Madsen on the submarine in the moments before it sank out of sight, she said, "If you were planning to kill a woman, would you show the whole world? 'Hey, look at me and my submarine and this woman standing in the tower. You know who I am, and now here we are sailing out.'" She added that if Madsen was to be found guilty he should be given a 14-year sentence as opposed to the term put forward by the prosecution.

On 25 April 2018 Judge Burkø announced that, after 12 days of trial spread out over seven weeks, the court had reached a decision. "It is the court's assessment that the defendant killed Kim Wall," she announced. Madsen showed no emotion upon hearing the judge announce she did not believe his assertion that Kim's death had been an accident, and the judge commented on the circumstances that had led to Madsen's "cynical and planned sexual assault and brutal murder". At the time of writing, Madsen is appealing against the sentence, but not the guilty verdict.

In a country where murder rates hardly ever step outside of double digits, the murder of Kim has signalled a change in perspectives for independent female journalists, often forced to step out of their comfort zones and into risky situations in order to keep up with the demand for a scoop. Many understand how Kim ended up on that submarine, but they fail to comprehend how Madsen could seize this as an opportunity to bind, torture and kill a defenceless woman in a vessel he claimed was built to signal freedom.

Kim's legacy lives on through a memorial fund set up in her name, which still believes in the importance of independent female journalists and looks to support the arduous journeys journalists put themselves through. In that respect, Kim's spirit as a journalist will never be forgotten. It is just a shame her life had to come to such a horrific ending in what would be her final story.



THE KIM WALL MEMORIAL FUND

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN: A CHARITY SET UP IN KIM'S NAME LOOKS TO CONTINUE HER LEGACY LONG AFTER HER TRAGIC MURDER

Set up by the friends and family of the late journalist, the Kim Wall Memorial Fund looks to support female journalists whose work captures Kim's spirit and determination for quality journalism. As part of the fund, the charity looks to offer grants and scholarships to deserving independent female journalists who need funding in order to achieve their dreams of independently researching foreign policy and the "undercurrents of rebellion", just as Kim had once done. On her fundraising page, her friends and family highlight how, despite her tragic ending, "Kim would have wanted more women to be out in the world, brushing up against life. We are asking for your help in realising her vision of this braver, lovelier world."

Donations to the fund can be made at: gofundme.com/rememberingkimwall

TOP In March 2018 journalist Anne Kristine Hermann (left) was named the inaugural grantee of the Kim Wall Memorial Fund by its founders, Kim's parents Ingrid (middle right) and Joachim (right) and her brother Tom (middle left)

BELOW Once recovered from the bottom of Køge Bay after it reportedly sank due to engine failure, Nautilus became a crucial piece of the puzzle in discovering what happened the night Kim stepped on board the sub





OUT OF THE BLUE

SARAH EVERARD WAS ABDUCTED ON A BUSY LONDON STREET AND MURDERED BY A SERVING LONDON METROPOLITAN POLICE OFFICER. HOW WAS WAYNE COUZENS, A MAN WITH A KNOWN HISTORY OF CREEPY AND ILLEGAL BEHAVIOUR, EVEN ALLOWED TO WEAR THE UNIFORM?

WORDS MARTYN CONTERIO

The abduction, rape and murder of a woman by a man is the ultimate act of male entitlement. In the post-industrial age, it has been the objective of women to free themselves from constraints set by patriarchal society, to secure for themselves autonomy over their own bodies, to venture beyond their traditional roles as mothers and wives. The shocking abduction and murder of Sarah Everard in March 2021 added renewed focus to campaigns on women's safety, feminist issues and police recruitment and vetting processes. The aims of activists isn't to create a paranoid worldview, to exist in a perpetual state of victimhood: not every man is out to harm or kill women, nor is every cop a criminal: nobody thinks that. But as a society we must accept and understand a lived reality where women are often treated as second-class citizens, where sexism and misogyny thrive in law and a culture in which women are persistently controlled and harassed by men.

STRANGER ATTACK

Shattering truths about the lives of women fed directly into this case and partly explain why the aftermath was so explosive, so vitriolic. It led to direct confrontation with the London Metropolitan Police (the Met) on

MISSING

Please Help

Our dear friend Sarah Everard

Last contact **21:28** on the evening of **Wednesday 3rd March**.

Sarah was wearing a green waterproof jacket, navy blue trousers with a white diamond pattern, white trainers and green in-ear headphones. Same as in photo.

Sarah is 5ft4inches, 33 years old with blonde hair and a slim build.

Sarah was Walking between Clapham Junction and Brixton around 21:00 on Wednesday 3rd March.

Please urgently contact the police, calling 101 (referencing CAD107) with any information about Sarah.

TIMELINE

SARAH EVERARD AND WAYNE COUZENS WERE COMPLETE STRANGERS... UNTIL THE NIGHT OF 3 MARCH 2021

BELOW The Met released this CCTV image of Sarah captured in a Brixton supermarket just a few hours before her abduction. They announced they were increasingly concerned for her safety

07.00 (3 MARCH)

Wayne Couzens finishes his 12-hour shift guarding the US embassy on the South Bank of the River Thames. He picks up a hire car in Dover, Kent, later that day at 16.45 p.m.

19.00

Sarah walks to her local high street Sainsbury's, in Brixton Hill, where she buys a bottle of red wine to take to her friend's house located at Leathwaite Road, Clapham.

21.00

Sarah leaves her friend's house via the back gate of the property, beginning what should have roughly been a 2.5-mile, 50-minute walk to her home in Brixton. She crosses the far western part of Clapham Common, heading southwest before turning northeast.

21.13-21.15

Sarah rings her boyfriend Josh Lowth. The call lasts until just before 21.30 p.m. At this point, Sarah continues her uneventful walk home. CCTV picks her up at the junction between Bowood Road and the South Circular.

21.28

Sarah is on Cavendish Road. She is alone. She and Josh have made plans to meet the next day. There is nothing to suggest anything out of the ordinary is about to occur.

21.32

A police car's dashcam spots Sarah walking. This is crucially the last moment in which she is seen alone on her journey home. The next time she is seen there is another person with her.

21.35

A London bus camera shows two people standing by a white Astra with its hazard lights flashing, parked on the north side pavement. Sarah has been stopped by a man in dark clothing.

21.38

Another London bus camera picks up Couzens and Sarah on the pavement. This time both front passenger doors are open. It is currently unknown as to how he got her into the vehicle. Sarah is never seen alive again.

19.50 (9 MARCH)

Couzens and his wife are arrested at their home in the seaside town of Deal, Kent. Before the police knock at his door, 39 minutes earlier, at 19.11 p.m., Couzens erases all the data from his mobile phone in a bid to delete key evidence.

16.45 (10 MARCH)

Sarah's remains are found in a green rubble bag 100 yards or so from a tract of woodland purchased by Couzens and his wife back in 2019. The victim is formally identified by her dental records. Cause of death is given as compression to the neck.

“ A BUS CAMERA SHOWS TWO PEOPLE BY A WHITE ASTRA. SARAH HAS BEEN STOPPED BY A MAN IN DARK CLOTHING ”

Clapham Common, South London, in the days that followed the arrest of the prime suspect, a 48-year-old serving firearms officer who guarded the US embassy, located at Nine Elms, as part of the Parliamentary and Diplomatic Protection Command. As a nation was left reeling, a family mourned the sudden and incalculable loss of a loved one.

Walking home alone should not be a gauntlet of fear. For most it isn't. Sarah Everard was a 33-year-old marketing executive, a resident of trendy and multicultural Brixton. Her life was perfectly ordinary. Midway through what is a fairly safe journey through busy and well-lit city streets, she was stopped by a predator. It was a chance encounter, totally out of the blue, a rare instance of a stranger attack relying on opportunism and favourable conditions. Physically imposing, trained to take immediate control of a situation, trained to assert authority over others, as anybody who has interacted with the police will know, it can be an intense and uncomfortable encounter, even when you've done nothing wrong, even when you're perhaps helping with information. It's designed to be intimidating. The attacker could easily have frightened the woman, who was all but 1.6 metres (5 foot 4 inches) in height. He likely bamboozled her with requests or demands. A current theory is he used his Met warrant card as part of the act.

Whole sections of society and communities are inherently distrustful of the police, and with good reason. Most, however, are raised to respect the law and those who wear the uniform. Sometimes, this relationship is severely tested, especially when it comes to the Met, a force notorious for cover-ups and institutional faults it sometimes aggressively discounts with 'it's a few bad apples' standard-issue spiel. Alas, we all know what they say about bad apples: they spoil the cart. Whether she was strong-armed into the car or coerced into cooperating, Couzens drove off with Sarah and acted out whatever depraved fantasy was in his head.

All good police officers deserve our respect and gratitude. Bad ones need to be held accountable and punished, whether at the top or the bottom of the institution. There is the feeling, though, that the Met and other forces, as times past readily show, circle the wagons and go on the defensive. They act affronted and

RIGHT Couzens attempted to burn Sarah's body before discarding it in green builder's bags on land he owned



BELOW One of the countless missing posters placed around London to highlight Sarah's disappearance. Her remains were found just a week after she was last seen alive



aggrieved that the public and the media has the nerve to question their integrity, as if the power they wield means they should be above the criticism of the public they are tasked with protecting. No amount of sympathy expressed by Met Commissioner Cressida Dick, hardly a stranger to controversy, will bring Sarah back or others killed by serving police officers. Instead, their occasional petulance and lack of self-awareness only affects the ability to police by consent and it breeds resentment detrimental to their function as society's guardians. This was evident in their reaction to the candle-lit vigil on Clapham Common, where they essentially poured gasoline on an already raging fire (see boxout on page 20).

As well as Couzens' horrifying actions, the Met was recently left red-faced when a serving constable, Benjamin Hannam, was discovered to be a member of a proscribed far right group. The independent review panel into the death of Daniel Morgan, a journalist murdered in 1987, looking at police procedures and investigation practices, re-opened a can of worms surrounding Met corruption. Other incidents of illegal behaviour are currently being investigated and are more numerous than we've been led to believe. Statistics released by freedom of information requests, made by the Bureau of Investigative Journalism, revealed a worrying tally: of 700 incidences of domestic abuse involving serving police officers taken over the course of three years up to 2018 from three-quarters



of forces in the UK highlighted less than a third were likely to be convicted of a crime compared to members of the public. Less than a quarter received any form of disciplinary proceeding at all. It paints a grim picture. One rule for them, one rule for the rest of us. Powerful institutions need to be held accountable. When it comes to the police, at their most arrogant, they too often forget they are our servants, not our masters.

KILLER'S BACKGROUND

Dover marks the end of England and the beginning of England. The port town on the English Channel, only 21 miles from France, thrums with traffic 24 hours a day. The ferry terminal, one of the busiest in the world, beneath the iconic White Cliffs, operates around the clock. It is a place few outsiders stop in, and for good reason. Surrounded by bucolic countryside, wealthy commuter villages and undulating hills, spectacular chalk coastline and verdant valleys, with flowery fields ringing with skylark song, seen at a distance, Dover looks a pleasant corner of south-east Kent, the imposing and impressive Norman castle overlooking the town reminding visitors of its important and illustrious history at the forefront of wars and, in peacetime, trade. Industry has long faded, leaving squalor and stagnation. Dover is rife with unemployment and social issues continuously ignored rather than confronted and tackled. For a small place it has big problems. Poverty is endemic, several of its wards, such as St Radigund's, are among the poorest in the country. Even its few middle-class enclaves and townhouses around leafy Castle Hill look desolate and mean. Dover is also the hometown of Wayne Couzens.

For years, the Met cop-turned-killer worked at his family's garage atop the Western Heights. The BCB shop



TOP Met officers sift through Mount Pond on Clapham Common on the fifth day of the search for Sarah. At this stage in proceedings it was still a missing persons case

ABOVE Officers stand guard outside the property owned by Couzens in Deal, Kent. By now it was known that an officer serving in the Met was the prime suspect

is now boarded up and abandoned, a recurring image of Dover, and its emblematic image is located on the white-cliff promontory overlooking the marina and Victorian harbour. For several centuries, this bit of clifftop held strategic defence positions as a military fort, built during the era of Napoleon. This area of Western Heights, covered in the summers by rich greenery, vibrant chalk stone and dotted prettily by red valerian, is primarily a local spot to take in the views of the Channel, and for dogwalkers to give their pets a bit of exercise. On a clear day, you can see right across to France. A few yards away is the ruin of a Knights Templar chapel, another reminder of Dover's fascinating but neglected history. In the days after Couzens' arrest, Kent Police searched the old property and the warren of tunnels beneath the fort, though a spokesperson for the force said it was a training exercise. If so, it was curiously timed.

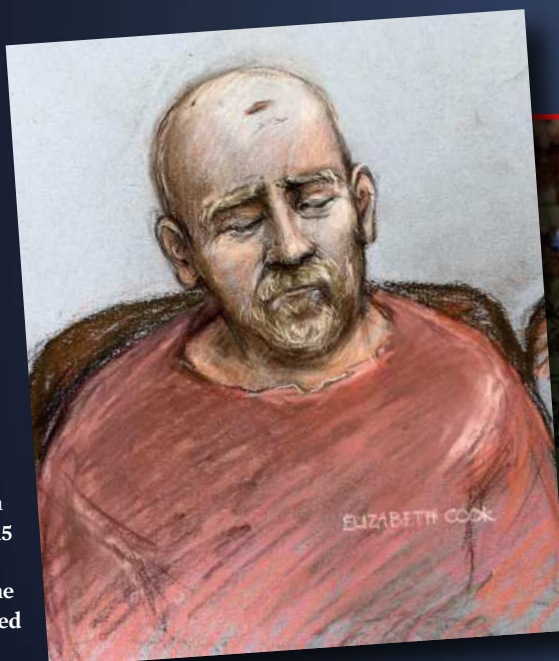
Couzens' policing career was unblemished only because, for whatever reasons, several incidents in the years and days leading up to the murder were not investigated fully,

despite compelling evidence given by the public that he was a pervert. Alarms were sounded but red flags were ignored. If dealt with correctly, Couzens would not have had the opportunity to kill, and certainly not as a member of the Met.

He pleaded guilty to Sarah's murder at the Old Bailey on Friday 9 July 2021. This was after pleading guilty to her abduction and rape at a previous hearing held on 8 June 2021 via video link from prison and admitting responsibility for her death without entering a guilty plea to murder. In the process of the investigation it came to light that Couzens could well have been sacked for indecent behaviour as far back as 2015 and charged accordingly.

In a bizarre incident in Dover, a member of the public reported a man driving around town naked from the waist down. The witness gave a clear description and vehicle registration. In a major blunder that would have devastating repercussions, Kent Police did not investigate it to the fullest extent. It was effectively brushed under the carpet, leading to calamity years later. Was he testing the system? Was he always gripped by a compulsion to indecently expose himself and believed he could do so with impunity, protected as he was by his role as a firearms officer and member of a close-knit fraternity who had each other's backs? There are answers to questions that will hopefully come to light in time and illuminate the darkest corners of this criminal's past.

Couzens had long gravitated towards institutions where he sought power. He joined the Army Reserves, the 3rd Battalion of the Princess of Wales Royal Regiment, in



ABOVE LEFT A court illustration of a dishevelled-looking Couzens appearing via video link from Belmarsh prison

ABOVE RIGHT A hat that closely resembles Sarah's is cordoned off in a bush in

BELOW The police conduct a detailed search of the area outside Poynders Road, Clapham, looking for any clues related to Sarah's disappearance



2x © Alamy

2002 and served until 2004. He subsequently became interested in law enforcement. Being a weekend soldier wasn't cutting it. He signed up to become a community support officer, derisively known as a 'hobby bobby', before entering the Kent Police and being assigned traffic duties in 2008. Vetting at this point in time appears to have cleared him for duty and perhaps his predilections were kept in check or were so well hidden there was no way of digging them up. In March 2011 he joined the CNC (Civil Nuclear Constabulary), spending roughly 8 months at Sellafield in Cumbria before returning to work at another nuclear facility, Dungeness, much closer to his hometown on the south coast. He was trained to use a firearm and was licensed to carry a gun. In the days following the

“A MEMBER OF THE PUBLIC REPORTED A MAN DRIVING AROUND TOWN NAKED FROM THE WAIST DOWN”



3x © Getty Images



THE LOCKDOWN VIGIL

A GATHERING ON CLAPHAM COMMON TURNED INTO VIOLENT CONFRONTATION WITH THE POLICE. WHAT WENT WRONG?

On 13 March, candlelight vigils were organised by a new activist group, Reclaim These Streets, all across the country in honour of Sarah. The Clapham Common gathering resulted in a fracas, with the Met heavily criticised by the London Mayor and politicians for disproportionate and inappropriate use of force. Social media feeds and TV news broadcasts showed ugly footage and photos of young women being arrested by heavy-handed constables. A PR nightmare ensued.

Under Tier 4 government-imposed restrictions, due to the Covid-19 pandemic, the Home Secretary and the Met deemed the event unlawful within a legal context and discouraged it from happening. The crowd began to chant 'Arrest your own' and 'Whose streets? Our Streets!' A combustible situation developed when overzealous policing enflamed an already tense situation and instigated a showdown. The confrontation that night became an unseemly battle between the strict letter of the law and a citizen's rights to freedom of expression.

murder, he called in sick and told his CO (commanding officer) he did not wish to carry a firearm anymore.

Couzens currently sits in Belmarsh prison in London on 24-hour suicide watch. His small cell and daily routine is a long way from the well-respected position in society he enjoyed. He was originally perceived as an upstanding member of the community, a respectful neighbour, a family man, a person giving something back by keeping us safe. The enormity of the lie is crushing, and the most galling aspect of it is how intrinsic his job was in providing opportunities to harass women and eventually snatch and kill Sarah.

DENIAL AND LIES

Two plain clothes officers sat in a black Land Rover and watched the semi-detached house on Freeman's Way in Deal, Kent, like hawks. A couple of hours later the rest of the team, waiting around the corner, swooped in. Couzens must have sensed time was running out.

Deal, a pleasant seaside town, is the polar opposite to Dover. It's quaint and pretty, a further sign of Couzens' outward respectability and upward mobility. To suddenly have the boys in blue swarm on the street and turn the place upside down just before 20.00 p.m. that night must have been quite a shock to his neighbours. Around 22.00 p.m. 9 March 2021, Couzens and his wife were taken away in handcuffs for questioning.

The killer had not only destroyed the lives of Sarah and her family but his own. His wife was shell shocked and was initially arrested too, on suspicion of aiding and abetting. Inside the home, a psychological bomb exploded.

Couzens had two young children and a spouse who worked at a pharmaceutical company in nearby Sandwich. Then, the curtain-twitching began as tongues started to wag. Did she know? Was she covering something up to protect her husband? Was she part of it? The answer is no: Elena Couzens, 38, was oblivious. In an interview given to the *Evening Standard* and published on 9 July 2021, she stated, "I keep on asking 'why?' What Wayne did wasn't human behaviour."

A site of specific interest was a patch of woodland purchased in 2019 by Couzens and his wife near Ashford,



“ TO HER FAMILY, FRIENDS AND BOYFRIEND, SHE WAS SARAH. TO HER KILLER, SHE WAS AN OPPORTUNITY ”



ABOVE The entrance to Great Chart Golf and Leisure, near Ashford. Police searched next to the London Charing Cross railway as part of their investigation into the murder

roughly 47 miles by road, west of Deal. Phone data tracking led the police to this quiet place in the country, as it appeared the suspect had made several trips there over the week he'd called in sick from duty. On 10 March, 100 yards from the woodland, a grim discovery was made. In a green builder's bag, purchased from a B&Q outlet in Dover (Couzens was seen on CCTV making the purchase two days after the abduction), were Sarah's remains.

The motive for the crime might never be known. Couzens has refused to speak so far. The Met were stunned when they discovered the white Astra hire car was registered to one of their own and that he'd used a work number as contact information. While he attempted to erase the data from his phone less than an hour before the police showed up at his house, investigators were able to retrace his steps in the days after the killing. Accruing evidence was not an issue.

In the interview room, Couzens told a bizarre story. The suspect spun a yarn about being in debt to Eastern European mobsters. At a Folkestone hotel, he'd engaged with a prostitute and underpaid. The gang demanded he go out and find a new girl for them to use. He continued, describing financial troubles and the gangsters threatening him and his family. Having kidnapped Sarah, he pulled up in a lay-by in Kent and handed her over to the men, Sarah's fate unknown to him, her future would be in drug-addled sex slavery.

The story was an absurd pack of lies, and digital evidence of his whereabouts on 4 March pointed to the location of the abduction and the woodland where the victim was located days later. On the third day in custody Couzens was found unconscious in his cell with head injuries at Wandsworth police station where he was being held. He was taken for treatment at St. George's Hospital in Tooting, and CCTV footage would later reveal that his wounds were self-inflicted.

Currently awaiting sentencing (set for 29 and 30 September 2021), there are still rafts of unanswered questions, not only about the case itself, but the perpetrator. Did he wish to get caught all along? Is there more to his backstory that the public currently doesn't know about? To go from indecent exposure to murder in a matter of days is unusual. Neither was he particularly careful in covering his steps. He left a trail right to his

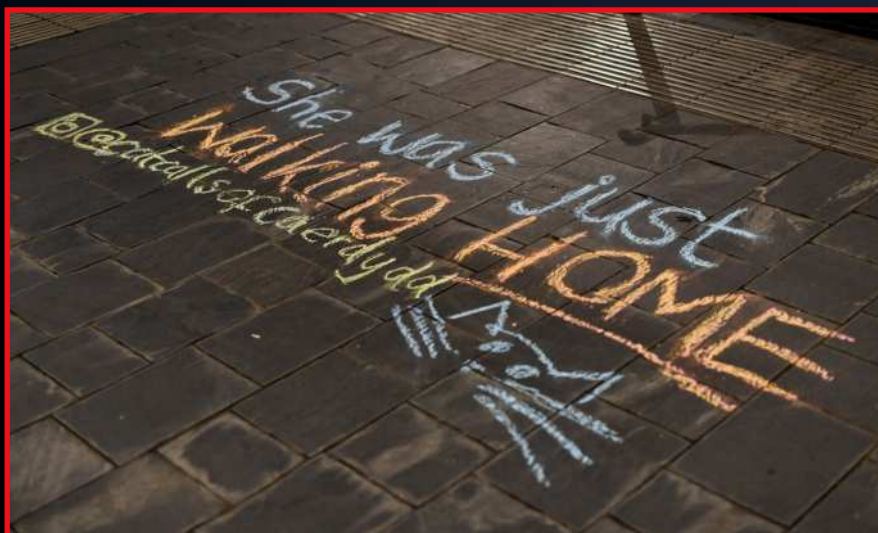
door. The Dover incident in 2015 was ignored. Two claims of indecent exposure in a South London McDonald's, made by female staff on 28 February 2021, were said to have been caught on camera. No action was taken. One day a woman would pay with her life for their mistakes.

Sarah Everard was walking home when her life was cut short by a disturbed fantasist who longed to dominate and destroy others. She existed to the public as an image on CCTV, dressed in a green coat, diamond-checked trousers and fluorescent trainers. She existed as a grainy image on dashcam footage, on a passing bus camera, on a door bell cam, as a photo released by family and friends, smiling, unknowing of her dreadful fate at the hands of a predator who picked her at random. To the public, her death gave meaning to a renewed campaign against male violence and harassment. To her family, friends and boyfriend, she was Sarah. To her killer, she was an object and an opportunity. Her murder shook a nation and exposed yet again the institutional failings of a police force that often stumbles from one controversial saga to another, one that never seems to learn and can be insular and petulant no matter how well-meaning and idealistic its policies and beliefs.

On 30 September 2021, Wayne Couzens received a life tariff, such is the enormity of his crime. He broke a sacred covenant. He felt entitled to kidnap, rape and murder a complete stranger and used his police badge to do so. With domestic violence increasing during the Covid-19 lockdown, and with the murder of women and girls continuing at appalling numbers, Sarah's brutal slaying reflects uncomfortable truths about the world we live in and the society we create, where men's needs, priorities, desires and demands are deemed far more important than women's. Stranger attacks are rare, but domestic violence and the murder of women and girls isn't. Neither is police corruption and incompetence.

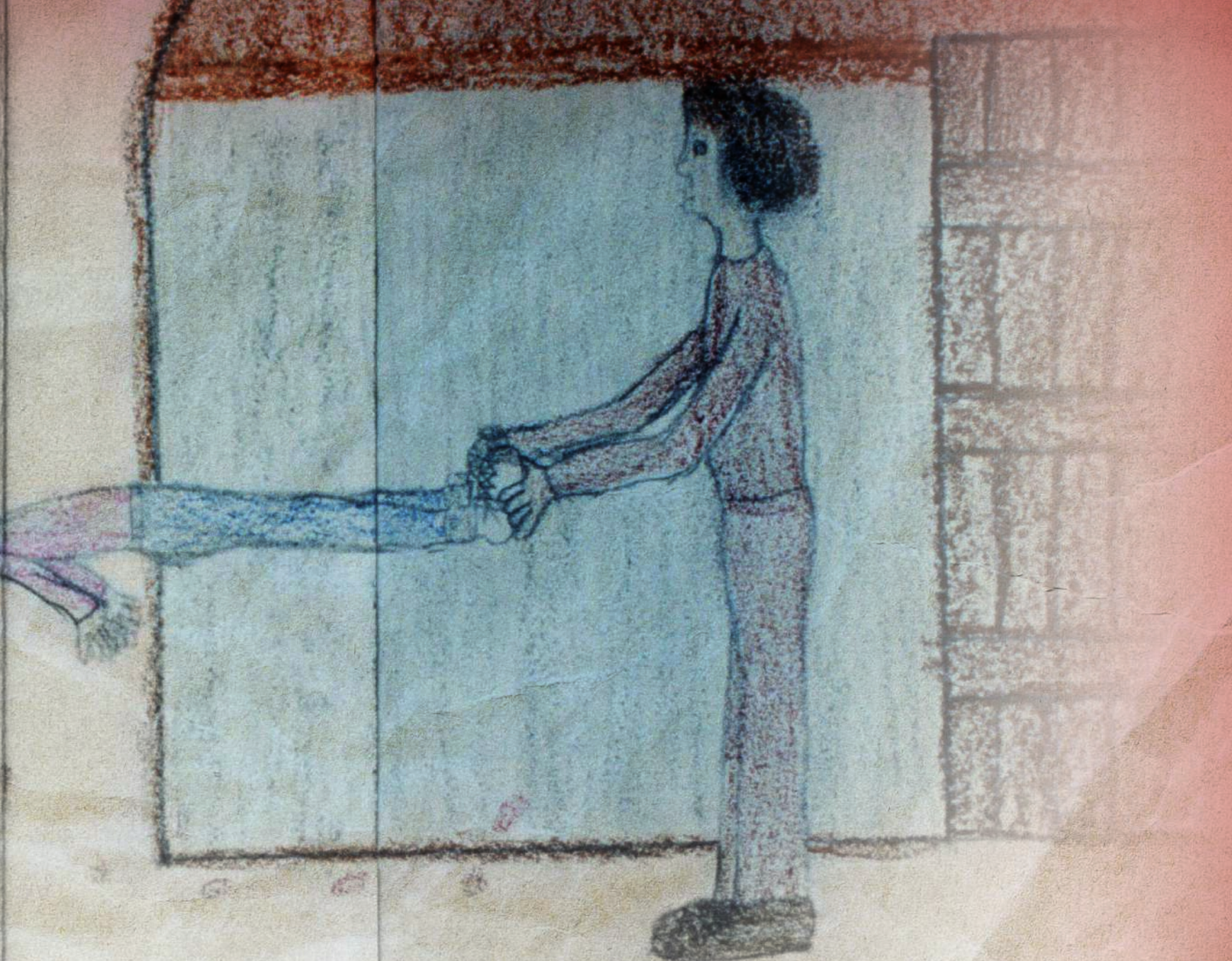
OPPOSITE A sea of angry young women protest against male violence towards females and a police system that routinely fails to prevent it or adequately punish those responsible

BELOW A message written in chalk on the steps of the Welsh Senedd, where a vigil was held on 13 March 2021. The shock of Sarah's murder caused outrage across the UK





ATLANTA CHILD MURDERS



WAYNE WILLIAMS IS SERVING LIFE FOR DOUBLE HOMICIDE. IS HE ALSO RESPONSIBLE FOR THE INFAMOUS ATLANTA CHILD MURDERS? THE FBI SAYS YES, BUT DOUBTS PERSIST

WORDS MARTYN CONTERIO

“It’s 10.00pm. Do you know where your children are?” Television newscasters across the Atlanta, Georgia metropolitan area asked questions like this to the public nightly, as part of an awareness campaign during what became known as the Atlanta Child Murders. At certain points in a 22-month period, stretching from July 1979 to May 1981, bodies turned up sometimes days apart.

The Atlanta Police Department’s Missing and Murdered Children Task Force put the overall tally at four in 1979, 13 in 1980, and 13 in 1981. Six victims were adult-aged. The FBI threw petrol on a raging fire, however, when its expertise in recognising and investigating pattern-homicide deduced that many victims were killed by other perpetrators.

If the man serving life without parole in prison, Wayne Bertram Williams (born 1958), did not kill all of them, then who did?

They were young, Black, male, economically disadvantaged, lived in substandard housing projects, showed no sign of rape (the killer was sexually inadequate), the victims were either asphyxiated or strangled (what the FBI called ‘soft kills’), and their bodies were dumped in out-of-the-way places. That was the pattern. In one instance, a body had almost liquefied in the summer sun (it took a year to conclusively identify Alfred Evans, aged 13). In others, animals had sniffed out a meal, resulting in further macabre post-mortem defilements. Two female victims on the list, Angel Lenair (12) and LaTonya Wilson (7), have been discounted as Williams’s victims by the FBI. Neither fit the bill. Wilson’s abduction and murder (she was taken from her home via a bedroom window by two men seen in a van) was too specific. The FBI’s John Douglas believed that some of the kids were murdered by family members, and they got

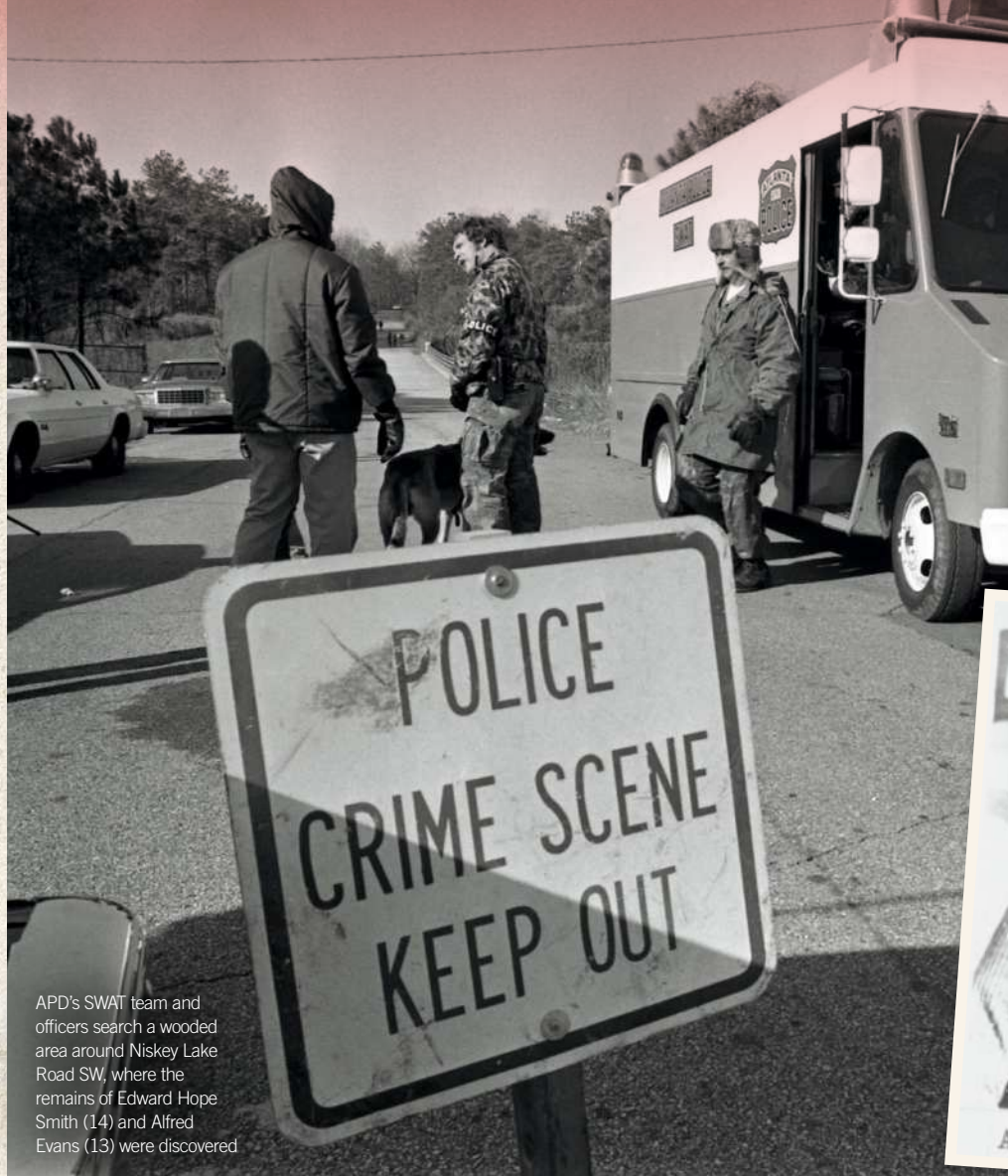
away with it because of the wider panic and chaos engulfing law enforcement agencies in Atlanta.

City Hall, the APD and FBI were under immense national pressure to apprehend the Atlanta Monster (as the *NY Daily Post* dubbed him), and in hindsight who made the list and didn't look sometimes arbitrary or confused: from an investigatory standpoint, it lumped in horrid local crimes with more sinister pattern-murders. In a bold and staggeringly self-assured move made after the suspect's conviction, in 1982 the Atlanta Child Murders were considered largely solved. Families whose child was identified as belonging to the pattern-killings were told that Williams was the one responsible for their child's death; that justice had been served, and it would be a waste of time and taxpayers' money to go through the rigmarole of the courts to prove what we already know. Williams claims that he was railroaded, going so far as to declare himself the Atlanta Monster's final victim.

A CITY LIVING IN FEAR

Atlanta's citizens were consumed by fear and paranoia, and conspiracy theories were rife. Each night brought with it a renewed, increasingly powerful wave of terror. The light of day offered little respite from the febrile atmosphere of horror, menace and tragedy engulfing entire working-class African-American neighbourhoods, as it often meant unwelcome news of another child's body found. Out there, somewhere, hiding in plain sight, living an outwardly normal existence, wearing what American psychiatrist Hervey M. Cleckley famously coined "the mask of sanity", was a person (and indeed persons) taking children and discarding their corpses like pieces of trash.

At the start, the APD didn't move quickly enough. Officers told grieving families that they were overreacting to the



APD's SWAT team and officers search a wooded area around Niskey Lake Road SW, where the remains of Edward Hope Smith (14) and Alfred Evans (13) were discovered



A young lady and her doberman pinscher join locals in weekend searches carried out by concerned Atlanta citizens. Here, they search Interstate highway 285, which encircles the city

idea (gaining wide currency among communities) that a serial killer was responsible for the explosion in African-American youth homicide rates. The victims were extremely vulnerable kids, hailing from destitute or troubled homes. Streetwise to a point, their nous and life experience extended no further than a few blocks in any direction. Parents were unemployed and surviving on welfare cheques, or struggling on low wages. Class played as vital a role in the Atlanta Child Murders as race did. Camille Bell, mother of Yusuf Bell (9), told *CNN* in a retrospective documentary aired in 2010 that the children had three things against them in life: they were Black, poor and southern.

Those mourning the loss of a loved one firmly believed that there was an obvious racial element to the police's lethargic approach. Many believed that if a photogenic middle-class white kid went missing, the media and the cops would be all over it in a flash. It would become a top political priority. But a Black child? From a poverty-stricken housing project? That's not news. At least, for a while it wasn't. Even as the toll increased to five and six, the APD was resistant to exploring potential links. One homicide detective who raised the prospect with his superior was threatened with a transfer.

The murdered children were lambs led to the slaughter by a rabid wolf disguised in sheep's clothing. It was somebody who appeared unthreatening or gave off an authoritative air. The ruse could work, either way. The killer had a routine, a script with potential variables. Maybe he was a music promoter selling the big dream of superstardom; maybe they approached him. Maybe he presented himself as a detective



CAN YOU ??

SING OR PLAY
AN
INSTRUMENT



If YOU Are Between "11-21" (male or female)
And Would Like To Become A
Professional Entertainer.

"YOU" Can Apply For POSITIONS With
Professional Recording Acts
No Experience is Necessary, Training is Provided

All Interviews Private & FREE !!



FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL
3 PM - 7 PM



AARON JACKSON



TERRY LORENZO PUE



PATRICK ROGERS

2x © Getty Images

ENTER: THE FBI

THE FBI'S EXPERTISE, INVOLVEMENT
AND PIONEERING TECHNIQUES PROVED
INDISPENSABLE, BUT THEY ENTERED THE
CASE UNUSUALLY

The killings were initially treated as unrelated, with no commonality or specified link readily identified. As the APD saw it, children going missing and sometimes turning up dead was a sad fact of life in the big city. Public pressure and the formation of a group in April 1980, known as the Committee To Stop Children's Murders (led by parents of the deceased), helped turn the tide and provoked an outcry heard across the nation.

Atlanta's new mayor asked the FBI to get involved, though it too dismissed what was going on as nothing but a series of local crimes. Therefore, the FBI did not have jurisdiction to investigate. The FBI was able to enter the fray under the possibility the federal rights of the missing children (presumed kidnapped) were in violation. The Atlanta Field Office began a thorough investigation into the cases (as Major Case 30, codename: ATKID) and involved the serial crime unit.

TOP The flyer made by Williams, who worked as a music promoter, though without any tangible success. Prosecutors believed he may have used this flyer to approach vulnerable and impressionable kids

ABOVE Three of the children who were killed. The victims were young, poor and vulnerable

and pretended to make a bust for hawking goods without a permit, or jaywalking, or some other minor infraction, putting the fear of God into them, placing a child into the backseat of his car and driving away. He could have posed as a social worker or good Samaritan. Williams had a prior for impersonating a police officer. He also drove a blue Nova that looked like a cop car, and owned a dog associated with law enforcement (a German shepherd).

Williams likes to say that the Atlanta Child Murders were pinned on him because it was easier to stitch up an African-American than for the APD and FBI to accept that the KKK was responsible for the crimes. Williams paints a picture of Atlanta on the verge of a race war, so authorities arrested the first useful idiot they came across and tagged him as the culprit. The FBI's Atlanta field office director, John Glover, himself African-American, disputes this, noting they took the KKK scenario very seriously and found no evidence of involvement, even after bumper lock surveillance and wiretapping of several rednecks for two months.

The conspiracy theory whirling around (white supremacists killing defenceless kids) obscured a much harder truth for people in Black communities to swallow. This was not a KKK campaign to ignite a war. FBI agents from the Serial Crime Unit, Roy Hazelwood and John Douglas, legends in their field, when creating the profile of the unknown maniac, figured that no Caucasian could blithely or surreptitiously venture forth into Black neighbourhoods and take children without drawing attention. Somebody would have seen something.


Atlanta in the late 1970s wished to move forward and stop living in the past. This was to be the capital of the 'New South'. The unofficial Atlanta slogan boasted "The city too busy to hate". The city's first Black mayor had been appointed, Maynard Jackson, with a specific initiative to get more African-Americans on the police force. The point is, a white man entering or loitering in a housing project would immediately be clocked and scoped out. Hazelwood and Douglas's perceptive theory was made clear when the former was taken to see locations and dump sites. He noted how the car garnered much attention, as it drove through neighbourhoods. When he asked why, the officer driving replied, "Because there's a honky in the back seat."

INNOCENT OR GUILTY?

Victim of grave injustice? Or an extraordinarily arrogant psychopath getting his kicks out of sowing discord and refusing to back down until he's beaten the system? One specific question gets to the heart of the pattern-murders case like no other, crystallising so much about Williams that feels off, showcasing his battle with the truth, his sneakiness, but also – if we think him innocent – how he invites opprobrium and associations of guilt.

What was he doing exactly on the James Jackson Parkway Bridge, all those years ago in 1981? His explanation makes absolutely no sense. It's also clear he lied to the FBI and APD officers, lied to the press back then and does so to this day, changed timings and events, the fog of memory helping his cause, along with what turned out to be a

**“ VICTIM OF GRAVE INJUSTICE? OR AN
EXTRAORDINARILY ARROGANT PSYCHOPATH
GETTING HIS KICKS OUT OF SOWING DISCORD? ”**



Jurors in the Williams trial take a field trip to the Jackson Parkway, to get a look at the area where Williams was picked up by police on 22 May 1981

gigantic (though perhaps understandable) blunder by law enforcement officers.

He's stuck to his story, however, for 30-odd years. But that doesn't make it true. As heard in the *Atlanta Monster* (2018) podcast, Williams tends to talk in teasing gobbledygook – just enough to discombobulate the listener with his protestations of innocence. He told host Payne Lindsey, during one of their prison conversations, “There is only one truth, and the truth of this case is really simple. It's not complex or anything. It's the truth, and people they may not want to hear [it]. But they have to hear.” He also said, “Put the facts out and it'll [the case] speak for itself.”

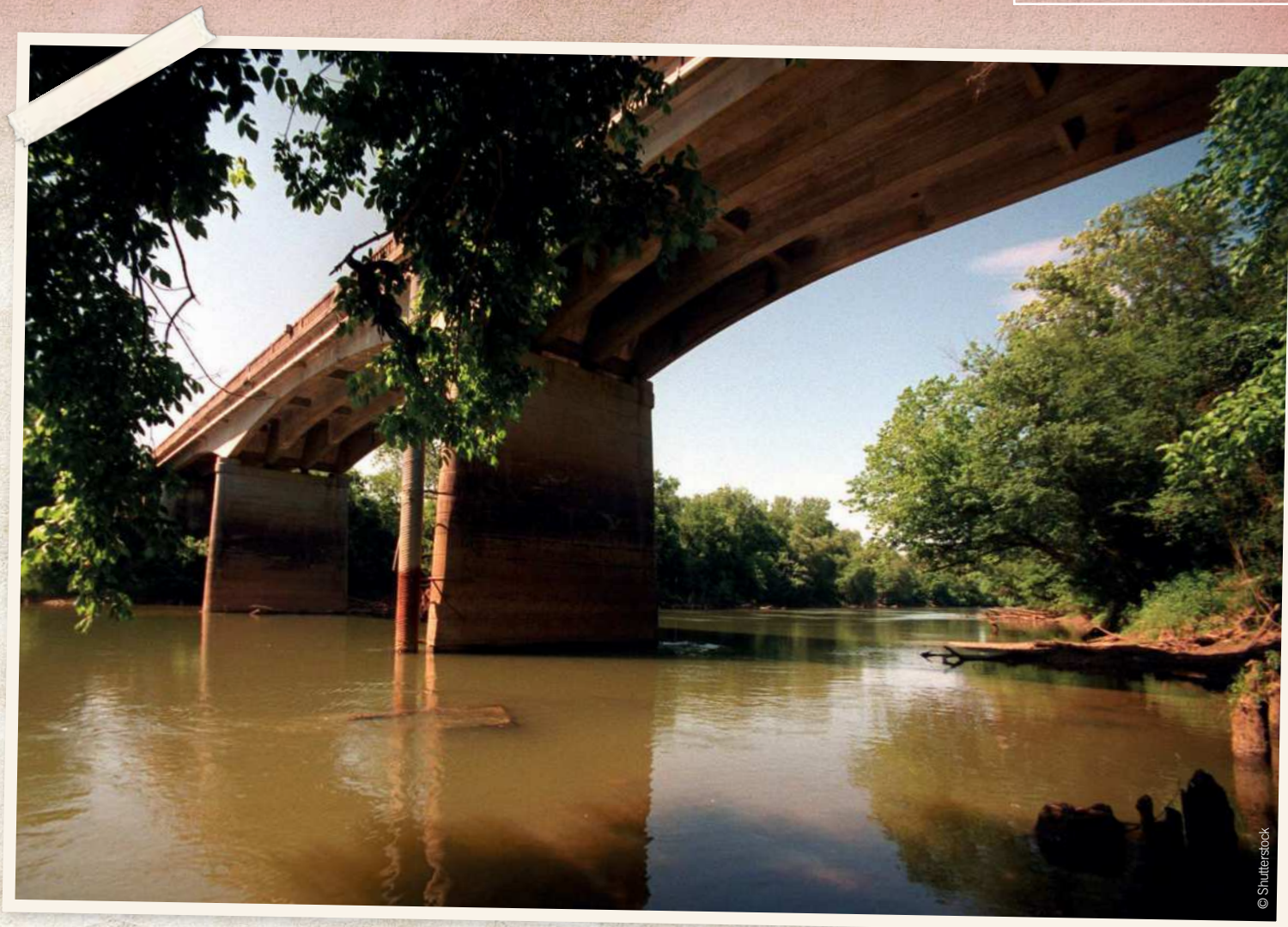
There is no follow-through with such blanket statements. To Williams, the only truth that matters is what spills out of his mouth. Not the FBI's or APD's. Nor anybody else's. When he gets asked tough questions, the convicted killer deflects, or stops being cooperative and sits staring, almost sneeringly, as if the person doesn't get what's really going on. It's a creepy response to honest questioning. This arrogant, unfriendly side can be seen in the 2010 *CNN* documentary with interviewer Soledad O'Brien.

THE BRIDGE INCIDENT

Bridges. He was throwing them off bridges. It was the FBI's eureka moment in this case. After a while the killer had been forced to change his MO when a newspaper blurted out that forensic technicians had recovered foreign object fibres from several victims. From then on, bodies began turning up semi-nude in the Chattahoochee and South Rivers (clearly to minimise the detection of fibres). The authorities selected 14 bridges to monitor in 12-hour shifts, seven days a week, all leave cancelled, from the hours 6pm to 6am, with 140 personnel. There would be two officers assigned to each bank of the river beneath the assigned bridge, and two squad cars hiding on each side up top. The FBI agent on site would serve as team coordinator. For the entire length of the investigation,



Williams's mugshot. Is this the face of the *Atlanta Monster*, as a NYC newspaper coined the killer? Most people saw a harmless dork, not a maniac



“ WILLIAMS CLAIMED HE DID NOT SLOW DOWN, CARRIED ON DRIVING STRAIGHT ACROSS THE BRIDGE, AND CAMPBELL WAS ASLEEP ”

there was nothing doing. Extremely dispirited, all involved wondered if the idea was a waste of resources.

On 22 May 1981, around 2.50am, on Jackson Parkway Bridge, a loud splash was heard in the Chattahoochee River by police cadet Bob Campbell, stationed below on the right bank. He grabbed a torch, ran to the river's edge, but saw only large ripples in the water. He later told the courtroom: “There were lights directly above what I thought was the origin of the splash. Just as the lights came on, the car started moving away from me.”

Williams claimed he did not slow down, carried on driving straight across the bridge, and Campbell was asleep and made the whole thing up. But that doesn't tally with the sequence of events that led to the young man in a white 1970 Chevrolet station wagon being stopped. Williams also said that there were other vehicles on the bridge at the same time as him, but the FBI disputed this, noting that not a single vehicle was logged crossing the bridge for at least 30 minutes before or during the timeframe Williams was spotted.

Campbell radioed in that he'd heard a loud splash. The cadet, a former high-school swimmer, knew it was a body hitting water. He'd heard that sound a million times. Upon returning across the bridge, driving back towards Atlanta,

ABOVE Williams was stopped in the dead of night on James Jackson Parkway Bridge, after a police cadet on stakeout below heard a splash in the water

APD and FBI Agent Mike McComas stopped the car about 2.5km from the scene, on South Cobb Drive.

Agent Mike McComas approached the vehicle and saw a young man wearing a baseball cap sitting in the driver's seat, cool as a cucumber, though initially he was described by APD officers as nervous and excited. McComas asked the gentleman if he knew why he'd been stopped. The response stunned him: “It's something about those kids that are missing,” or words to that effect. Williams confirmed this response, in numerous interviews. For a seasoned FBI agent like McComas, he found the reply strange. After all, it could have been a random stop and search or traffic violation. Williams then made a comment about differences in ongoing news coverage on TV channels five and 11 – another comment that puzzled McComas.

Asked to sign a consent form, allowing the APD and the agent to search the station wagon, the agent stated that he saw a ski rope knotted at each end approximately 60cm in length, two grocery bags (containing clothes) and a pair of gloves on the passenger seat. The FBI report on the incident does not mention the ski rope but electrical cord (coated in blue plastic), which was laid out and ran 76cm and 40cm. Intriguingly, this cord was found outside the vehicle, 30cm from the car, on the passenger side. Had he attempted to throw it out? None of these items (and potential clues) were collected at the scene because, at that time, they could not prove that anything suspicious occurred. Whatever landed in the river on 22 May was never retrieved on the night. If we believe Williams, nothing was thrown in the river at all,

TAKEN AND KILLED: THE ATLANTA VICTIMS

THE APD'S LIST OF VICTIMS LED TO HUGE CONTROVERIES AND ACCUSATIONS OF INCOMPETENT POLICING. TODAY, IT IS A STARK REMINDER THAT FAMILIES NEVER ACHIEVED TRUE JUSTICE



CHARLES STEPHENS, 12
9 October 1980



EARL TERRELL, 10
30 July 1980



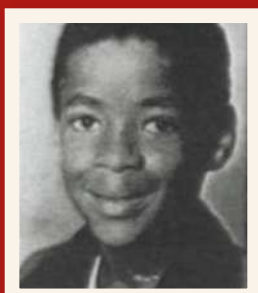
CHRISTOPHER RICHARDSON, 12
9 June 1980



CLIFFORD JONES, 12
20 August 1980



LATONYA WILSON, 7
22 June 1980



PATRICK BALTAZAR, 12
6 February 1981



ANGEL LANIER, 12
4 March 1980



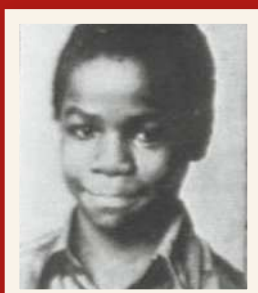
YUSUF BELL, 9
21 October 1979



JEFFERY MATHIS, 11
11 March 1980



ALFRED EVANS, 13
25 July 1979



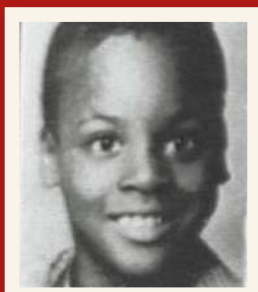
LUBIE GETER, 14
3 January 1981



DARRON GLASS, 10
14 September 1980



ERIC MIDDLEBROOKS, 14
18 May 1980



ANTHONY CARTER, 9
6 July 1980



EDWARD SMITH, 14
July 21, 1979



MILTON HARVEY, 14
September 4, 1979



AARON WYCHE, 10
23 June 1980



AARON JACKSON, 9
1 November 1980



TERRY PUE, 15
22 January 1981



CURTIS WALKER, 13
19 February 1981



TIMOTHY HILL, 13
13 March 1981



WILLIAM BARRETT, 17
11 May 1981



PATRICK ROGERS, 16
10 November 1980



JOSEPH BELL, 15
2 March 1981



The faces of missing and murdered Atlanta children linked to the Williams investigation. To date, nobody but Williams has been linked with the killings, and nobody brought to official justice



though during questioning on the roadside, he told McComas he'd thrown trash into the river. Worried about jumping the gun and violating a man's civil rights, Williams was let go.

On 24 May, in the mid-morning, 500 metres from what is believed to be the drop site on Jackson Parkway Bridge, two brothers out fishing on the Chattahoochee River saw the naked body of an African-American male and called it in. It was Nathaniel Cater (27). The coroner reported that the missing person had been in the water for around 48 hours, certainly no more. It didn't take long for the APD to recall the incident on the bridge two days prior. They began forensic testing, kicked off close surveillance of the suspect, dug around into his background, and began to wonder if the body of 21-year-old Jimmy Payne, which was pulled out of the Chattahoochee in April 1981, was connected. They weren't children, but the MO was eerily identical.

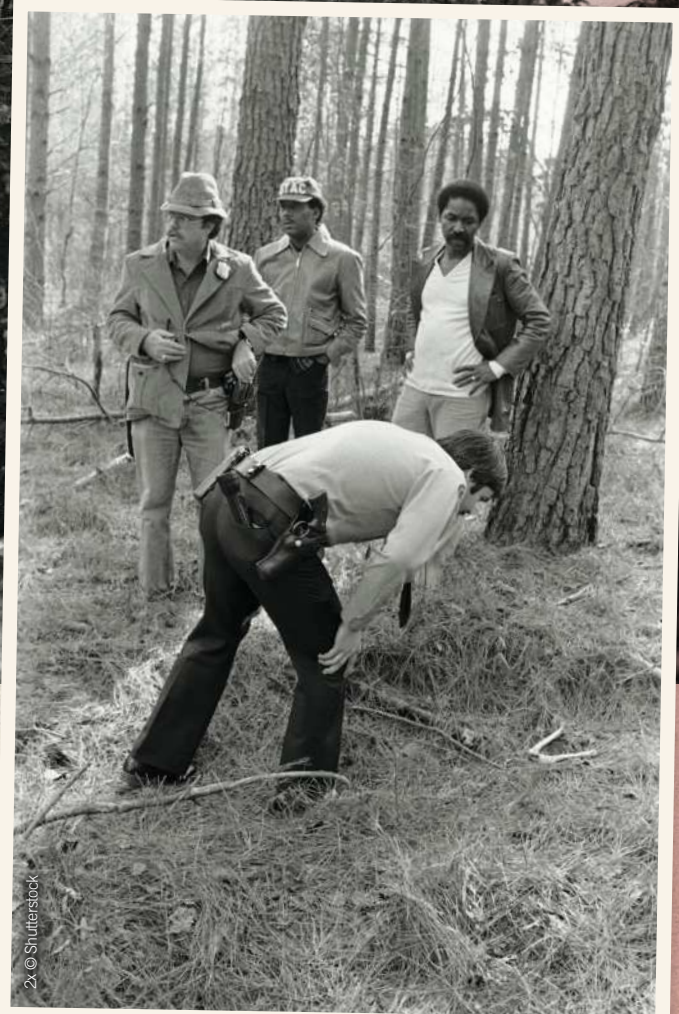
THE CASE AGAINST WILLIAMS

Douglas and Hazelwood created the behavioural profile for the Atlanta Field Office and Task Force, and it spelled bad news for Williams. The Atlanta Child Murders case was a pivotal moment in the history suspect-profiling. It gained wider appreciation among police forces and the public. As Douglas explained in his autobiography, *Mindhunter* (1995),

“ DOUGLAS AND HAZELWOOD CREATED THE BEHAVIOURAL PROFILE FOR THE ATLANTA FIELD OFFICE AND TASK FORCE ”

ABOVE APD detectives search the home of Wayne B. Williams in the Dixie Hills neighbourhood of Atlanta, which he shared with his elderly parents

RIGHT February 1981: a crime lab technician investigates the discovery of bones in woodland. The two bones were found a kilometre from another dump site



“Wayne Williams fit our profile in every key aspect. He was a police buff who had been arrested some years earlier for impersonating a law officer. After that, he had driven a surplus police vehicle and used police scanners to get to crime scenes to take pictures.”

Back to the night in question, and why Wayne Williams was stopped. The reason he gave was “Cheryl Johnson”. A night owl by nature, Williams had received a phone call from a prospective client in his work as a music manager and producer. Or rather, his mother had answered the phone and taken down a message. Williams was out and about at such a late hour searching for her address (Apartment F, Spanish Trace Apartments – it didn't exist), said to be somewhere in the town of Smyrna, on the outskirts of Atlanta. He'd arranged an appointment for 8am and wanted to make sure the address was legit. Williams claimed it was a regular occurrence that a person would ring and leave a false address.

Williams says he drove right over James Jackson Parkway Bridge, stopped at a nearby liquor store, made a phone call to the number provided (934-7766) and found it didn't connect.

He also claimed his mother wrote down an incorrect number for him, and the FBI got it wrong even further (when they asked for it). The discrepancy in events is baffling. Why didn't Cheryl Johnson call back to rearrange the missed appointment? Why was the original number, which obviously worked, never traced from phone records at the Williams home? Cheryl Johnson, who would have surely helped clear Williams, has never been traced.

His whereabouts, too, on the evening of 21 May are equally clouded in mystery. He said he was in bed at home burning up with a terrible fever. But several eyewitnesses place him at different points around Atlanta: hanging out with Nathaniel Cater on the night he vanished; handing in an invoice at a recording studio around 9.30pm – which the owner confirmed, though they disputed the amount of time Williams was in the building – driving around with a client; and being harassed by the cops. Put simply, there are manifest contradictions in a lot of Wayne Williams's accounts of time periods, his activities and his whereabouts. None of it adds up.

Some of the most damning corroborating evidence against Williams comes in the form of fibres. 28 different fibre types and dog hairs from bodies were linked to 19 objects from Williams's environments, such as a kitchen carpet, trunk liner, a glove, a throw rug in the car (blue rayon fibres), a yellow blanket and, most unique of all, a green carpet fibre with a signature boomerang shape, which turned up again and again on victims' bodies.

Crucially, fibre samples were uncovered by Georgia State Crime Lab before Williams entered the scene. The yellow-green fibres were determined by scientists to come from a single source. Painstaking research was done to match the carpet fibre. It was eventually traced to the Wellman Corporation, which produced carpets with this particular – indeed singular – lobed cross-sectional fibre. It was manufactured between 1967 and 1974 by West Point Pepperell Corporation in a line called Luxaire. The carpet was “English Olive”. West Point used the specific 181B Wellman fibre between 1970-71, narrowing things down further. By mathematical deduction and trail of sales receipts, it was proposed that 82 homes in the entire state of Georgia would have this carpet. They eventually discovered this English Olive brand with the unique fibres had been purchased by Homer Williams, Wayne Williams's father, earlier in the decade.



Williams is led away to prison by officers at the Fulton County courthouse, after his guilty verdict and sentencing. The APD then considered the Atlanta Child Murders case to be solved

“WAYNE WILLIAMS WAS – AND NEVER WILL BE – CONVICTED OF THE ATLANTA CHILD MURDERS”

BELOW-LEFT The discovery of Nathaniel Cater's body in the Chattahoochee River provided a breakthrough for the police and FBI investigators

BELOW-RIGHT Along with Cater, Williams was convicted of the murder of 21-year-old Jimmy Payne, who was also discovered in a stretch of the Chattahoochee River

Williams was arrested for the murders of Nathaniel and Jimmy. Jury selection began in December 1981 (the jury makeup was three men, nine women). The eight-week trial proceeded at the Fulton County Courthouse in January 1982. A quirk in Georgia legal legislation allowed evidence not directly related to trial proceedings to be admitted, if it bolstered the prosecution's case. Judge Clarence Cooper allowed evidence from the pattern-homicides into the courtroom. This is a hugely controversial decision, as in other parts of the country it would have led to a mistrial and evidence brought into the courtroom deemed inadmissible.

John Douglas stuck around Atlanta and helped devise ways Jack Mallard (lead prosecutor) could get Williams to admit he did it or provoke his well-hidden superiority complex, leading to an outburst, thus showing his dark side. Douglas's tactic worked a charm. Williams not only lost his temper, but made a spectacular and incriminating Freudian slip. During Mallard's extensive and exhaustive questioning, he replied “No” when asked if it was difficult to choke a person to death. Williams flew into a rage. He screamed that the FBI were fools and made him say things that weren't true. Years later, Williams rued in self-pity, “I was my own worst enemy.” Again, Williams portrayed himself as a victim.

Mary Welcome, Williams's lawyer at trial, dramatically held up a thimble and asked the jury if they intended to condemn a man on what amounted to a thimble of evidence. She had a point. No fingerprints. No bullets. No photographs. No murder weapons. Missing evidence. Shaky eyewitness testimony. However, a ton of fibre evidence, a painfully accurate FBI behavioural profile, and counter-eyewitness statements were compelling enough to secure a conviction.





SCIENCE VS. WILLIAMS

3x © Getty Images

Williams has stated that his loss of temper in the courtroom sent him down, but jurors interviewed since deny the suggestion. Upon delivering the sentence, Judge Cooper was yelled at by Mrs. Williams and called an “Uncle Tom.”

Wayne Williams was – and never will be – convicted of the Atlanta Child Murders. Did Williams’s incarceration put an end to all child deaths in the metropolitan area? No. But the MO disappeared. Kids stopped turning up strangled in woodland, rivers and inside abandoned houses and buildings. As far as the APD and FBI are concerned, Wayne Williams received a fair trial, and they conclusively proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that he was responsible for the deaths of at least two people. Wayne and his supporters disagree. “The Black community has a different perspective on the Atlanta Child Murders than the white community,” he told the *Atlanta Monster* podcast.

Not so. Ambiguities exist in this case, hauntingly so, and the world might be divided on Williams’s guilt or innocence, but it does not fall exclusively on a neat racial divide. It’s just another in a long line of self-aggrandising statements from a serial killer intent on controlling and perpetuating a tormenting narrative he created.

Picture a puzzle laid out on a table. It can be a landscape, a cityscape, a face. Some of the pieces have been jammed in where they shouldn’t, others slot neatly, plenty of spaces remain empty. In its incomplete state, it looks disjointed, wrong, almost Cubist. That’s the Atlanta Child Murders case.

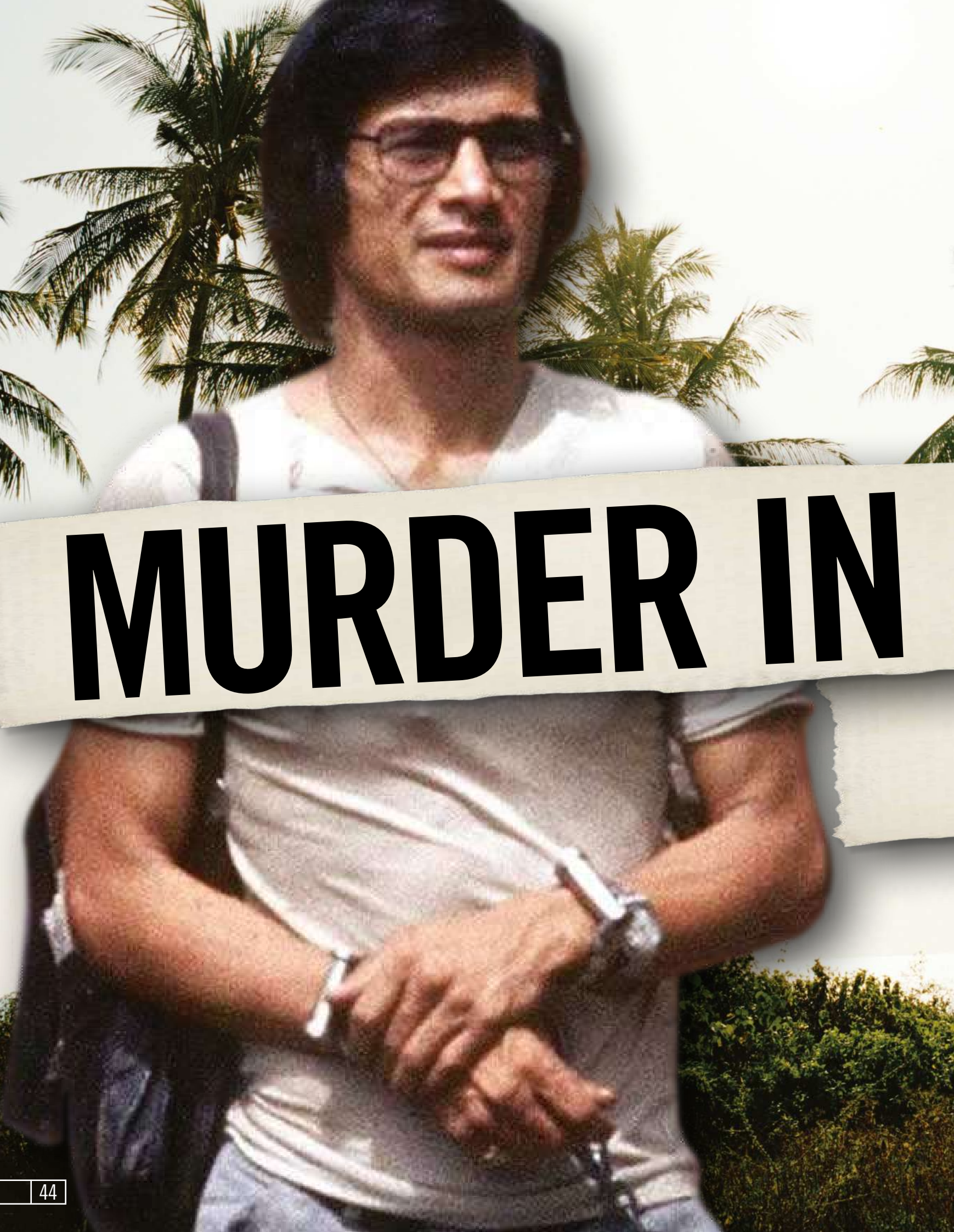
ABOVE Wayne Williams showing off to the press during his trial. FBI profiler John Douglas helped the prosecution devise ways to rile the defendant and provoke his arrogant side

FURTHER DNA TESTING AND FORENSIC EXAMINATIONS HAVE FAILED TO CONCLUSIVELY CLEAR WILLIAMS OF THE ATLANTA MURDERS

New examinations of preserved fibres found on the body of Patrick Baltazar have not only failed to exonerate Wayne Williams fully, it appears the results strengthen the original convictions and belief he is the Atlanta Monster.

Two incomplete human scalp hairs recovered from Baltazar’s remains were tested in 2007, at the FBI’s Quantico labs. Against 1,148 African-American hair samples in the Bureau’s database, only 29 had the same sequence. It is 130-1 odds the hairs coming from somebody other than Williams. Results are not conclusive, however, as only a partial mitochondrial DNA test was carried out. But the fresh looks at old evidence – more importantly – did not exonerate Wayne Williams.

Dog hair fibres found on Baltazar’s body were linked to Sheba, a 14-year-old German shepherd owned by the Williams. They were tested at the School of Veterinary Medicine at the University of California. The DNA chain was consistent with the dog breed.



MURDER IN

A tropical landscape featuring several tall palm trees against a bright sky. In the foreground, there is a dense thicket of green bushes and smaller trees. The scene is captured in a slightly desaturated, vintage style.

PARADISE

LINKED TO AT LEAST 12 MURDERS AND POSSIBLY MORE, CHARLES SOBHRAJ BECAME ASIA'S MOST NOTORIOUS SERIAL KILLER FOR THE BRUTAL SLAYING OF WESTERN BACKPACKERS DURING THE 1970s. A SEX SYMBOL FOR SOME, AN OUTRIGHT PSYCHOPATH FOR OTHERS, THE LEGEND OF 'THE SERPENT' HAS ENDURED FOR ALMOST HALF A CENTURY

WORDS DAVID HUTT

It was 1975, and a dilapidated mansion in Bangkok's red-light district, rented by a man named Charles Sobhraj, was the talk of the town. The salon-style home, where everybody and everyone was welcome, was a hit with Western backpackers who were young and idealistic, looking for kicks, drugs and enlightenment on the so-called 'Hippie Trail'. They would visit Sobhraj for parties and conversation, and the affable, charismatic 31-year-old would oblige.

One October day, a 21-year-old American named Teresa Knowlton, who had travelled to Thailand to study Buddhism, was welcomed into Sobhraj's home. A few days later he invited her to an out-of-town beach resort. The following morning, her bikini-clad body was found washed up in the surf. Weeks later, the body of another of Sobhraj's acquaintances was found, burned beyond recognition, in a Bangkok side-alley. Then came the bodies of a Dutch couple, who had met Sobhraj months previously in Hong Kong and taken such a liking to him that they visited him in Thailand.

Not long afterwards Sobhraj and his young Canadian wife packed up and flew to Nepal – but not before cashing the four victims' travellers cheques.

CHARM OFFENSIVE

Today Sobhraj is known by two nicknames: 'The Bikini Killer' and 'The Serpent'. The former because of his predilection with murdering young, female Western tourists in Southeast Asia, the other because of his lifelong propensity for getting caught by the authorities, which was, luckily for him, offset by his aptitude for escaping from prison.

Sobhraj has also been dubbed 'the most wanted man in Asia'. A perpetual conman who often posed as a gem dealer, he would rob, drug, bully and kill to fund his unconventional lifestyle as a perpetual globetrotter and mass murderer. A psychopath, perhaps. His *modus operandi* was using his charm and charisma to befriend vulnerable people, before drugging them, stealing all their possessions and brutally killing them. But his magnetism wasn't just reserved for his victims. Sobhraj was idolised by many women, and his seemingly endless list of female fans – many of whom would commit crimes with him – could provide enough material to occupy a psychologist's entire career.

His story begins in war-torn Vietnam in 1944. Born to a Vietnamese mother and an absent Indian father, he grew up in poverty on the streets of Saigon before moving to France as an adolescent, where it took him little time to move into the world of petty crime. A spate of thefts left him in a French prison for a time, but continued upon his release.

Aged 19, Sobhraj hitched up with Chantal Compagnon, a young Parisian from a wealthy family. Arrested again on the



ABOVE He did not plan to murder all the women he wooed. He married Parisian Chantal Compagnon, although their relationship was far from fairytale

day he proposed marriage – despite his promises of going straight – they were finally wed eight months later. They immediately fled France to Asia, where the now pregnant Compagnon aided in Sobhraj's criminal misdeeds. Car theft and drug smuggling were now part of his repertoire as they travelled through India, and after an unsuccessful armed robbery in a jewellery shop, Sobhraj was arrested yet again. He lasted a few months in prison, until he was able to escape by faking an illness with Compagnon's help.

On the lam, they hit Afghanistan and began preying on tourists on the Hippie Trail. His method of befriendng backpackers, drugging them and stealing all their money was perfected here – the murder, however, came later. He once boasted of having bushwhacked 100 tourists in this way, using their money to travel across the continent.

However, after being arrested once again in Kabul, Compagnon had had enough, despite his subsequent escape. Still declaring her love for Sobhraj, she returned to Paris with their newborn daughter. Unperturbed, Sobhraj took off to the Middle East and Greece, where – surprise, surprise – an arrest was followed by another successful escape.

After Greece came Thailand. It wasn't long before he had won over another female devotee; this time it was a young

“ HE ONCE BOASTED OF HAVING BUSHWACKED 100 TOURISTS THIS WAY, USING THEIR MONEY TO TRAVEL ACROSS THE CONTINENT ”



One of Sobhraj's first victims, a taxi driver, succumbed to a cocktail of drugs he injected into him



Canadian named Marie-Andrée Leclerc. In a diary entry, she wrote “I swore to myself to try all means to make him love me, but little by little I became his slave.”

WICKED GAME

It is said that the manipulative Sobhraj was an excellent reader of people. A 2014 article in *GQ* magazine claims he was inspired by the French psychologist Rene Le Senne to devise a system to take advantage of the gullible. He was also an admirer of Friedrich Nietzsche’s concept of ‘will to power’. After one police raid of his hotel room, a copy of Nietzsche’s *Beyond Good And Evil* was found alongside the decomposing body of a young victim.

It was between 1975 and 1976 that his crimes escalated. This is where the Bangkok mansion, the parties and the killings come in. Sobhraj and his crew – including Leclerc and a young Indian boy named Ajay Chowdhury – are believed to have killed at least 12 people during this period. And some believe they killed more. Some of the victims were clubbed to death with wooden planks, others burned alive. Some had their throats slit, others drowned in the sea. Then Sobhraj and Chowdhury took this savagery on the road, travelling from Thailand to India, Nepal and Malaysia.

By 1976, the ‘Sobhraj Family’ had grown to include three admiring females. However, when the quartet attempted to poison a group of 60 French students in New Delhi in the July of that year, the two-year killing spree came to an abrupt end. When a number of the students lost consciousness, the remainder of the group realised what had happened. They tied up Sobhraj and the three female accomplices, and

telephoned the police. The four were arrested and Sobhraj was sentenced to 12 years in prison – not the death penalty as expected – for robbery, not murder.

Through bribery and conniving, the conman secured himself a certain level of luxury in jail. This was extended to being allowed visitors, such as Richard Neville, the editor of the counter-culture classic, *Oz* magazine, who travelled to India to interview Sobhraj in 1977. Two years later, Neville would go on to write a biography of the killer, titled *The Life and Crimes of Charles Sobhraj*. In the same year, Thomas Thompson added to the oeuvre on the killer with *Serpentine*. Other journalists would come and go.

So too would women. In the 2014 article in *GQ* magazine, Sobhraj is quoted, boasting in the New Delhi prison, on the topic of his sexual accomplishments. “I had a lot of female visitors,” he told the magazine, “mainly journalists and MA students. Only intellectuals.”

GQ then went on to list his admirers: “He slept with many of them, including his lawyer, Sneha Senger, and became engaged to at least two others. There was Jacqueline Kuster (a German imprisoned on drug charges) and a young Punjabi who fell in love with him having read Neville’s biography.”

The *GQ* article continues: “Both in and out of jail, Sobhraj has always had a way with women. With his wide cheekbones; shapely thick lips; piercing eyes; lithe, muscular build; confident manner and dangerous reputation, he presented an irresistible challenge to many female suitors. And Sobhraj was not unaware of his magnetic appeal. He was narcissistic, perhaps best captured in a photograph of him that police found in which he is lying naked on a bed, proudly displaying an erection for the camera.”

ABOVE Sobhraj used his charm not just to commit murder; he once laced sweets and grapes with drugs and offered them to the guards. Once they were asleep, he was able to flee his jail cell

It was also during the late '70s, sat in his New Delhi prison cell, that Sobhraj had an idea: he would forge a new narrative about his life. He was no mere serial killer, he claimed. Instead he was an anti-imperialist avenger. His victims were not randomly chosen, but carefully selected to teach the West a lesson about their actions in Asia.

Before meeting with Sobhraj, Neville wrote that he had a "crude theory of Sobhraj as a child of colonialism revenging himself on the counter-culture". This crude theory didn't last long. Neville soon realised he was dealing with a psychopath. "You should go and satisfy your obscene curiosity..." Neville later told a journalist working for *Vice*, who wanted to meet Sobhraj, "...then get as far away from that person as possible – and never, ever have anything to do with him again."

Like many serial killers, the life of Sobhraj has become an inextricable web of myths and truths. One story goes that in 1986 he escaped from the high-security Tihar prison – which did happen – by spiking sweets with smuggled drugs, before giving them to the prison security under the pretext that it was his birthday. When the guards fell unconscious, he simply walked out of the prison.

Another story goes that following this jailbreak, he allowed himself to be caught by the Indian authorities so as to lengthen his prison sentence and avoid extradition to Thailand. He was wanted for the murder of several backpackers and was said to have been guaranteed the death penalty if sentenced. If Sobhraj had indeed planned to lengthen his stay in this manner, it worked. He was released in 1997, the year the statute of limitations expired on his crimes in Thailand.

Both of these stories might be true, they might not. But what is known is that Sobhraj spent 20 years in an Indian prison, by which time his statute of limitations had expired in Thailand. In 1997 he returned to Paris, where he was greeted by the world's press. A photograph shows him at a newspaper kiosk in Paris, holding a copy of *Le Parisien*; its front page announces: "The Serpent is Free" (see overleaf).

And Sobhraj was free, for a little while anyway. Upon his return to France, the mass murderer found a new way to make a killing: he would sell his story. He began charging thousands for interviews and attempted to sell the rights of his life story to film companies. The latter proved unsuccessful. (However, a Bollywood biopic, *Main aur Charles*, was released this year).

HIGH STAKES

As they say, the past has a habit of catching up on you. And it did for Sobhraj. Six years after his return to Paris, he was arrested again, this time in Nepal, for the murder of two North American backpackers, which took place in 1975.

Sobhraj, a life-long gambler, was on a month-long betting spree at a Kathmandu casino in 2003 when he was hoisted with his own petard: he was recognised by a journalist and his name appeared in a local newspaper and four days later he was once again arrested.

As with much of Sobhraj's life, the details surrounding this event are anything but ordinary. Firstly, the arresting officer claimed he had seen the burned corpse of Connie Jo Bronzich, who Sobhraj was alleged to have killed on the day her body was found in 1975.

Then there were Sobhraj's lawyers. In a number of court cases, he had used one of the most notorious attorneys, the so-called 'Devil's Advocate' Jacques Vergès, who had once defended Slobodan Milosevic. Now in Nepal, one of

PATH TO MURDER

FROM AS FAR AS THE UNITED STATES, WESTERNERS FLOCKED EAST ACROSS CONTINENTS TO SOUTH-EAST ASIA - AND INTO SOBHRAJ'S WELL-LAID TRAPS

The origins of the so-called 'Hippie Trail' began with the travels of a certain number of wealthy Brits in the mid-1950s. The route these bushwhackers cut led from Britain, through Mediterranean and Eastern Europe into Turkey, and then on through the Middle East and all the way to India. By the 1960s, Thailand and Southeast Asia had become the finale of a well-trodden path. Charles Sobhraj's own route from France to Thailand followed this trail. He started off drugging and robbing gullible tourists before cashing their cheques and using their passports to travel incognito. It wasn't long before theft turned to murder. While his charisma and allure is well-reported, his life as an eternal traveller – essentially stateless from birth – as well as his decadent, hedonistic existence, must have been something of a fascination to the young twenty-somethings who were just starting out on their own journey and would eventually become his victims.

EXODUS

Western Europeans and North Americans started their pilgrimage here. The allure of SouthEast Asia and its people was drawing thousands by the early 70s.

CONTRABAND

Istanbul was a popular stop-off for tourists before taking one of two routes onto Iran. Sobhraj and his brother Andre used it as a base for their criminal activities, including smuggling premium goods into India.

“ HE BEGAN CHARGING THOUSANDS FOR INTERVIEWS AND ATTEMPTED TO SELL THE RIGHTS OF HIS LIFE STORY TO FILM COMPANIES ”





Just a few years before Sobhraj began his killing spree, Manson was convincing his flock to kill for him

HAPPY FAMILIES

CHARLES MANSON HAS GONE DOWN IN FOLKLORE FOR THE QUASI-COMMUNE HE FOUNDED IN CALIFORNIA, BUT SOBHRAJ HAD A FOLLOWING HIMSELF

During the summer of 1969, nine murders took place in the western United States that became world famous. Carried out by members of the so-called 'Manson Family', which was led by the infamous Charles Manson, they provide a reference point for many serial killers and their admirers across the world. Comparisons of Charles Manson and Charles Sobhraj are nothing new, and for a good reason. At the peak of their infamy, both were said to

be utterly charismatic, devastatingly skilful at manipulating others, and efficacious in attracting followers to their cause. Sobhraj never truly had a Family of his own in the same way that Manson did, but throughout his life he was shadowed by admiring women and wayward youths who would assist and conspire in his carnage. However, while Manson would order his followers to kill on his behalf, Sobhraj was not afraid to get his hands dirty – literally.

RICH PICKINGS

Kabul was a prime tourist hotspot prior to the Russian invasion of Afghanistan. Sobhraj took advantage of them on his excursions from India, defrauding and pickpocketing until he was caught and imprisoned, before he escaped once again.

PEACE, LOVE AND DEATH

Many sought wisdom and peace in the Buddhist religion of Nepal. Canadian Laurent Ormond Carriere and North American Connie Bronzich were killed for their passports by Sobhraj and his followers, Marie-Andree Leclerc and Ajay Chowdhury.

BURNT OUT

The smouldering remains of Annabella Tremont and Laddie DuParr were discovered near Kathmandu. Sobhraj was suspected and questioned but never convicted of their murder.

FINAL DESTINATION

Thailand's idyllic beaches and vivid culture was irresistible for many Western travellers. Many fell victim to Sobhraj here, including Theresa Knowlton, who was found floating in a tidal pool in the gulf of Thailand.

HOLY CITY

With several murders under his belt, Sobhraj was finding it easier to kill. Having murdered Avoni Jacob in the Hindu city of Benares, he used the dead man's passport to cross borders under the radar of the authorities.

RIGHT Sobhraj returns to Paris after his release from an Indian prison in April 1997, no doubt enjoying the celebrity status and media attention following his return to the French capital

FAR RIGHT In another modern-day twist, Sobhraj's lawyer and translator appeared in the 2011 edition of *Bigg Boss*, India's version of *Celebrity Big Brother*. It is speculated that the two had been in a relationship themselves

his lawyers was Isabelle Coutant-Peyre, the wife of the international terrorist known as 'Carlos the Jackal'. The other was his mother-in-law (Sobhraj had remarried her 20-year-old translator daughter Nihita Biswas in Kathamandu Central prison while he was on remand).

Sobhraj's motives for returning to Nepal were also called into question. He claimed that he had done so to volunteer for humanitarian work, but when a journalist visited him in prison, Sobhraj's story changed significantly. He told the journalist that he had gone to Nepal to meet a Chinese criminal, establishing a heroin deal between him and the Taliban. He also claimed to have been an arms dealer for the Taliban, and was now putting his connections to good use to build relations between the Islamic extremists and Chinese Triads. Then he said he was also working for the CIA.

The strange delusions of a fanatic, perhaps, or more likely a way of giving some purpose to the wasteful life of a wayward and murderous traveller, filled with chaos and carnage. However, according to the journalist writing for *GQ*, Sobhraj has little remorse for the things he has done over the last 71 years. He recalls, "We spoke for almost two hours, in which Sobhraj jumped back and forth between countries and decades, never showing the slightest regret for the devastation he had wrought or the lives he'd ruined." He continued, "The only topic that aroused his sense of injustice was his imprisonment, which he took to be one of the great judicial miscarriages of modern times."

In July 2010, Sobhraj was charged by a Nepalese court with the murder of Connie Jo Bronzich and sentenced to life in prison. Now in his seventies, Asia's most famous serial killer has spent almost half of his life behind bars. But his story and myth endure.



SEDUCED THEM ALL

WHILE SOBHRAJ BASKS IN HIS INFAMY, THOSE HE KILLED HAVE LARGELY BEEN FORGOTTEN



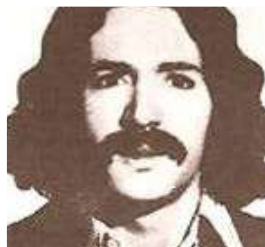
TERESA KNOWLTON

Teresa Knowlton was one of Sobhraj's first known victims. A 21-year-old American travelling in Southeast Asia to learn about Buddhism, she was found washed up on the shores of a Thai beach in 1975. Sobhraj and an accomplice had drugged her coffee before drowning her in the surf.



AVONI JACOB

Avoni Jacob, an Israeli scholar, was murdered by Sobhraj and his female conspirator in Calcutta during their brief sojourn in India. It is said that Jacob had been killed because Sobhraj needed a new passport to flee to Singapore.



VITALI HAKIM

Not much is known as Vitali Hakim; he was a Sephardic Jew who befriended Sobhraj in Bangkok and stayed in his villa for a few days. His body was found by the local police. Gasoline had been poured on him and he had been burned alive.



HENK BINTANJA

The partner of Cornelia Hemker (right). The young Dutch couple first met Sobhraj in Hong Kong during his travels in between murders. Visiting him in Bangkok, they soon fell ill – poisoned – before being recuperated by Sobhraj. But not for long: they were both strangled to death and their corpses burned.



CORNELIA HEMKER

Young, blonde and attractive, Henk Bintanja's partner would undoubtedly have caught the roving eye of Sobhraj.



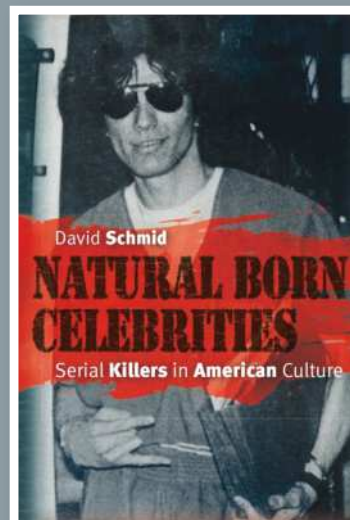
FATAL ATTRACTION

WHAT IS IT THAT DRAWS CERTAIN PEOPLE TO THOSE WHO COMMIT HORRIFIC CRIMES?

One of the big questions that has troubled sociologists and cultural academics since the beginning of the 20th century is why serial killers are so famous. Why do serial killers become household names and pop culture icons? Why are the likes of Charles Manson remembered for their ill-deeds alongside celebrated musicians and artists?

In his book, *Natural Born Celebrities*, David Schmid argues that for American society at least, an answer lies in the “collapse of the difference between fame and notoriety. The decline of merit as a defining factor in fame means that nowadays to be famous and to be notorious are frequently the same thing.” Some psychologists have reasoned that because humans, at our basest form, are violent beings, we are attracted to those who commit the forms of barbarity our ancestors might have revelled in daily. Others claim our fascination lies with jealousy – deep down, everyone wants to kill.

Whatever the reason, it is clear that fame and mass murder go hand-in-hand. The public loves a good serial killer, and the serial killer loves the fame. This was no different for Sobhraj, who had discovered such celebrity during the time he spent in New Delhi’s Tihar Central prison.



CHARMAYNE CARROU

The girlfriend of Vitali Hakim, she first came to Sobhraj searching for clues regarding her boyfriend's disappearance. Her arrival at his villa startled Sobhraj, who was at the time hosting Bintanja and Hemker. Not long after the couples' bodies were found, Charmayne Carrou's corpse was also found washed up on a local Thai beach.



LAURENT ORMOND CARRIÈRE

Following the murder of Bintanja and Hemker, Sobhraj and his girlfriend, Leclerc, fled to Nepal for a short period. While there, they befriended Carrière and Bronzich (right). Their bodies were found burned, and Sobhraj and Leclerc used the pair's passports to return to Thailand.



CONNIE BRONZICH

Connie and Laurent were a 26-year-old Canadian and a 29-year-old American, respectively. They were following the Hippie Trail, making them ideal targets for Sobhraj.



STEPHANIE PARRY

She was due to pick up false-bottomed suitcases filled with drugs bound for the West but Parry lost her contact, Ved. Instead, she phoned a number Ved had been given her... Sobhraj's number. He had killed and robbed Ved of the suitcases. Once Parry met with Sobhraj, she met the same fate.



JEAN-LUC SOLOMON

Sobhraj's last known victim, Jean-Luc Solomon was a Frenchman travelling in Bombay when he happened to meet The Serpent. It is thought that Solomon was targeted as a mere robbery victim, but the act went horribly wrong – too much poison was used.



INITIALS

MA

PNC FORCE

STATION

35CN

SURNAME

CARR

160277200802

DATE OF BIRTH

DATE TAKEN

THE MURDER OF HOLLY WELLS & JESSICA CHAPMAN

SHE COVERED FOR A KILLER

MAXINE CARR'S INVOLVEMENT IN THE MURDER OF TWO LITTLE GIRLS LED THE BRITISH PRESS TO DUB HER THE 'NEW MYRA HINDLEY'. BUT WAS SHE JUST ANOTHER VICTIM OF IAN HUNTLEY?

WORDS MARTYN CONTERIO



Jeremy Thompson, the Sky News reporter, likes to say how he tipped off the cops about Maxine Carr's use of the past tense in their now-famous television interview. Yet he began his line of questioning in the past tense. "What were they like?" he asked Carr in a broadcast during the search for the missing ten-year-old girls, Holly Wells and Jessica Chapman. She simply followed his lead. Other journalists too, such as Nathan Yates in his book *Beyond Evil* (2005), noted the use of past tense without seeming to realise Thompson had started off in such a vein. Yet for some, this usage proved beyond a doubt that she knew the girls to be dead and is crucial evidence of her guilt. The cynical British press sought to aggrandise her role to justify continued venomous attacks, which have lasted to this day. Carr (not unlike Myra Hindley) disturbed the moral order and patriarchal views of feminine attributes: that all women are caring, nurturing, and somehow programmed to never hurt a child. Carr told a lie and it destroyed her life. Whatever else she knew about the murders is a minefield of supposition.

Charged and convicted with perverting the course of justice, Maxine Carr was not in Soham the evening her boyfriend, Ian Huntley, killed two ten-year-old girls in what police believe was a fit of rage after a phone call with Carr, whom he suspected of cheating on him. Why did she lie? Did she not cotton on to the fact he'd killed the girls? She knew of his disturbing past as a man serially accused of rape and he'd admitted to 'Max' that Holly and Jessica had been in the house on the night they'd disappeared. Carr effectively battened down the hatches and stood by Huntley through thick and thin, until locked up and forced to confront a truth she possibly knew from the start and may have repressed or genuinely couldn't believe possible.

During the television interview, after talking in general about the girls, who she knew via her job as a teacher's assistant, a position she held from February 2002 to the end of the summer term that year, Carr showed the nation a card Holly had made for her. "She was very, very upset because I didn't get my job and she just gave me this with a poem on the inside saying to a special teaching assistant – really we'll miss her a lot and we'll see her in the future. And that's the kind of girl she was, she was just lovely, really lovely."

Asked for a final line, essentially a plea to the girls or their captor, Carr said: "Just get on the phone and just come home. Or if somebody's got them, just let them go. It doesn't matter where you let them go as long as you just let them go and let them come home."

More so than the brazen murderer Ian Huntley giving interviews, Maxine Carr became the true demonised figure of the Soham murders because of public displays like this. How could she be so cold, so stupid, so intent on maintaining a fiction? It's what she didn't do that ultimately caused the lasting infamy. For Carr provided a false alibi and acted in front of the entire world like she was as mystified as the next person as to what had happened to Holly and Jessica.

A QUIET PLACE IN THE COUNTRY

Hope is a curious thing. We cling to it desperately in times of great pressure and adversity, but hope can also be cruel. In cases of child abduction, those sick with worry face the storm of press conferences and 24/7 media attention. Pleading for information or the safe return of their child, they await any scrap of news about their son or daughter. The mental and physical toll is gigantic. It can last a lifetime and change a

person irrevocably. Then there is the unspoken prospect of a kidnapping turning into a murder investigation. If possible, such black thoughts are warded off by the shining light of hope. It's what keeps parents and relatives from total collapse and despair. That is why hope can be cruel.

The first few hours of any potential abduction are crucial to how the rest of the drama will unfold. Detectives will also begin to twig whether it bears the hallmarks of abduction plus killing. Of course, they cannot tell the parents and media straight out that new factors have come into play, that it's now a potential murder investigation. Reasons for this are ample. Any leaked info, for example, could potentially work in the favour of the killer. If, as Cambridgeshire police suspected, the fiend was among them – even taking part in the search – they couldn't give the game away. It's like playing your hand before the other cards have been dealt. It's best to maintain a poker face, to deploy secretive methods.

As hours turned to days, the disappearance of Holly and Jessica, until the April Jones murder in 2012, sparked the biggest nation-wide search the country had ever seen. Cambridgeshire police were overwhelmed with information from the public. Police were logging 1,800 phone calls a day, at one point. Almost two weeks into the investigation, things kicked into gear proper. Public angst and media coverage, too, threatened to turn against the police. How can two girls just vanish into thin air? Were the police telling townsfolk everything? The sense of frustration across the board was palpable. What had happened to Jessica and Holly?

Soham, Cambridgeshire, is home to 8,000 people, and before that late summer of 2002, many had never heard of the place. Why would they? It's a small, village-like little corner of the provinces dotted with military bases and not much in between. An idyllic nook of the country to raise a family, live an entirely ordinary life and where the community spirit and feeling was high. For two girls to vanish without a trace was unthinkable. Bad things didn't happen in Soham, until one day they did.

THE KILLER IN PLAIN SIGHT

"Beggars belief" the young man liked to say to officers, the media and fellow residents. "Beggars belief" almost became this guy's catchphrase. 28-year-old Soham Village College residential caretaker Ian Huntley looked concerned for the safety and return of Holly and Jessica as much as the next worried soul asked for a line to feed the media beast.

Like an actor who'd received the best training in the world, Huntley supplied the trembling lip and misty-eyed waterworks each time he recounted the moment he saw Holly and Jessica pass his house at 5 College Close. As Huntley brushed Sadie, his dog, the two girls approached and inquired about 'Miss Carr', away visiting her mother up north. The reason the cops failed to zero in on Huntley from the off comes down not just to his plausible sh*tick, but in those early days he was among a plethora of potential witnesses (police estimated at least 30). While in hindsight we can point the finger and say, "There's something not quite right about that guy," during those frantic days in Soham, he was just a local, a face among the crowd, another citizen

“FOR TWO GIRLS TO VANISH WITHOUT A TRACE WAS UNTHINKABLE. BAD THINGS DIDN'T HAPPEN IN SOHAM, UNTIL ONE DAY THEY DID”



ABOVE Huntley told reporters he must have been the last person to see them alive. Carr, also a face on television, described how lovely the girls were. There was genuine shock when the pair were arrested

RIGHT The girls were captured on CCTV in the car park of Soham's Ross Peers sports centre, where they'd been to buy sweets. This is the last sighting of them alive



The famous photograph of Chapman and Wells, taken but half an hour before their disappearance on the evening of 2 August 2002. This is the iconic image of the girls

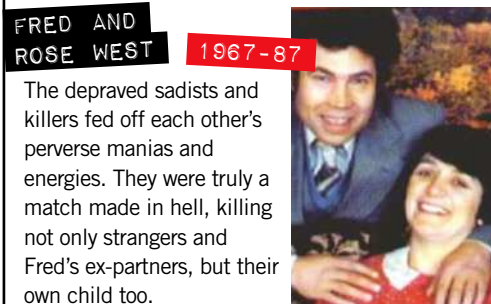
COUPLES THAT KILL

THE FOLIE À DEUX ARCHETYPE IS NOTHING NEW. HOW DO HUNTLEY AND CARR COMPARE TO OTHER INFAMOUS COUPLES IN REAL CRIME HISTORY?



IAN BRADY AND MYRA HINDLEY 1963-65

Brady was the instigator, Hindley the devout follower. Brady, the dominant force in their relationship, did the killing and Hindley attempted to portray herself as a victim. Yet her twisted actions made her an integral part of the murders.

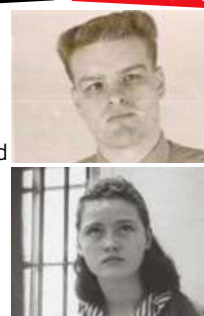


FRED AND ROSE WEST 1967-87

The depraved sadists and killers fed off each other's perverse manias and energies. They were truly a match made in hell, killing not only strangers and Fred's ex-partners, but their own child too.

CHARLES STARKWEATHER AND CARIL ANN FUGATE DEC 1957 TO JAN 1958

The inspiration for many 'lovers on the run' movies, Charles Starkweather was an idiot with a violent temper who believed the whole world was against him. Killing 11 people, Starkweather had a sit down with Old Sparky in 1958. Caril Ann did a 17-year stint in prison.



SARAH BULLOCK AND DARREN STEWART 2006

Said to be under the deviant influence of partner Darren Stewart, teenager Sarah Bullock took part in the torture of a man with severe learning difficulties and made him jump to his death from a 30-metre viaduct near Truro, Cornwall.

dismayed by what was happening. Only when he started showing his face regularly on television did folk in his hometown start to call in and tell them all about the man's disturbing and violent past.

Huntley's accent wasn't the only thing that stood out in this placid part of middle England. The couple living at 5 College Close were friendly enough, but somewhat aloof from the wider community. They'd been in town 11 months, rarely socialised, kept themselves to themselves and generally had little more to say than a passing "hello". Nothing at all out of the ordinary, for some folk are just that way inclined. A desire for privacy is not in any way sinister, after all.

During the search, Huntley came across as a pillar of the community who barely slept. He'd organised searches, let residents and the police search college grounds and spoke on television about the ordeal. It's well known that serial killers will insert themselves into the investigation, usually writing taunting letters or returning to the scene of the crime, reliving their deeds in secret, getting off on the fact everybody around them is standing right next to the very person responsible. Huntley wasn't a serial killer, but he was a serial rapist with an interest in children. And here he was on British television talking about his encounter with the girls, looking ashen and crestfallen, haunted, he said, by the fact he may have been the last one to see them alive.

Many were taken in hook, line and sinker. Reporters largely saw Ian Huntley and his 25-year-old girlfriend, Maxine Carr, also from Lincolnshire, as utterly ordinary individuals, the kind of people you'd least expect to be involved in child murder in a million years. Digging a little deeper, however, revealed warning signs that this couple were not only dysfunctional and in an abusive relationship, but Huntley was a time-bomb waiting to go off. Several times reporters felt uneasy about the pair and reported their misgivings to the police. But it was just another tip or call to log, another avenue to investigate in an operation that threatened to swamp all involved.

It was little things, too. Huntley told conflicting stories about whether he'd seen the girls on the night they'd disappeared. He constantly pestered coppers and journalists for info, or when interviewed at his home, the place reeked of lemon-scented cleaning products, and the dining room – where police believed the murders occurred – was stripped bare and dishevelled. Huntley told anybody who peered in at the room it was being redecorated and given everything that was going on it'd come to a standstill.

Huntley, though increasingly paranoid as the days went by, convinced he was about to be pinched, also thought he'd presented himself as a caring person above reproach. This was a guy with the audacity to approach Holly's dad, Kevin Wells, on several occasions, a man sick with agony and worry, to say how sorry he was for the horror his family and the Chapmans were enduring. There was a point, too, when Huntley thought his act was having the required effect on the police. They'd regularly come by for a chat, always friendly, asking him to go over precisely, again and again, his meeting with the girls at around 6.30pm on Sunday 4 August. Huntley was completely unaware officers had specifically targeted him around Day 10 as a TIE (Trace, Interview, Eliminate) suspect and conducted a forensic search of his home, soon realising the place was spotless. This was strange, but maybe they were obsessive cleaners? A clean home wasn't incontrovertible proof of guilt. But they did find a suspicious dent on the side of the bathtub and they had eyewitness statements – from numerous people – that Carr was in



Police found that Huntley had changed the lining of the boot of his car, replacing it with carpet



ABOVE Huntley used his car to drive the bodies into neighbouring Suffolk, finding a discreet bit of land near a nature reserve and RAF base in which to leave them

Grimsby on the weekend the girls disappeared. Officers were playing nice in attempt to catch a killer. Waiting for a vital clue to turn up or for Huntley to make a wrong move at last, or have enough evidence to swoop in and make the arrest.

THE BODIES DISCOVERED

It's grim business being the one to inform an emotionally exhausted and distraught father and mother their child's body has been found. The glimmer of hope that has so energised them, the speck of faith that the ordeal's end will be happy, with plenty of joyful tears spiked with thunderous anger their child made them so sick with worry, it closes definitively. There is no delicate way of putting it, so the truth is announced with a heavy heart and much professionalism.

On 21 August, two child-sized bodies that had been found on Saturday 17 August, just over the border into Suffolk, near a military base used by the USA, RAF Lakenheath, were identified as the remains of Holly and Jessica. By this time, though, the net around Huntley and Carr was closing in fast. First questioned formally on 16 August, for a total of seven hours, by this time officers were starting to publicly admit to the press and a gripped country awaiting fresh developments this was now – as they'd suspected – a murder case.

“ALONG WITH A VOLATILE TEMPER, WHICH FLARED UP UNDER THE LEAST PROVOCATION, HUNTLEY ENJOYED TORTURING ANIMALS”



Keith Pryer, a gamekeeper who worked on the nearby Wangford Estate, had noticed a pungent stench around a local area known as Common Drove, close to an area where he kept and looked after pheasant pens. The foul, acrid aroma could only be one thing: a dead animal. One morning, determined to locate the source of the stink that had bothered him now for several days, he took along Helen Sawyer and Adrian Lawrence and as they traipsed along a drainage ditch – covering both sides – Mr Lawrence called out, “Do not come any further, Helen, go back to the van.”

What Pryer saw will no doubt haunt him for the rest of his days. Laying in maggots-filled water side by side, neatly, almost respectfully placed, with their hands folded, were the bare, skeletal remains of what appeared to be two dead children. The degradation was severe. Pathologists ultimately identified the girls using DNA. Pieces of the girls’ clothing were found nearby, which Huntley had cut off with scissors in what looked a hurried fashion at the scene, and a path through nettles down to the drainage ditch could be traced. In a final act of savage indignity, Ian Huntley, in a further attempt at removing all traces of his involvement, had returned on 7 August and attempted to set fire to the bodies.

BEFORE SOHAM

What signs are there in Huntley’s childhood that the boy would one day grow up to be a child murderer? Born in 1974 in Grimsby, Lincolnshire, Ian Huntley was like millions of others: a working-class lad from a solidly working-class town in the east of England. But a tough upbringing nor chaotic

INSET The burned remains of Man United FC replica shirts were discovered on Soham College grounds, and hairs belonging to Huntley were found on the shirts

ABOVE The net began to close on Huntley and Carr two weeks after the disappearances. They were questioned by police and later both arrested on suspicion of murder

family dynamics explain fully his future actions. Plenty of kids are dragged up in the school of hard knocks by parents striving to get by. But there are signs.

Huntley was bullied at school and something of a mummy’s boy with a borderline hatred for his father. This loathing would cool in later years (it was Ian’s father who told him about the job in Soham) but there was a great deal of resentment for a very long time. Ian grew up also having it in for his younger brother, Wayne, not least when Huntley’s first wife, a teenage bride, left him for Wayne and later married. This bad blood between siblings never properly healed and Ian, in a suicide note found while he languished in HMP Woodhill, in June 2003, awaiting trial, forbade Wayne from attending the potential funeral.

In his mid-teens, Huntley decided to turn the tables on those who’d wronged him – the kids who’d nicknamed him ‘Spacehead’ (because of his large forehead) and began to target kids younger than him. This desire to avenge and humiliate led to unhealthy places. Along with a volatile temper, which flared up under the least provocation, Huntley enjoyed torturing animals too – a theme so common in nearly all cases of serial murder and crime that the FBI, when developing their pioneering techniques of profiling, included it along with pyromania and bedwetting past the point it was socially acceptable as what they called the ‘homicide triad’. Ian’s temper is believed by police to have led directly to the murders of Holly and Jessica, which occurred only minutes after a massive row over the phone with his girlfriend.

Those who went to school with Huntley recall a chronic attention-seeker and pathological liar. This lying became a



Huntley initially claimed he had accidentally knocked Holly in to the bath when she was in the bathroom, which is when she drowned

The house where Huntley and Carr lived, and where Holly and Jessica were killed, was provided as part of Ian's job with the school

HOW IT HAPPENED

HUNTLEY'S VERSION OF EVENTS THAT EVENING IS A PACK OF LIES, BUT POLICE ALSO BELIEVED THERE TO BE A KERNEL OF TRUTH TO SOME PARTS OF IT. HUNTLEY, AFTER HIS CONVICTION, BEGAN TO INSIST IN PHONE CALLS TO HIS MOTHER THAT MAXINE CARR KNEW ALL ABOUT THE MURDERS EARLY ON

HUNTLEY STRIKES


Huntley sees the girls walking towards the house and entices them in, perhaps using Carr as bait. She is away visiting family, but Chapman and Wells don't know this.

GIRLS MISLED


Huntley leads them into the dining room, and police speculated that he may have told them Carr was upstairs feeling unwell.

HOLLY DROWNED

Their killer is not a big guy, but the ten-year-olds would have stood little chance when he decided to attack them. He claimed in court Holly drowned in the bath and Jessica was smothered.



The bodies of Chapman and Wells were transported to their dumping site in the boot of Huntley's car. They were stripped and set on fire

The Manchester United tops that the girls were wearing when they went missing were found burned in a bin

Huntley and Carr's house (bottom right) was fenced off so children didn't have to look at it as they went to Soham Village College (centre)

JESSICA STRANGLED

Huntley told his mother he'd murdered Jessica by strangulation when she discovered Holly had been killed in the bathroom. She had tried to telephone her mum, in a panic.

A KILLER'S REASONING

Huntley explained: "I was telling her to stop shouting so I could think. She kept saying, 'You pushed her. You pushed her.' It was only when I put my hand on her shoulder as she went for the door that I realised I couldn't let her leave the house."

BODIES DUMPED

The killer wraps the bodies in bin bags and drives 27 kilometres to a secluded spot close to RAF Lakenheath. Huntley, an avid plane spotter, knows the area well as his grandmother also lives in the village of Lakenheath.

CONFESSION TO CARR

Huntley telephones Carr on Monday 3 August and tells her that he's killed Holly and Jessica and he needs her help. Carr was later adamant that she knew nothing about the murders. He drives up to Grimsby and brings her home to Soham.

CARR'S INVOLVEMENT

In Huntley's new scenario: Carr not only learned of the killings early on, she actually took an active part in the covering up of the crime, not just providing an alibi for Ian. Did she dictate the bodies should be burned and help clean the house?



“THE COVERAGE AND PUBLIC FEELING WAS SO INTENSE, THE MEDIA-STOKED VENOM SO UNRELENTING, THAT JUDGES ORDERED SHE RECEIVE LIFE-LONG ANONYMITY”

ABOVE Maxine Carr in Holloway prison, North London. In the eyes of the press and public, she became a hated figure. The cheap Myra Hindley comparison, however, bears zero weight or scrutiny

RIGHT The crowd baying for blood outside court. During the trial, Carr referred to her former boyfriend as “that thing”



common thread through his life. He liked to tell anybody that would listen how he was forced to leave the RAF because he suffered from asthma, or that he'd won the lottery and was moving abroad. On two occasions, he attempted suicide in his youth. But most striking of all was an interest in young girls.

Huntley became known to Lincolnshire police as a man accused of rape on four separate occasions during 1998, but the charges never stuck, even after he was officially charged with one of them, which occurred on waste ground near a nightclub, where Huntley had effectively stalked his victim all night. Part of the reason he was successful in getting the job at Soham Village College was that his record had been wiped due to lack of convictions. But the allegations were so frequent that they would be a major cause of embarrassment after events in Soham. Not only that, the documenting of sex offenders and the sharing of information between police forces country-wide altered significantly. That it came at such a devastating cost is but one part of this case's tragedy.

By the late 1990s, Huntley had his brand of vicious domination and control down to an art. He'd come across as a nice guy until he'd slept with a girl. After this, girlfriends became his emotional and physical punching bags. He'd run their lives or harass them until, for reasons only known to him, he'd give up and latch on to the next vulnerable target. A sordid life bedding vulnerable teenagers and drifting from menial factory job to menial factory job, Huntley developed a self-pitying persona – the whole world was against him – and all he wanted was to be loved and settled down, he'd gripe to his mum. That's when Maxine Carr walked into his life.

THE WOMAN WHO LIED

Raised in a single-parent family almost as if an only child, for her older sister was ten years ahead in age, Maxine Carr was a shy and body-conscious girl who fluctuated in weight dramatically. A chubby kid, she suffered from anorexia as a teenager. Believed by many to be supremely introverted unless she'd been tickling booze, she came across as nervous and perhaps overly ambitious. It was her dream to become a teacher and she loved spending time with kids.

Hailing from the same part of the world as Huntley, there is an incredible irony to their relationship. While often violent, abusive and domineering, their union represented a kind of stability. Meeting one night in the Hollywood Bar nightclub in Grimsby, a tacky drinking establishment, the pair hooked up and moved around the area frequently, living in one-bedroom flats and bedsits, Huntley telling his new girlfriend a sob story about how he constantly felt persecuted by everybody for all the claims made against him. Carr, for reasons known only to her, fell for the sob story; she actively took part in protecting them both come hell or high water.

The move to Soham looked like a fresh start with excellent prospects. But even as early as this move down south, they were lying. Carr faked exam results on her CV to get a teacher's assistant position at St Andrew's Primary School, attended by Holly and Jessica. Huntley – a serial rapist with a penchant for teenage girls – was employed under a three-month trial period initially, as the new caretaker at Soham Village College, despite having no experience of the role. Yet in those first months, with accommodation provided, Huntley was viewed by the school as a diligent and trustworthy worker, who worked hard and not once stepped out of line or drew suspicion. It's telling, however, that pupils interviewed by the media in the aftermath of the murders told conflicting stories. The boys

hated him and thought he acted creepy around the girls, while the female pupils seem to have engaged with him in a totally different way. Huntley technically had no criminal record because Humberside police had deleted his file due to lack of convictions. The school did their background checks, but nothing was flagged.

THE NEW MYRA HINDLEY?

As Maxine Carr walked along the corridor to her cell at Holloway Prison, shouts rang out. 'Myra Hindley mark two!' While all united as felons, miscreants and law-breakers, in the hermetically sealed kingdom of the jailhouse, with all its unique rules and rituals, doing porridge for crimes related to child murder makes said person the lowest of the low and the target for revenge and attacks.

The press had a field day with anything relating to Carr. Even in 2016, it sought to whip up indignation and frenzy with updates on her life post-release, acting with cynically primed outrage at the fact she'd settled down, married, bought a nice wedding dress for the big day, had a child and tried to get on with life as best she can. The coverage and public feeling was so intense, the media-stoked venom so unrelenting, that judges ordered she receive life-long anonymity, police protection and a ban on newspapers reporting her exact location and whereabouts. Yet the howling headlines refused to let the world move on. The whipping up of mob fury has led to innocent women who bear a slight resemblance to Carr being hounded and assaulted. Was she living in Northern Ireland, Scotland or somewhere on the English coast? Tabloids portrayed Carr's life since as a cake walk, not one of constantly living in fear.

On the other side of the debate, columnists with their own agenda presented Carr as a total and utter victim of Huntley's. They softened her role to that of a complete dupe, a patsy, making out her involvement was a minor thing, as if she was living in fear of her partner's moods and didn't quite grasp the seriousness of the situation. She had ample chances to shop him and didn't. Carr should have twigged – and maybe she did – when arriving home to discover Huntley, a man who hadn't cleaned his home or ever done the dishes in all the time she'd known him – had scrubbed the house top to bottom, the carpet in the dining room was wet through and the place looked spick and span. Not just that, but the conversations they'd had over the phone, on the drive back. Then came the claim she was an obsessive cleaner, which might well be true. But Huntley most certainly was not. He told her the girls had been in the house and how he was scared because his past would make the cops think he'd done something, or would pin it on him. These are strange words and ideas – certainly enough for anybody's alarm bells to start ringing. Because this is out of the ordinary, not routine, there is a distinct lack of logic. It was as if he was attempting to confess but in the most roundabout way imaginable.

"Stand by your man," as Tammy Wynette sang. A worthy concept, for sure, when it doesn't involve murder. But Carr did just that and doomed herself. It couldn't be proven in a court of law that she had knowledge of the murders before their joint arrest and charges (Carr's alibi initially meant she too was charged with murder). But that doesn't solve the matter, or give us a definitive answer. Maxine Carr's limited – but crucial – involvement certainly does not warrant the 'Myra Hindley II' or 'the vilest woman in Britain' tags, but only she knows deep down what she knew and what she didn't. Her burden, her shame, will remain a private hell.



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TOKYO CHILD KILLER THE OTAKU RAT MAN

HE CREPT FROM HIS CAR, CAMERA IN HAND AND ANIME CARTOONS
ON HIS MIND, AND CALLED THE CHILDREN TO THEIR DEATHS

WORDS DR CHARLIE OUGHTON

When Tsutomu Miyazaki's case hit the headlines, it threw a spotlight on to Japan's uneasy relationship with young people and expressions of sexuality. While the country's culture is very much associated with the respected Geisha movement, which incorporates strict hierarchical rules and artistry alongside its traditions in escort work, it is also a country famous for its anime – cartoons that may incorporate a focus on the sexually emphasised bodies of young people in storylines with a focus on physical, emotional and sexual abuse alongside fantastical elements such as demonic attacks. In 1988 and 1989, Tsutomu Miyazaki spliced these elements together in to crimes that horrified the country: he kidnapped, sexually assaulted, cooked and ate four children having been influenced (it is said) by 'otaku' – fan culture. He became known as the 'Otaku Killer'. His crimes fed a moral panic that vilified fellow pop culture lovers and tested legal limits by prompting the question of whether art could be blamed for the actions of a criminal and, if so, what art should be censored and why.

CHILDHOOD PET HATES

Tsutomu Miyazaki was made to feel different from the moment he awoke on planet Earth. He came into the world literally and metaphorically unable to feel his way around, with each of his hands fused to the corresponding lower arm at the bone, preventing him from bending or rotating his wrists. This limited what he could physically touch and hold, and the appearance made people nervous of him. At 2.2 kilograms, he was also a tiny, tiny baby, and by the time he reached school, despite initially gaining good grades, he already had a pronounced inferiority complex. Making friends was nigh-on impossible and so he started to take them instead. With an early interest in cameras, he started snapping photographs and shooting film of female acquaintances and other girls when they weren't looking. If that wasn't dubious enough, some of these images were 'up-the-skirt' shots that slithered his imagination into his victims' undergarments. His photographs actually emphasised his distance from the girls – they may as well have been on the Moon for all he could make contact and talk to them. Not that he sought only strangers – his fascination with the womanly form even found him caught (and punished) for spying on his own sister as she bathed.

Bullied about his disability by classmates and sisters alike, Miyazaki fell behind with his studies and failed to take his assured place at Meiji university. Looking for an escape, he obsessed over otaku media, a Japanese form of fan culture with a focus on cartoon anime images and the fictitious worlds they offered. He became an isolated loner and didn't even express an interest in stepping in to his father's shoes as the proprietor of the local newspaper. Instead, Miyazaki found work as a printer's assistant and used Japan's 'work hard, play hard' mentality to expand his otaku-related interests, becoming a self-isolated hikikomori, an extreme recluse, avoiding everyone except his grandfather.

Grandfather was idolised by Miyazaki. The outcast young man was veering towards suicide and Grandfather was the only one who would listen to his worries. He safeguarded Miyazaki's sanity by helping him to keep his angrier thoughts at bay. Their relationship formed the last, true, tenuous link between Miyazaki and the stabilising influences of society. Then Grandfather died. Stunned beyond any rational sense, the dutiful grandson ate some of the old man's ashes in the hope of reincarnating him. Even at that point, Miyazaki



ABOVE His face peeping from beneath a blanket and surrounded by stern officials, Miyazaki presents at an inspection of the case in October 1989

seemed to dream of magic so obscure as to combine this grimmest of delicacies with a fraught sense of self: after all, if he was to reincarnate the dead man, which one of them would get to use his, Miyazaki's, living body and when? Not that it would cause social problems: aside from the characters in his media collection, nobody really talked to him anyway.

Otaku fandom's characters never turned him away or made fun of him, though. In fact, they were welcoming. In anime, pastel colours are emphasised with strong linework to create character faces bereft of wrinkles. Their facial features seem naive and childlike as mouths and noses (parts that we use to connect with the world through the senses) are often depicted with slight flicks of the pen. The eyes, however, take on another meaning. Accentuated by gem colours and linked to real people by white panes, they're rendered larger than life. They draw attention to, highlight and hyperbolise the characters' emotions. They become wide-round with shock, or tremble with furious stress marks to show determination or vigour. Coupled with typical character hair colours in hues of purple, puce and others, the images are pretty. They're sometimes known in Japan as *kawaii* – cute – while the emotions that cause some of these animated inflections are adult, such as pain, jealousy or loss. They are not nearly so alluring, but called with empathy to Miyazaki, a moth to a hope-filled flame.

“ MARI WAS KIDNAPPED AND TAKEN INTO THE WOODS WHERE THE ‘RAT MAN’ EXPLORED HIS FANTASIES WITH HER ”



GUINEA PIG GIRL

MIYAZAKI'S INTEREST IN GEEK CULTURE LED HIM TO BASE A MURDER ON AN OBSCURE HORROR FILM

Miyazaki is said to have sought out the Japanese Guinea Pig series, the director of which was accused of making a snuff film when audiences presumed the graphic footage was real murder. *Flowers Of Flesh And Blood*, the second instalment of the Guinea Pig set, sees a man dressed as a samurai gradually dismember a living girl with almost surgical precision. The girl lies prone and apparently dazed, sometimes blinking. The camera switches focus between her reactions, the mutilation process, the man's admiration of the parts of body that he dissects, his equipment and close-ups as he cuts her to pieces using knives, a hammer and chisel, and a saw. There is no music and her blood falls on to crisp, white sheets.

GOTTA CATCH 'EM ALL

Burning with grief, Miyazaki noted that eating his grandfather's cremated body did not bring the dead man back. It was to be a turning point. He had never felt so alone. Three months later, on 21 August 1988, Miyazaki marked the anniversary of his eighth solitary year of adulthood. The next day, he got in his car and went for a drive. Shortly afterwards, he saw a figure, a small girl with a heart-shaped face carefully framed with a tidy fringe. Her name was Mari Konno.

The anime characters were not, so Miyazaki said, the only visitors in his world. Another materialised into his realm with scuttling feet and mischievous, darting eyes. It was the Rat Man. The Rat Man, he later told doctors, "emerged all of a sudden" and inhabited his body. It drew up, teeth bared, as he stopped his car before four-year-old Mari. The creature's grasping shadow then used fused hands and, before Miyazaki knew it, he said, "the girl had fallen".

Mari was kidnapped and taken into the woods where the 'Rat Man' explored his fantasies with her before finally murdering her. Miyazaki felt at the time of the murders as though everything that happened to him seemed to occur to "another person" on "a far island" or "in a long-running dream". He claimed to doctors later that he had always felt this way. He scribbled pictures of the supposed Rat visitor that had entered his body before lapsing into extended silences, apparently unconcerned about the fate of the child. The idea of the 'second self' is a popular theme in Japanese fiction and it's possible he copied this as he flexed his own imagination in the hope of fleeing the hangman's noose.

Just over a month after Mari's disappearance, the Rat Man struck again. The little figure on the horizon this time

RIGHT Said to have influenced the murders, this Collector's Edition of the Guinea Pig horror films emphasises their popularity as well as the story's violence. Actor Charlie Sheen contacted authorities after viewing this feature convinced it showed a real murder



was seven-year-old Masami Yoshizawa. The thing in the car offered her a ride and took her close to where Mari Konno left this Earth. Erika Nanba, aged four, was making her way home when she saw the same vehicle, over a month later. While he took her elsewhere, she nevertheless joined the other girls in eternal rest.

MEDIA MURDER CHASE

Three small children were missing. Thanks (this time) to the mass media reports, some suspected a link between the cases, but on this occasion the drawback of living in the relatively crimeless society that Japan enjoys was that the police had no idea what to do. Unfamiliar and unskilled with serial killers, they simply hadn't a clue. With the lack of bodies, the infants were listed as missing persons and officers wandered around from home to family home making enquiries in the hope of happening on at least a scrap of evidence. Following a discovery of a tiny bundle of clothes at a youth facility, police found Erika's body the next day.

Japanese culture holds good citizenship in high esteem, and so it was that some men came forward upon hearing details of Erika's discovery. After noticing a car askew in the roadside guttering, its hazard lights flashing a warning signal, they had stopped on their journey to see if they could be of service. Peering, they witnessed a man emerging from the woods, his hands laden with cloth. He told them he had lost control. Bamboozled by his lack of gratitude at their offer of help and perplexed by his mysterious emergence from the trees, they moved the car and let him on his way. Polite people, they were aware that pointing out his discourtesy and causing further unease is often considered all the more discourteous in itself. Nevertheless, the incident had given them a chance to notice the car number plate's registration district and enabled them to pass the information on to the appropriate authorities. Sadly, in their surprise they misidentified the car type: the police were no closer to identifying the ill-mannered mystery man.

The egotistical Miyazaki was enraged by the lack of police progress and limited prominence given to his case. A serial killer couldn't show off if he was chased by incompetents. In a horrific corruption of the 'thank you' letter and the journalistic traditions of his father, Miyazaki set the facts straight. As well as leaving phone messages for the families, the child snatcher provided photographic proof and body parts, boxed up in little packages. He nevertheless gave precious little for the law forces to find him with.

When an expert took to national television to state that one of the body boxes (the one delivered to Mari's mother) did not in fact pertain to the child, Miyazaki stepped fully into the role of the comic-book villain. The sadist penned a three-page pamphlet to the national press insisting he was responsible for all of the killings and that the box did indeed contain Mari. Moreover, in a further twist of the culture of courtesy, he stated that his letter was a kindness, sparing the little girl's parents from the anguish of futile dreams. His sign off at the end was a journalistic trick in itself. Writers will often try to bring a story to life by describing the basic facts using figurative language, for example by comparing men to monsters to illustrate a moral message discouraging deviant behaviour. Miyazaki's chosen pen name was Yuko Imada. A



RIGHT The organised chaos of Miyazaki's bedroom. The bed is an afterthought in the middle of the room. His media collection is displayed with pride

CANNIBAL VAMPIRE CHRONICLES

MIYAZAKI KIDNAPPED AND MURDERED FOUR YOUNG GIRLS. WHAT HE DID TO THEIR CORPSES, AND LATER TO THEIR PARENTS, BECAME PROGRESSIVELY MORE AND MORE HORRIFYING

MARI KONNO

The child was strangled. The body was undressed and photographed while being sexually assaulted. The corpse was left separate from the clothes in the woods. The body was later mutilated, burned and parts delivered to her parents with a note stating, "Mari. Bones. Cremated. Investigate. Prove."

MASAMI YOSHIZAWA

This child was taken to within 100 metres of the first victim's body. Strangled, stripped and sexually abused (documented by the camera), the corpse's final muscle spasm caused the fantasist to flee, perhaps fearing ghostly retribution.

ERIKA NANBA

The victim was taken to another part of the wood. Stripped, suffocated, abused and photographed, the murderer bound her hands and feet with nylon cord. The postcard sent to the family read: "Erika. Cold. Cough. Throat. Rest. Death."

AKAYO NOMOTO

Strangled and bound with her mouth taped shut, the child was chopped up and her blood drunk. The hands were roasted before being cannibalised. The torso was left next to a cemetery and after a brief scattering, the rest of the remains were stored behind the killer's own bedroom.



COOL JAPAN AND CRIMINALITY

MEDIA EXPERT DR COLETTE BALMAIN
DISCUSSES MANGA, THE BACKGROUND OF
THE MORAL PANIC IN JAPAN AND HOW ANIME
ENTRANCED THE WORLD

BIO

DR COLETTE BALMAIN



Dr Balmain is a specialist in Asian cinema and cultures. The author of *Introduction To Japanese Horror Film* (2008), she can also be found on Facebook and Twitter (@ColetteBalmain). She writes about Asian film on her blog: www.orientalnightmares.wordpress.com.

What cultural background did the Otaku moral panic in Japan have?

Despite the fact that Japan produces some of the most graphic, sexually violent media, stranger-to-stranger violence is extremely rare. In the 1960s, manga transformed from media for children to media that signified rebellion to the existing order, especially by university students. The subsequent establishment of the Youth Policy Unit (Seishonen Taisaku Honbu) monitored the behaviour of young people.

What media has Japan censored exactly, since legislation against 'obscene' publications has existed?

Article 175 of the Criminal Code (which became law in 1907) prohibits the sale and distribution of material deemed obscene. Interestingly, the Japanese translation of DH Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* in 1951 was prosecuted for obscenity (waisetsu) in 1951, paving the way for similar prosecutions including Oshima's 1996 film *In The Realm Of The Senses* (on the basis of the script and some photographs of the filming), four of Nikkatsu's 'roman porno' films (1972-80) and, in 2002, *Misshitsu* (Honey Room) had the notoriety of being the first manga ever to be prosecuted for obscenity. The Shobunkan trial lasted until 2007 when the Supreme Court of Japan upheld the guilty verdicts of 2004 and 2005. The manga was banned and the artist, Beauty Hair, was fined 1.5 million yen.

What are the main focuses of Otaku culture now, in the wake of the 1990s moral panic?

Okada Toshio, an anime producer responsible for the popular series Neon Genesis Evangelion, educated people about otaku bunkaron (otaku cultural theory) in order to eradicate discrimination against otaku from 1994 onwards. He became known as the Otaking (the King of Otaku). In addition, by the late 1990s, the popularity of anime and manga abroad became seen as part of 'Cool Japan' culture. This, however, came at a price, as manga artists were expected to conform to the positive aspects of Cool Japan that were seen as marketable abroad. This of course excludes highly sexualised manga including Lolicon (Lolita) and Hentai (perversion).



LEFT Miyazaki (in oversized state garments) grew used to accompaniment by medical professionals and police officials – he spent 16 years in the justice system prior to execution

Japanese girl's name, it was intended to throw police off the scent and to taunt them with the obviousness of this tactic, as no child could commit such a terrible crime. Yuko Imada is also a pun. In the original tongue, it translates as “now I will tell”. Miyazaki seemed to be claiming his courage in taking ownership of his crimes while using the moniker as a coward's camouflage at the same time.

Fate of his own making was catching up with him, though. While forensic officers battled to untangle the identity behind the writing and the parents pleaded for the return of their child's hands so “she could eat and be happy in Heaven,” Miyazaki looked for another victim. His drive skewed Japan's workaholic culture and he started taking time off, dividing his hours between distributing letters detailing the daughters' bodily decay to their parents and prowling for victims.

Akayo Nomoto was five years old when asked to pose for pictures in June of 1989. A happy child with a wide grin and cheeky sense of fun, he filmed what he did to her corpse.

MORAL PANIC

Miyazaki's eventual arrest was as comic book-esque as it was ordinary. Perhaps believing by now that he could fashion the world as his own fiction, Miyazaki simply strolled up to the police. He'd been caught red-handed while trying to kidnap one of a pair of sisters. Having been felled by their father's blow as he was trying to violate the child with his camera lens, he ran... only to return for his car to find the full force of the police present.

Photographs of Miyazaki's bedroom became a press focal point after his arrest. The contrast between otaku fandom's colourful images and the grim reality of the murders was a national scandal. There was no window in his room to remind Miyazaki of the worldly morals beyond his rancid mind and stale bed sheets. Around the small, crumpled dreaming space were the towers of his prison, ladders of video-taped monsters and heroes guarding him from those who may have grown to know him and care. His trial was to focus on whether he really did believe that ideas, whether in drawing form or not, could save him. There were enough to choose from. He's said to have had about 5,700 video tapes alone. It was alleged that he based one of his crimes on the *Flower Of Flesh And Blood* Guinea Pig horror, and had copies of both the film and his own murderous retelling of it. It is horribly ironic that he wrote letters to a magazine focusing on the impact of the media on society while he was on trial awaiting conviction.

Otaku culture was vilified after his arrest. Adult/child, real/fantasy, innocent/diabolical are binaries primed and packaged ready to sell newspapers. It has even been claimed that images taken of his room were faked by a journalist as a way of getting a higher price for their juicy scoop as it was said the killer's collection contained barely any violent imagery at all. Nevertheless, the associations of otaku art's more adult themes became solidified in to the public image of the otaku fans themselves. Similar to the fanatic, it was assumed that the fans were so drawn into the fantasy that they would retreat into the literary 'lies', where their confused heads made sense. They were seen as an evil that

walked, unnoticed but watching (always watching), among the innocent public. They waited, ready to consume.

The image of the murderous otaku was exacerbated by a series of separate incidents in Japan around that time. The evil seemed to creep from the papers' reports of Miyazaki's crimes and infect others: isolated incidents were caught in the wind by the media and used as symbols of national decline caused by lazy youth cultures that threatened Japan's hard-working and family-orientated society. There were calls for action among lawmakers, debates among academics, fevered chit-chat spread across a million office water coolers. A moral panic was born of the fear that nonexistent armies of unmonitored youths would scuttle, heads twisted from neck strain and eyes blind from darkened bedrooms, to infect and destroy civilisation itself.

DIAGNOSIS: DEATH

Hulking and fearsome though it may have been, the Rat Man came from Miyazaki's head and his head alone. Otaku, anime or any other fandom can no more be blamed for violent crime than can Shakespeare for any other killer who studied the violence of *Romeo And Juliet* as a child in school.

Miyazaki's trial centred on whether or not he was mentally ill and, therefore, whether or not he could take responsibility for what he'd done and so face the death penalty. Considering how terrible his crimes were, it's not surprising that the court-ordered doctors couldn't agree what illness, if any, he had. As academic John Whittier Treat noted, he was diagnosed at different times as being able to distinguish right from wrong, as having early stage schizophrenia and, in the final court report, having depersonalisation syndrome and hysterical dissociation. It was confusing to say the least, so the press translated it simply as ‘multiple personality

disorder’. Miyazaki would be the first person in Japan to use multiple personality disorder as a defence and, writing “I'm happy to think I did a good thing,” he showed he had no regrets. He even said that the victims were “sacrificed” to reincarnate his grandfather, although it's not clear whether he thought the supposed Rat Man was under his command or not. All the while his mother took him comics to read in prison; his father killed himself out of shame.

Arrogance was Miyazaki's final downfall. As his trial rumbled on, he wrote to an anti-death penalty advocate to ask for assistance, inadvertently proving he was sane enough to understand his situation. Japan's legal system did the rest. He was hanged on 17 January 2008. He was 45 years old.

The Rat Man is gone – he never existed. What's more, experts told the trial that Miyazaki's talk of the mysterious creature only materialised, rather conveniently, after his arrest and presumably when the press were on the look out for strange things to print about the egotistical criminal. Luckily enough, people now also know that the idea of the delinquent otaku is equally man-made.

Miyazaki is long dead and the victims' families grieve. The one salutary lesson gained from the whole terrible affair is to support difference and refrain from laying blame where it's not due. Comics don't create killers, people do.



ABOVE Miyazaki published a book, translated as *Still In A Dream*. A compilation of his letters to magazines, the egotist asserted himself as a “popular man,” owing to the coverage his victims generated

OFF WITH HIS 'HEAD'!

SHE CHUCKED HIS MANHOOD FROM A CAR WINDOW IN A FIT OF PIQUE. WOULD JOHN WAYNE GET A HAPPY ENDING WITH HIS 'FRANKENPENIS'?

WORDS DR CHARLIE OUGHTON

On the night of 23 June, 1993, John Wayne Bobbitt received the kind of notoriety that no man ever truly wants. His wife Lorena had snapped after years of domestic abuse and cut off the tip of his penis while he slept. Lorena was later acquitted of the crime on grounds of temporary insanity. What abuse could the chap have done to cause her to sever his 'chopper'? How did they take their affairs in hand afterwards?

The lady on the overhead court room camera was doll like. Absurdly young looking, with her dark curls tousled back into a school-girlish ponytail, she sniffled into a tissue that was nonetheless perfectly folded. It was perhaps to be expected of someone with a career as a manicurist. Yet this dainty figure had been charged with the crime of malicious wounding. Lorena knew the man she had harmed. They had met in 1988 at a military ball in Quantico. He was an American Marine. She had emigrated from Ecuador two years earlier in search of her American Dream.

THE BIG MAN?

With a movie star name, perhaps John Wayne thought of himself as something of a big man. He had a history of assaulting women and would be jailed for 15 days for battering another woman in later years. In the first instance, however, his behaviour culminated on the balmy mid-summer night of 23 June, 1993, in Louisiana. He had been out with friends and had become intoxicated. Alcohol is never the best thing to have if you can't control your impulses, and John came home and fought with Lorena. It was the latest in a campaign she claimed had included raping her, cheating on her, forcing her to undergo an abortion and to give him anal sex despite it contravening her faith. She said he even used "Marine torture techniques", involving strangling her and squeezing her face. The rape was the only charge of which he was later acquitted. After their fight, John went to bed.

Later that night, the house was silent when footsteps entered the kitchen. Taking care to



ABOVE On his way into the courthouse John Wayne turns back towards the photographers

BELOW A photograph brandished by Dr James T Sehn depicts the decapitated penis



be quiet, a determined hand nursing a lover's resentments opened a drawer, caressed the smooth, slightly curved material and then slid the eight-inch kitchen knife into an embrace. More soft padding led up to the chamber. Then the knife came down.

John woke to find a gaping hole weeping into his bedding. Lorena, on the other hand, was triumphant. She'd already escaped in the car, taking his offending implement with her. The meat of the former phallus was chucked out of the window and landed in a field. It's a wonder it wasn't nibbled by the night animals.

GANGRENE AND STITCHES

Lorena, however, was not like her husband. A change of heart was on the horizon, and when she realised how much damage she'd done to John's body she called the emergency services. Police eventually picked his pecker tip up – the piece only amounted to two and a half inches – and put in an ice bucket to chill. John woke up without it before surgery.

As morning stared at the sheets of John's hospital bed, his life was about to change. Gone was the ruptured, blood-spewing, shredded tangle of nerve endings that had formerly held his penis. In its place, after nine hours in which surgeons scratched needles into his raw flesh, was a myriad of stitches clinging to his sewn-on member. Limp and forlorn, the eye was closed; doctors had warned him he would never have sex again. He was told he should expect complications, such as gangrene, which occurs when parts of the body begin to die.

According to the National Health Service typical symptoms of gangrene include swelling of the affected area, extreme pain and bleeding blisters that can produce a smelly, oozing pus. If such a post-surgery infection set in, his penis would eventually go black and drop off, as he was told by doctors.

The first thing that John did when he experienced an erection in hospital after the operation was to ring and inform his mother, who, perhaps unsurprisingly, said she could have been spared that particular detail.

“ HE WAS TOLD TO EXPECT COMPLICATIONS. IF A POST-SURGERY INFECTION SET IN HIS PENIS WOULD EVENTUALLY GO BLACK AND DROP OFF ”

MEDIA MOLESTATION

John was engulfed by a media feeding frenzy. He claimed to have bedded 70 women with his restitched digit and eagerly went under the knife again when infamous shock jock Howard Stern paid for its enlargement. John, of course, claimed it made his sex life better than it ever had been, stating, "Being the most famous man to have his penis chopped off does have its advantages. It definitely has not hurt my love life – in fact it improved it." Precisely what bragging about the fame resulting from being mutilated by a woman you've bullied for years says about his allure is another thing entirely.

What's more, while Lorena's attack gave him a sort of celebrity, it is not exactly celebratory. Publications still run stories on the case seemingly for little more than the excuse to make as many penis-related puns as possible at his expense (it is hard to resist). Empathy for, or indeed envy of John, on the other hand, is rarely part of the formula. As recently as 2012 he tweeted, "Single again, so if you ladies wanna know what it's like to date a porn star message me here", as though the lovelies wouldn't be interested in him for his mind.

John made as much as he could of his circumstances. As well as becoming a regular on the Howard Stern radio show, he appeared on numerous television programmes as well as in a few adult films including *Frankenpenis* (1996). That said, this great lover, according to his ex-wife (and in contradiction to her testimony that the attack was "a blur") was so frustrated that she told police she committed the assault in retaliation for his inconsiderate bedsheets manner, saying: "He always have orgasm and he doesn't wait for me to have orgasm. He's selfish. I don't think it's fair, so I pulled back the sheets then and I did it."

Two of John's subsequent marriages lasted for 23 days and two years – not exactly the height of success for the great American spouse. For all his bragging, the incident also left him with night terrors and suicidal thoughts.

COURTROOM COCK AND BULL

After deliberation, the court found Lorena not guilty by reason of temporary insanity. Court witnesses confirmed that Lorena had often been covered in bruises, and psychology specialists agreed she had been domestically abused and had become depressed as a result. As a result of the way she recalled the incident later as "pictures", or flashbacks, some medical professionals concluded she had Post Traumatic Stress Disorder as a result of her husband's behaviour. According to them, John had pushed her to commit the attack – what they called an 'irresistible impulse' through his mistreatment of her.

Lorena was sentenced to a period of evaluation in a psychiatric hospital to adjudicate whether or not she posed a danger to herself. She was subsequently released on the condition that she



received outpatient therapy and did not leave the state without legal permission. As Lorena came from a strict Roman Catholic family who saw divorce as failure, the couple tried to reignite their marriage. She alleges John continued to beat her and they split in 1995.

Lorena has also apologised for her crime. She told *The Daily Mail*, "It was done but it was not done on purpose" and has commented on the outcomes of the accepted nature of spousal abuse, saying, "It's sad because domestic violence put me and my ex-husband in the hospital." John's eventual response? "I don't blame Lorena. We both hurt each other. I wish her the best." According to Lorena, he continued to send her Valentine's Day cards for another decade.

Love is possible, however. Following her acquittal, Lorena has found a man who adores her and treats her properly. The couple are raising their child together. This determined lady has also since become an advocate for domestic violence survivors, establishing (in her unmarried name) The Lorena Gallo Foundation. Based in Haymarket, Virginia, it organises outreach and charitable donation drives.

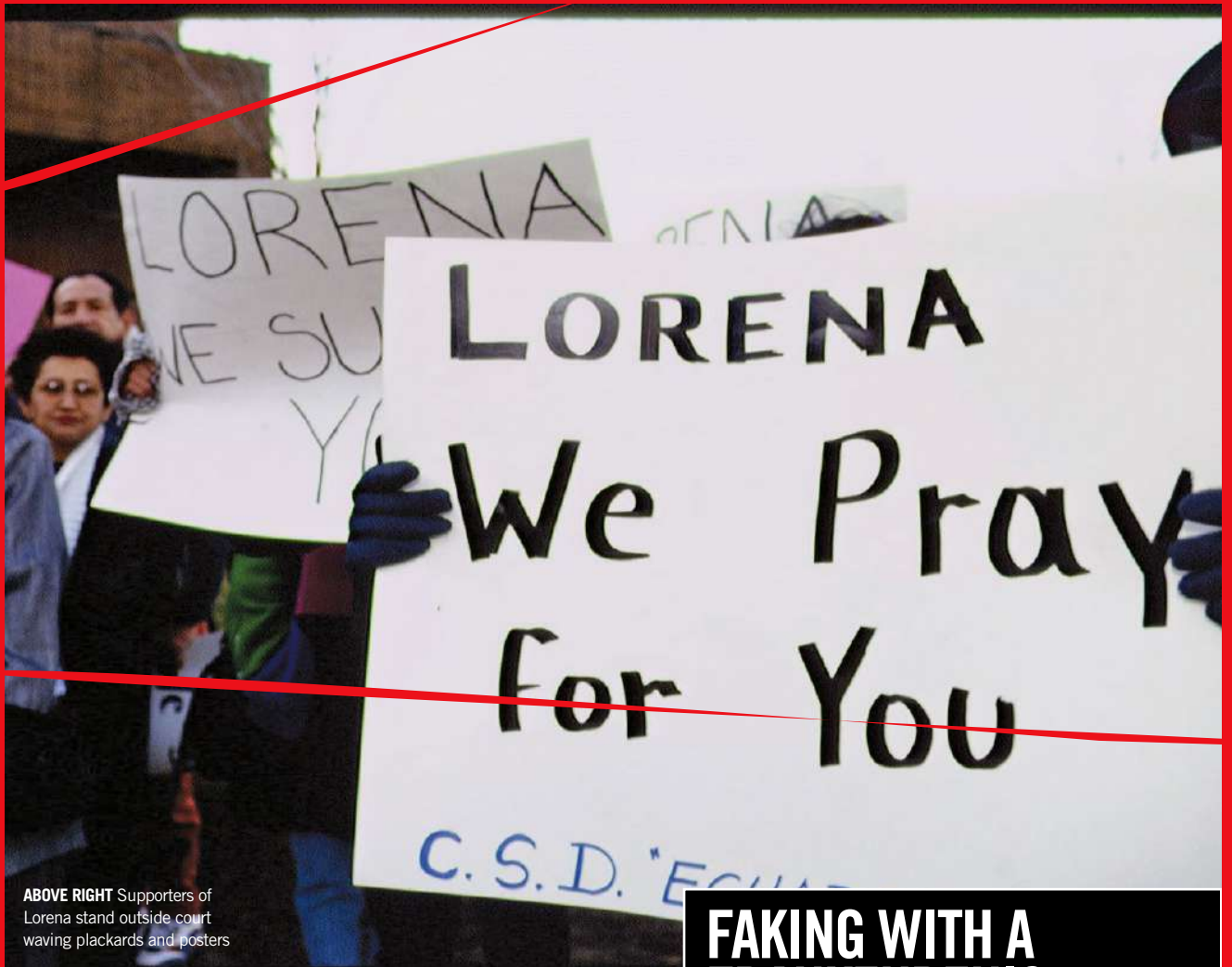
John has since attempted to become a real man. Trying to take responsibility for his actions,

he has converted to Christianity and has a limo business. For all the tomfoolery, celebrity and indeed cock-and-bull stories that circulated when the incident hit the press, there were serious outcomes. Its newsworthiness enabled it to go some way towards shattering the wall of silence that had surrounded domestic violence and showed via Lorena's acquittal that threats from spouses should not be tolerated.

The ultimate outcome for a story almost perfectly confected for the front pages is its long-term legacy: John will gradually fade into obscurity in the pit that is internet porn. Lorena, on the other hand, will influence the families she helps for years and probably generations to come.

BELOW The knife with which Lorena castrated John Wayne





ABOVE RIGHT Supporters of Lorena stand outside court waving placards and posters

FAKING WITH A FRANKENPENIS

JOHN WAYNE BOBBITT REHASHED HIS LIFE STORY IN ADULT FILMS TO GAIN EXPOSURE AND PAY MEDICAL BILLS

John Wayne Bobbitt Uncut was filmed just a year after the attack that cost him his penis. A different kind of revision is visible in the narrative that recounts the events of that night. After a rather childish John is seen making goggles out of a stripper's bra on that drunken night out, he goes home to Lorena (Veronica Brazil) and pesters her for sex. Their argument is completely removed from the narrative.

When he is asleep, 'Lorena' (in nothing but lacy panties) berates John for sleeping with other women and begs him to become erect while she holds a knife aloft. Suspenseful, rhythmic music kicks in as the full-frontal shot goes slow-mo for the otherwise out-of-eyeline slash.

The penis is eventually thrown in the path of an Englishman who delivers the line, "Looks like a dick! F**king hell! It's not mine at least!", with deadpan aplomb. It's oddly appropriate that musician Lemmy Kilmister would pop up in that cameo – he changed the world with his Motorhead.



ABOVE John slumps with his head in his hands as he listens to evidence in court

A close-up, high-contrast photograph of Jimmy Savile's face. He is wearing round sunglasses with a red tint. The image is heavily saturated with yellow and orange light, creating a dramatic and somewhat unsettling atmosphere. His hair is white and wispy. The background is dark and indistinct.

SAVILE

OVER THE YEARS THERE WERE MANY OPPORTUNITIES TO STOP JIMMY SAVILE REOFFENDING, SO HOW DID THIS CUNNING SEXUAL PREDATOR GET AWAY WITH HIS CRIMES FOR SO LONG?

WORDS BEN BIGGS



One of Savile's last public appearances was a year before his death, when he attended the naming ceremony of a cruise liner in Southampton in 2011

Over at least six decades, Sir James Wilson Vincent Savile (OBE, KCSG) sexually assaulted and raped hundreds of adults and minors. He lived a full and privileged life as a successful DJ and television personality, adulated by the media for his charity work and idolised by teenagers as a celebrity demi-god of the insanely popular music chart show *Top Of The Pops*. He was rich, famous, and wielded the kind of influence that even the most powerful politicians in the UK can only dream of. Then he died – at the ripe old age of 84. He was eulogised in the papers and went to his grave with millions mourning the loss of a national treasure. And no one dared to – or perhaps even wanted to – investigate the insalubrious rumours that mounted in his wake, until he was almost a year in the ground.

It's been more than eight years since the Savile investigation began and most of Britain is still feeling cheated by a system that gave this man carte blanche to satiate his every sexual whim, at the expense of hundreds of women, many of whom were just young girls at the time. Why did he do it, when he could have had his pick of consenting adult women? Because he could. And because "Jimmy liked them young", according to an anonymous former Leeds City police officer. He caught Savile in his Rolls Royce with a young teen fan, in a secluded park in Leeds, at about midnight one night in 1965. Savile was 39 at the time and said that he was "waiting for 12 o'clock",

that the girl would be 16 the next day, and then told the officer to "get on your bike before you lose your job."

This begs the question: how did such a high-profile figure get away with so many sexual offences? And right under the nose of the authorities, and sometimes in full view of the public? The answer to this is more complicated. It involves private and public institutions that turned a blind eye to his brazen crimes and a UK culture steeped in misogyny that valued homegrown celebrity over the lives of hundreds of girls.

HARD START

Savile was born in 1926 in Leeds, the youngest of seven children in a Catholic family who lived through the Great Depression. He claimed that his Christmas present was to be taken to the toy store just to look at the toys, and he seemed to take some pride in that, describing himself as being "forged in the crucible of want" in a 1989 interview with *The Times* newspaper. Though, given any opportunity to buff his image, Savile would take it. He nearly died twice in his youth: the first time when he fell severely ill with pneumonia at just two years old, and the second when he was conscripted into a coal mine at the age of 18, as a part of Britain's World War II Emergency Powers Act. A controlled explosion that was intended to break open a rock face nearly

killed him, and left him with spinal injuries that doctors thought would leave him unable to walk.

It was a twist of fate that allowed him to leave the mines and start a career as one of Britain's first DJs, spinning records in a hall for music fans who were willing to pay a shilling a time to dance the evening away. Within a decade he'd moved on to managing dozens of dance halls for the Mecca Leisure Group, where he earned a reputation for being heavy-handed with drunks and troublemakers. He also figured out a way to circumvent Musicians' Union regulations, so that he could play records rather than the live bands that he'd realised didn't have the draw of his DJing. Even then, he was cultivating his public image with a stint in professional cycling and wrestling; he physically stood out in these professions, with his long blond hair and odd mannerisms. There wasn't much of a career in it for Savile, but they added strings to his bow and raised his profile. No one ever accused Savile of being stupid, but even in the early years before police believed he was an active paedophile, he displayed the cunning and self-assurance that would allow him to manipulate parents, the public and authority figures in the future.

The trajectory of his career tilted skyward in the late 1950s after he became a Radio Luxembourg DJ, which led to the BBC offering him a job as the presenter of a brand new chart music programme in 1964 – *Top Of The Pops*. Over the next 20

“FOR THIS PROLIFIC PAEDOPHILE, THE ACCESS TO DOZENS OF STARSTRUCK YOUNG TEENS MUST HAVE BEEN A DREAM COME TRUE”

Jim'll Fix It was a wildly popular television show that began in 1974, with Jimmy Savile as the titular 'Jim'



years, he hosted more than 300 episodes of this incredibly popular television show, during which time he developed his characteristic vocal tics and became known for his loud tracksuits and smoking fat cigars. According to the Operation Yewtree report, his crimes peaked over an eight-year period during this time. For this prolific paedophile, the access to dozens of starstruck young teens, who came to dance every Saturday, must have been a dream come true.

He had already been recognised for his charity fundraising when, in 1975, Savile's television career took a different track. He became the host of *Jim'll Fix It*, a television show in which the presenter would 'fix it' for a lucky few of the children who wrote letters to him – 350,000 of them every series at its peak, requesting everything from playing football with Kevin Keegan to visiting a Toby Jug factory. Over 20 years, until the final series aired in 1994, it became an institution in many British homes.

Though Savile played the role of the show's benevolent patriarch, his assaults continued unabated. Incredibly, a child's request was even faked to allow another paedophile to have a guest appearance on the show. In 1980, a 13-year-old girl was asked to write a letter to *Jim'll Fix It*, asking for her music box to be fixed. It meant Savile could invite antiques expert Keith Harding onto the show, a man who had been convicted of sexual assault against four children in the 1950s and was a ranking member of PIE, the Paedophile Information Exchange. This was a British organisation 250 members-strong, founded in 1974 and disbanded in 1984, that campaigned for the abolition of the age of consent – to legalise sex between adults and minors. It even received £70,000 in funding from the Home Office. Today, it's hard to imagine that an organisation with an ethos so morally and ethically bankrupt could campaign in public, but PIE sprung up in the spirit of 1970s liberation, exploiting the decriminalisation of homosexual acts and the shift in opinion towards the lowering of the age of consent between adult homosexuals. In 2007, the BBC described it as “an international organisation of people who trade in obscene material”, perhaps not damning PIE as much as they could have.

HIS SECRET LOVECHILD

FOR ALMOST TWO DECADES JIMMY SAVILE HID THE EXISTENCE OF HIS YOUNG LOVER FROM BOTH HIS FRIENDS AND THE PRESS. BUT HE WASN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD KEEP A SECRET...

Throughout the 80s and into the 90s, during the peak of his crimes, Savile had a secret, torrid sexual relationship with a woman more than 30 years his junior. Twenty-year-old Donna Foot met Savile in 1982 outside the BBC television centre in London, while she was waiting for an autograph from Cliff Richard. He invited her up to his flat, gave

her his number and, after their third meeting, they consummated an on-off relationship that would go on to last 17 years. Foot had no idea about Savile's sexual assaults at the time and, in 1990, she told him that she would like to get married and have children. Savile told her that he never wanted to marry and that “the best thing about other people's

children is that you can give them back”. He refused to be drawn on his responsibility for his actions, whatever they were. In 1999, Foot found out she was pregnant with Savile's child and, with Savile's words ringing in her ears, she had an abortion. Savile never knew about the pregnancy, but, a few months later, he ended their relationship.

SHOCKING BBC AUDIO

IN 2012, A 1975 AUDIO RECORDING FROM THE BBC RADIO SHOW *SAVILE'S TRAVELS* CAME TO LIGHT, IN WHICH SAVILE ASSAULTS AN UNIDENTIFIED YOUNG GIRL

Savile: "Who's your best pal? Tell me."
Girl: "I'm not telling you... Noel Edmonds."
Savile: "He's not."
Girl: "Yes he is."
Savile: "No he's not."
Girl: "Get off me."
Savile: "Cause he's a married man."
Girl: "I don't care."
Savile: "Yes you do."
Girl: "Get off."
Savile: "I won't."
Girl: "You're squashing me."
Savile: "Not until you say me."
Girl: "[giggles] Me."
Savile: "Say, 'I promise...'"
Girl: "I promise."
Savile: "That you, Jimmy Savile..."
Girl: "You Jimmy Savile."
Savile: "...are the only one..."
Girl: "Are the only one."
Savile: "In my life."
Girl: "No, you're not the only one in my life!"
Savile: "And Noel Edmonds and all them others is definitely..." [Savile grunts]
Savile: "Who's your best pal?"
Girl: "You're the pal – get off my backside!"
Savile: "Eh? I beg your pardon? In front of your mummy and daddy? Goodness gracious."

Savile with the winner of the *Daily Express* Sound competition, at around the same time he was making *Savile's Travels*

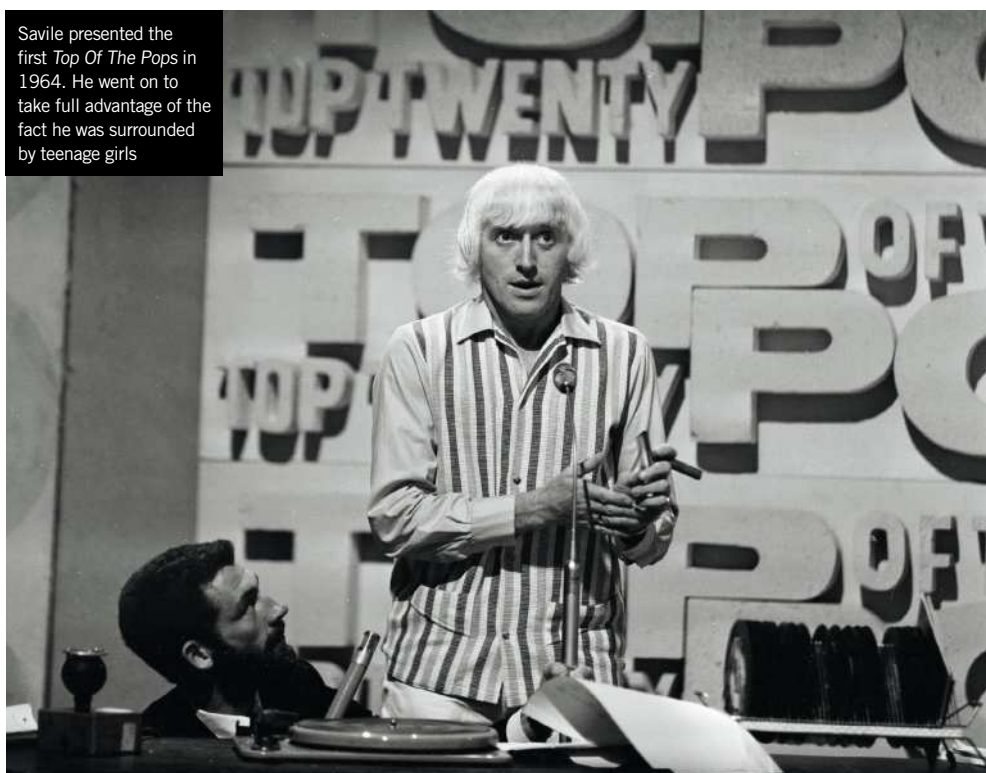


Despite raising lots of money for children's charities, Savile later admitted that he 'hated children'





Savile presented the first *Top Of The Pops* in 1964. He went on to take full advantage of the fact he was surrounded by teenage girls



Savile and at least some of those working on the show would have been aware of Harding's unsavoury past and the potential danger that they were putting the girl in by sending her and her brother to Harding's workshop. Thankfully they were chaperoned the whole time they were there.

Those who weren't fooled by Savile's on-screen persona were cowed into silence. John Lydon, frontman of the Sex Pistols, told the BBC in a recorded interview at the height of the band's fame in 1978 that Savile was on his celebrity 'kill list': "...He's a hypocrite. I bet he's into all kinds of seediness that we all know about but we're not allowed to talk about. I know some rumours – I bet none of this will be allowed out." Indeed, Lydon was banned from the BBC for a while after that interview and these controversial comments didn't make the final cut for radio. They only surfaced nearly 40 years after the recording was made, after Savile's death and in the wake of the Dame Janet Smith inquiry into the BBC's connection to Savile's crimes.

After the final season of *Jim'll Fix It* closed in 1994, Savile began to fade from our television screens, if not public consciousness. His charity work, for which he had been appointed an OBE in 1971, continued in earnest, despite him admitting in a 1991 interview that he 'hated children' and that he hadn't really any interest in charity: "It's just that I've got a knack, I think you're putting the cart before the horse there... I don't care whether I make [money] for me or somebody else, it's academic to me, as long as I'm having a go at making it." At the time this didn't stir as much controversy as you'd think – Savile's comments were written off as another one of his foibles and, whether he intended just to shock or whether he really meant it, what did it matter when he was

raising millions of pounds for worthy causes? It's only in retrospect, with the full weight of the evidence amassed against him, that it becomes clear these are the remarks of a wholly self-interested individual lacking in empathy.

In 2000, documentary-maker Louis Theroux was breaking into more mature television when he featured Savile in his BAFTA award-winning series *When Louis Met...* Theroux shadowed Savile, who was 73 at the time, as he went about his life, flitting between his three homes in Leeds, Scotland and Scarborough. Although Theroux later said that he "had no interest in making a soft piece about Jimmy the charity fundraiser" and that he "wanted to get the goods on Savile", he said he wasn't sure what "the goods" were. All he had was hearsay of his sexual deviance. Nevertheless, Theroux challenged Savile in his own inimitable way on the rumours of him being paedophile, to which Savile addressed the comments he'd made a decade previously: "We live in a very funny world. And it's easier for me, as a single man, to say 'I don't like children', because that puts a lot of salacious tabloid people off the hunt."

Theroux then asked, "Is that basically so the tabloids don't pursue this whole 'Is he or isn't he a paedophile' line?" Savile replied, "How do they know whether I am or not? How does anybody know whether I am? Nobody knows whether I am or not. I know I'm not... That's my policy... That's what I do. And it's worked a dream."

It's as frank a public admission to being a paedophile as Savile ever gave: in his eyes there was nothing wrong with what he was doing and as long as he allowed himself to believe that, he would continue his charade.

In 2009 Savile defended glam rock star and convicted paedophile Paul Gadd, aka Gary Glitter,

The British Secretary of State
for Social Services presents
Savile with a £500,000
contribution towards a new
spinal injuries unit at Stoke
Mandeville hospital in 1982

H.M. PAYMASTER GENERAL

Issuing Department:

Department of Health and Social Security

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Fame led to wealth, and Savile would flaunt his cash



“ I’D SAY HE WAS A PSYCHOPATH... WITHOUT A DOUBT ”

saying that he “just watched a few dodgy films and was only vilified because he was a celebrity. It were [sic] for his own gratification. Whether it was right or wrong is, of course, up to him as a person.” Gadd was given a four-month prison term in 1999 for having more than 4,000 graphic images of children on his computer and was deported from Vietnam in 2008 on child sex offences. Once again, these comments, which would be a damning indictment of anyone else’s character, raised no red flag with the authorities. At the age of 82, Savile was considered a prized relic of the BBC’s golden era and his views were a reflection of bygone attitudes; if anything, he was just a harmless old man.

In a 2016 interview with *Peston on Sunday*, Theroux said Savile was able to “hide in plain sight” by leveraging his “Influence, celebrity, the fact that he had powerful friends, and I think there was a dimension to do with a strange

charisma that he had... in hindsight it’s hard not to see that he was this malevolent figure now but at the time, he didn’t feel that way.”

A LUNATIC RUNNING THE ASYLUM

The influence and power that Savile had was not to be underestimated. He indeed had “powerful friends” who enabled Savile to continue offending, whether these friends were aware of this or not.

In 1988, health secretary Edwina Currie put Savile in charge of Broadmoor, the infamous high-security psychiatric hospital that has been home to many of Britain’s most notorious serial killers and paedophiles. He’d been volunteering at the hospital for around 20 years but had no qualifications as a doctor, and certainly had no experience of running a challenging institution such as this. He wasn’t even an NHS employee. Yet he was considered an “amazing man” who was appointed to the role by a senior civil servant and given the stamp of approval by Currie. The 2012 inquiry revealed that senior civil servants were aware of Savile’s reputation with ‘young ladies’, yet pushed his appointment through anyway. It was hoped that he would resolve an ongoing industrial dispute at the hospital because he had

“information which gave him a hold over staff.” Savile was given full security clearance to go anywhere he liked... and to do anything he liked.

In a 2012 Channel 4 interview, two nurses who worked in Broadmoor when Savile was in charge made some shocking revelations of the time he spent there. Psychiatric nurse Richard Harrison said that he and his colleagues thought Savile both had a severe personality disorder and an unhealthy interest in children, “He was regarded as a paedophile [by the professional staff] and the paedophile patients, many knew he was a paedophile.” When asked why he didn’t refer his issues with Savile up the hierarchy, Harrison paused and looked momentarily guilty, perhaps ashamed of his impotence to do anything. He replied, “What could you do? Who would take any notice?”, echoing Savile’s many victims over the years, who must have felt equally powerless in a system that was rigged against them.

Bob Allen was a staff nurse at Broadmoor from 1975 to 2001, and stumbled upon something concerning one night. He was walking around the perimeter fence when Savile’s car pulled up outside the house he’d been given to use by the hospital while he was in charge. He stepped out of the car with a young girl that Allen described

JERSEY HOUSE OF HORRORS

AFTER CHILD ABUSE GOING BACK DECADES CAME TO LIGHT, POLICE INVESTIGATED A CHILDREN'S CARE HOME THAT SAVILE REGULARLY VISITED

Haut de la Garenne on the island of Jersey had been a care home for children for more than a century when, in 2008, police investigated allegations of child abuse from 192 victims. As well as sexual abuse from the staff, it's believed the home had become a haven for rich or powerful paedophiles, who would visit the home under the guise of celebrity or government business. A staggering 151 abusers were

identified by the investigation, seven of whom were prosecuted, though many had passed away. At the time, *The Sun* newspaper published a photo of Savile surrounded by children in the home, taken in the 1960s, that Savile's lawyers tried to block. There wasn't enough evidence that Savile was abusing children at Haut de la Garenne to question him. Since Operation Yewtree, however, police believe he was abusing girls there, too.

Police excavated the grounds of the care home for remains after bones were found, but they turned out to be hundreds of years old



“ HE DIDN'T SEEM TO CARE ABOUT ANYTHING. A LOT OF OUR STAFF SAID HE SHOULD BE BEHIND BARS ”



Savile was recipient of a huge number of awards over his lifetime – all either expired on his death or were rescinded after the investigation

as being 15 years old at most, who he realised had been taking part in the village carnival that day. Allen greeted Savile, who nodded at him, then took the girl into his house. Minutes later he saw the lights go out. Allen sensed something wrong and immediately told his superior, who reported the incident. But the word came back that 'no one appears to be interested'.

Allen made just as damning an assessment of Savile as Harrison: "I'd say he was a psychopath... without a doubt. It's just the way his attitude was. His blasé attitude to everything, he didn't seem to care or worry about anything. A lot of our staff said he should be behind bars."

It wasn't long after Savile's tenure at Broadmoor that psychiatrist Anthony Clare arrived at a similar conclusion, after interviewing him for the BBC Radio 4 programme *In The Psychiatrist's Chair*. He said that if Savile had feelings that he was "unable or unwilling to accept them... there is something chilling about this 20th century saint." Forensic psychiatrist Dr Seena Fazel read the transcript of this interview along with Clare's notes, and in 2012 told *Channel 4 News* that she believed Savile's offending was driven as much by his lack of boundaries as his sexual urges, and that, "Clare's conclusion is that this is a man who has profound psychological problems."

What could have caused these psychological problems? Savile's early life was certainly characterised by hardship few have experienced today. He was the youngest of seven siblings whose parents worked long hours to support them, so he was denied the attention a child needs. The near-fatal accident when he was in his teens could have had long-term psychological and emotional damage that was never diagnosed. But whatever the reason why Savile assaulted children, it's no consolation for his victims and their families.

FALLING STAR

Savile had, in fact, been investigated by police before he died, in 2008. It was in relation to an allegation of indecent assault at the Haut de la Garenne children's care home in Jersey, in the

OPERATION YEWTREE

THE BRITISH POLICE INVESTIGATION INTO THE SEXUAL ABUSE OF CHILDREN BEGAN WITH SAVILE IN OCTOBER 2012 AND HAS LED TO SEVERAL HIGH-PROFILE CHARGES AND CONVICTIONS



MICHAEL SALMON

SENTENCE: 18 YEARS

Consultant paediatrician Salmon worked at the Stoke Mandeville hospital where Savile assaulted patients. He was convicted of two counts of rape and nine counts of indecent assault.



DAVID PATRICK GRIFFIN

SENTENCE: 3 MONTHS (SUSPENDED)

Known professionally as the Radio 1 DJ Dave Lee Travis, Griffin faced multiple counts of indecent assault in court and was found not guilty on all but one of them.



ROLF HARRIS

SENTENCE: 5 YEARS, 9 MONTHS

The Australian musician, artist and entertainer was a media darling beloved by his adoptive country until his dramatic fall from grace in 2014, when he was convicted of 12 counts of indecent assault.



MAX CLIFFORD

SENTENCE: 8 YEARS

High-profile publicist Clifford was found guilty of eight counts of indecent assault on teenage girls. He died of a heart attack three years into his prison sentence.



PAUL FRANCIS GADD

SENTENCE: 16 YEARS

Gadd, aka glam rocker Gary Glitter, was first arrested in 1997 for downloading child pornography, then deported from Vietnam for child sex offences in 2006. In 2015, he was found guilty of attempted rape and indecent assault.



CHRIS DENNING

SENTENCE: 13 YEARS

In 2014, former Radio 1 DJ and Savile colleague Denning pleaded guilty to 41 charges of sexual assault on 26 boys over a 20-year period, from 1967-1987.



GEOFFREY WHEELER

SENTENCE: 50 HOURS COMMUNITY SERVICE

Another former BBC employee, Wheeler was charged with three counts of sexual assault but found guilty of just one, which occurred more than 30 years ago.

Angry neighbours vandalised Savile's Scottish cottage after it was searched by police in 2012



The highlighted empty space is Savile's unmarked grave. His family took his headstone down out of respect for public opinion

1970s. So when the police Operation Yewtree began investigating sexual abuse by Savile and others in October 2012, and Dame Janet Smith began her review, it wasn't such a shock for some. The stories, the photos, the audio and video footage came together to paint a sinister picture of this celebrity's life: a clip of him assaulting a teenager live on *Top Of The Pops* in 1976; a statement made by a witness who saw him molesting a brain-damaged patient at Leeds General Infirmary; a 14-year-old victim's statement who was raped by Savile in his BBC Television Centre dressing room in 1974... it's a long list of sex crimes, the seriousness of which range from indecent assault to raping a child.

Also in October 2012, a journalist from the *Daily Record* managed to track down a rare copy of Savile's crass 1976 autobiography, *Love Is An Uphill Thing*, and discovered that Savile had openly

boasted about his illegal sexual conquests in lurid detail: "A high-ranking lady police officer came in one night and showed me a picture of an attractive girl who had run away from a remand home. 'Ah,' says I, all serious, 'if she comes in I'll bring her back tomorrow but I'll keep her all night first as my reward.'" Savile goes on to describe how he found the missing girl at one of his dance halls and spent the night with her, before taking her to the police station, where "The officeress was dissuaded from bringing charges against me by her colleagues for it was well known that were I to go, I would probably take half the station with me."

The Yewtree report was published in January 2013, concluding that Savile had committed sex offences against 450 people from 1955 until 2009. The NSPCC described him as one of the most prolific child sex offenders since the organisation was founded in 1884. Most victims were teenage

girls under the age of 16, but, according to the children's charity, the youngest was just two years old. Yewtree found that many were too afraid or too mistrustful to report these attacks to the authorities. When the Dame Janet Smith report was published in 2016, it became clear that those who did complain about Savile were ignored, that the BBC staff "...saw what Savile was doing as harmless fun and [the victim] as a nuisance."

Savile's former friends, associates and even family members have since disowned him. But even those who have no connection to him, such as the broader public who may have grown up with Savile in their proverbial living rooms, feel like a terrible miscarriage of justice has been perpetrated here. The frustrating reality is that if Savile was just an ordinary working-class man from Leeds, he probably would've seen the inside of a prison cell long before the inside of his coffin.

MINUTE **BY** MINUTE

TERROR IN BOSTON BROTHERS IN ARMS

THE 2013 BOMB ATTACK ON THE BOSTON MARATHON WAS VICIOUS AND INDISCRIMINATE, BUT AS FAR AS THE TWO BROTHERS BEHIND IT WERE CONCERNED, IT WAS JUST THE BEGINNING

WORDS TONY THOMPSON

“What’s the biggest and loudest thing you have?” The question didn’t faze the clerk behind the counter of the Phantom Fireworks store in the town of Seabrook, New Hampshire – it was the question asked by virtually every male customer that ever walked in there.

This time, however, the customer that chilly morning in February 2013 was none other than Tamerlan Tsarnaev, a half-Chechen, one-time aspiring heavyweight boxer whose hopes of competing in the Olympics for the United States had been thwarted by a change in the rules that prevented non-citizens from taking part in key events.

Increasingly disaffected, Tamerlan, 26, had slowly descended into a world of crime, violence and extremism, drawing his younger brother Dzhokhar – who totally idolised his older sibling – into his wake. In September 2011, the pair had killed three men at an apartment in Massachusetts. The men – all three of whom were extremely fit with one being a well-known mixed martial arts fighter – had died after a violent struggle. Their throats had been slit from ear to ear leaving them almost decapitated. Thousands of dollars worth of marijuana and thousands more dollars in cash were left at the scene, much of it deliberately spread out on top of the bodies – evidence that robbery had not been the motive.

Two years later, having got away with murder, the pair were planning an even bigger outrage. The clerk at Phantom

Fireworks directed Tamerlan to a \$199.99 Lock and Load kit containing 24 black powder-packed shells and four launch tubes. There was a special offer in place, so Tamerlan got two packs for the price of one, ending up with about 3.6 kilograms of explosive powder.

Further purchases from other fireworks stores followed and then, two days later, on 8 February, Tamerlan went online and used his credit card to order a remote-controlled car, transmitter and battery for \$175. In the weeks that followed, Tamerlan also purchased pressure cookers, ball bearings and nails. Working together with his brother in a small room in his Cambridge apartment, the pair began to construct a series of bombs.

On 20 March, Tamerlan and Dzhokhar drove to a nearby firing range, rented two 9mm handguns and spent an hour shooting, working their way through 200 rounds.

On 14 April 2013, the day before the 117th annual Boston marathon was due to take place, Tamerlan received the last of the components that he needed to complete the bombs. That same day, he travelled to a local branch of the Macy’s department store and purchased two backpacks: one for himself, one for Dzhokhar.

The men were ready to put their murderous plan into action, and a chain of events, the likes of which had never before been witnessed by the city, was about to begin.



15 APRIL 2013

09.32

The 117th Annual Boston Marathon begins in the town of Hopkinton, west of Boston, with the elite women runners. The top male runners and thousands of amateurs set off at 10am with further waves leaving 20 and 40 minutes later. There are 23,000 participants in total.

“ IN SEPTEMBER 2011, THE PAIR HAD MURDERED THREE MEN AT AN APARTMENT IN MASSACHUSETTS ”



At least 16 people lost limbs as a result of injuries from the shrapnel that filled the bombs

11.58

Rita Jeptoo of Kenya crosses the line after completing the 26.2 mile course. The men's winner, Lelisa Desisa of Ethiopia, crosses at 12.10.

14.39

Tamerlan and Dzhokhar are spotted on CCTV as they walk along Boylston Street, close to the finish line. Tamerlan wears a black baseball cap, Dzhokhar wears his white baseball cap backwards. Both brothers set their deadly packages. Dzhokhar calls Tamerlan, confirming the packages are both in place. As soon as he hangs up, Tamerlan detonates his bomb.

16 APRIL 2013

20.55

Dzhokhar returns to his dorm room at the campus of UMass-Dartmouth for the first time since the bombing, swiping his ID. A few minutes later, he is caught on CCTV visiting the gym with a friend. No one spots anything unusual in his behaviour. He will go on to spend the next few days living the life of a normal university student.

18 APRIL 2013

17.00

The FBI publishes surveillance photos of Tamerlan and Dzhokhar on its website. The images are immediately picked up by the media and published around the world. The names of the two men are not yet known. Within the space of minutes, friends of the brothers are remarking to one another how familiar the men in the images are.

22.00

Tamerlan and Dzhokhar reunite at Tamerlan's apartment. The pair collect five more homemade bombs, a machete, a Ruger 9mm handgun and a supply of ammunition. They climb into Dzhokhar's Honda Civic and drive to the campus of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT).



In this video still captured in the minutes after the bombs went off, a victim of the explosion is helped by a marathon runner

APRIL 19, 2013

22.25

27-year-old Sean Collier, a police officer based at MIT, is shot in the head from behind at close range while sitting in his car. Collier was shot six times in total – twice in the side of the head, once between the eyes and three times in the hand. The brothers then attempt to steal his service weapon but are unable to do so because of a retaining holster.

23.00

The brothers carjack a man known only as “Danny” and force him to drive them around. “Did you hear about the Boston explosion?” Tamerlan asks him. “I did that.” Danny is made to drive to a cash machine and the brothers take his debit card. Dzhokhar draws \$800 from the man’s bank account.

00.15

Danny manages to escape from the brothers, runs into a petrol station and calls 911. He informs the police that he hid his iPhone inside the car in the hope that they can track the vehicle. A description of the stolen vehicle is sent out.

00.43

Patrolman Joseph Reynolds spots the car and locks eyes with Tamerlan, who is behind the wheel. Tamerlan jumps out and begins shooting. Reynolds returns fire but soon runs out of bullets. A second patrol car, driven by Sergeant Jeffrey Pugliese, arrives. He is sprayed with glass as rounds pass through his windscreen. Dzhokhar emerges from the other side of the vehicle.

00.44

The two brothers throw bombs at the officers. Tamerlan is hit multiple times. Pugliese then tackles Tamerlan. With two other officers, he attempts to handcuff him. As they wrestle on the ground, Dzhokhar drives the stolen car towards them. The officers get out of the way just in time. Dzhokhar runs over his brother and drives away. Tamerlan dies.

FACE OF DEFIANCE

ALTHOUGH DZHOKHAR MADE CLAIMS OF REMORSE, THEY DIDN'T MATCH UP TO HIS ACTIONS FOLLOWING HIS ARREST

The prosecutors that were pushing for the death penalty during Dzhokhar's trial used this image of him, which was taken in a courthouse cell in July 2013, as evidence that he felt no remorse for his actions, despite his claims to the contrary. Dzhokhar's attorney, Judy Clarke, claimed in court that he was "genuinely sorry for what he's done" and has "the potential for redemption". Dzhokhar was later seen using the camera lens as a mirror to fix his hair.



The second explosion went off 13 seconds after the first, causing further chaos

01.35

Bleeding from multiple gunshot wounds, Dzhokhar smashes all his mobile phones, abandons the stolen Mercedes and hides inside a dry-docked boat in a Watertown backyard.

06.35

Boston, Watertown and other communities issue a "shelter-in-place" advisory, asking residents to stay in their homes as police and the FBI search for Dzhokhar. All forms of public transport are shut down, bringing the city to a standstill.

19.00 APPROX

With the shelter-in-place warning lifted, Watertown resident David Hennebury checks the cover on his boat, which has come loose. He fits it back in place and heads back inside, but a "nagging feeling" makes him go back and check the boat again to see if anyone is inside. He returns, lifts the cover and sees a body covered with blood. He immediately calls 911.

19.30

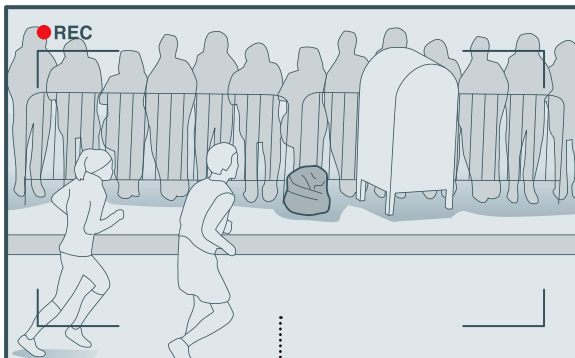
Dozens of law enforcement personnel, including SWAT team members, take up positions around the boat and tell Dzhokhar to give himself up. They also throw flashbang grenades. A police helicopter fitted with an infrared camera captures images of Dzhokhar lying inside the boat.

20.30 - 20.45

Dzhokhar emerges from boat with the red dot of a sniper rifle's laser sight in the middle of his forehead. Wounded and dishevelled, he lifts his shirt to show he is unarmed and is taken into custody. The manhunt is finally over. Boston police send out a tweet: "CAPTURED!"

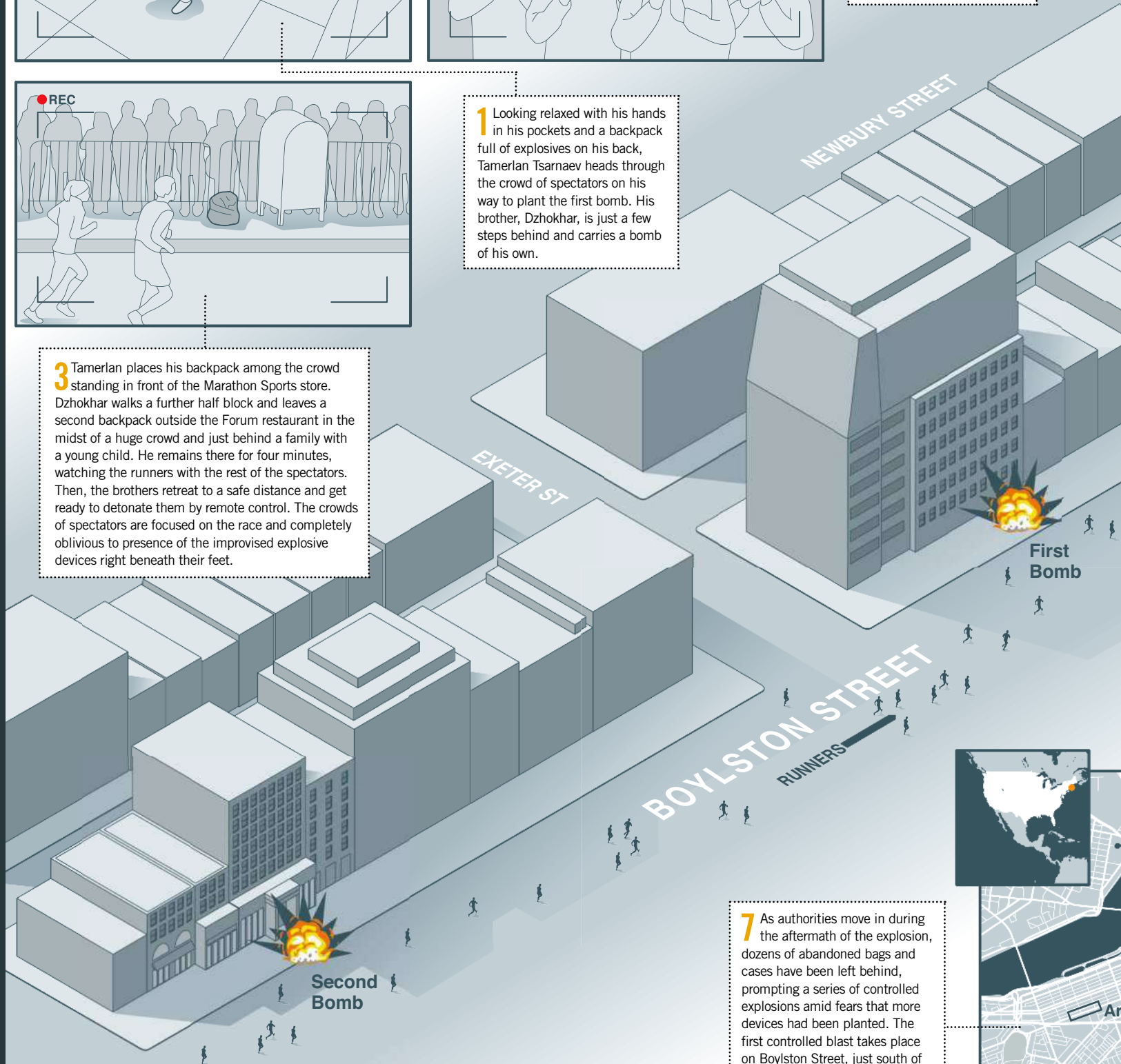


2 With a police officer just a few steps away, Tamerlan scans the area, seemingly working out the best place to plant the bomb. Beside him, Dzhokhar seems to have a half smile on his face, despite the gravity of what they are about to do.



1 Looking relaxed with his hands in his pockets and a backpack full of explosives on his back, Tamerlan Tsarnaev heads through the crowd of spectators on his way to plant the first bomb. His brother, Dzhokhar, is just a few steps behind and carries a bomb of his own.

3 Tamerlan places his backpack among the crowd standing in front of the Marathon Sports store. Dzhokhar walks a further half block and leaves a second backpack outside the Forum restaurant in the midst of a huge crowd and just behind a family with a young child. He remains there for four minutes, watching the runners with the rest of the spectators. Then, the brothers retreat to a safe distance and get ready to detonate them by remote control. The crowds of spectators are focused on the race and completely oblivious to presence of the improvised explosive devices right beneath their feet.



7 As authorities move in during the aftermath of the explosion, dozens of abandoned bags and cases have been left behind, prompting a series of controlled explosions amid fears that more devices had been planted. The first controlled blast takes place on Boylston Street, just south of the first two explosions.

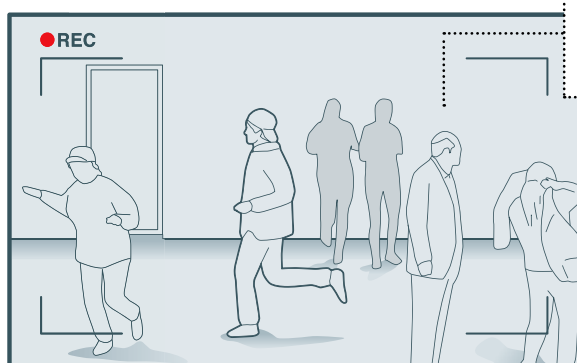
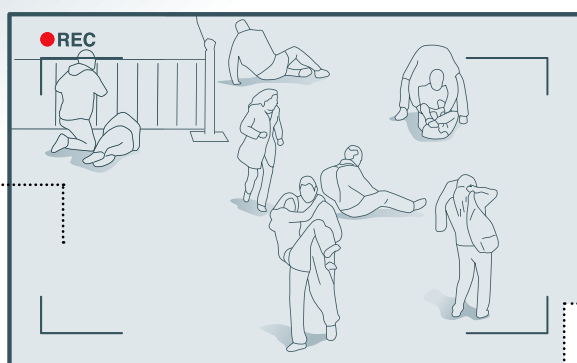
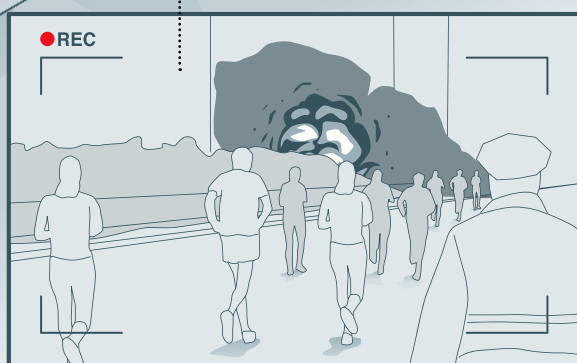


BLOWING UP THE FINISH LINE

AS THE RUNNERS REACHED THE END OF THEIR MARATHON, THE TSARNAEV BROTHERS ENACTED THEIR HORRIFYING PLAN

4 With the finish line in sight, dozens of exhausted marathon runners make their way down the final straight, only to find themselves running directly into the path of an explosion that blasts across the road. Krystle Campbell is killed and dozens of others around her are injured. 13 seconds later, Dzhokhar sets off the second device,

Controlled Explosion



5 Spectators display a mixture of shock and panic in the immediate aftermath of the first explosion. With the second blast following just 13 seconds later, no one can be sure which direction will take them to safety. Lingzi Lu and eight-year-old Martin Richards are killed and a total of 282 people are injured.



AN EYE FOR AN EYE

THERE WAS NEVER ANY DOUBT THAT DZHOKHAR WOULD BE FOUND GUILTY OF HIS ROLE IN THE BOMBINGS – THE MOST IMPORTANT QUESTION WAS WHAT WOULD BE HIS PUNISHMENT

The trial of Dzhokhar Tsarnaev began on 4 March 2015. He faced a total of 30 charges, including four for murder, and he pleaded not guilty to all of them. The charges included the bombing and also its violent aftermath in which a police officer had been brutally shot dead by the brothers. Dzhokhar was specifically charged with detonating the pressure-cooker bomb that killed eight-year-old Martin Richard and 23-year-old student Lingzi Lu. The third victim of the marathon bombing, Krystle Campbell, was killed by the bomb detonated by Tamerlan.

The jury deliberated for 15 hours before finding Dzhokhar guilty on all charges. The trial then moved into its second phase – deciding whether Dzhokhar should face the death penalty. Capital punishment has been outlawed in the state of Massachusetts since 1982 and even then, no one had been executed there since 1947. However, Dzhokhar was tried under federal law, making it a death penalty case. With this in mind, only jurors who were in favour of the death penalty were allowed to rule on the case.

Among those opposed to the death penalty were Bill and Denise Richard, the parents of the youngest victim. They feared that the lengthy appeals process that follows death penalty cases means they would be forced to “relive the most painful day of our lives” for many years to come. Instead, they wanted to see Dzhokhar sentenced to life imprisonment without the possibility of parole.

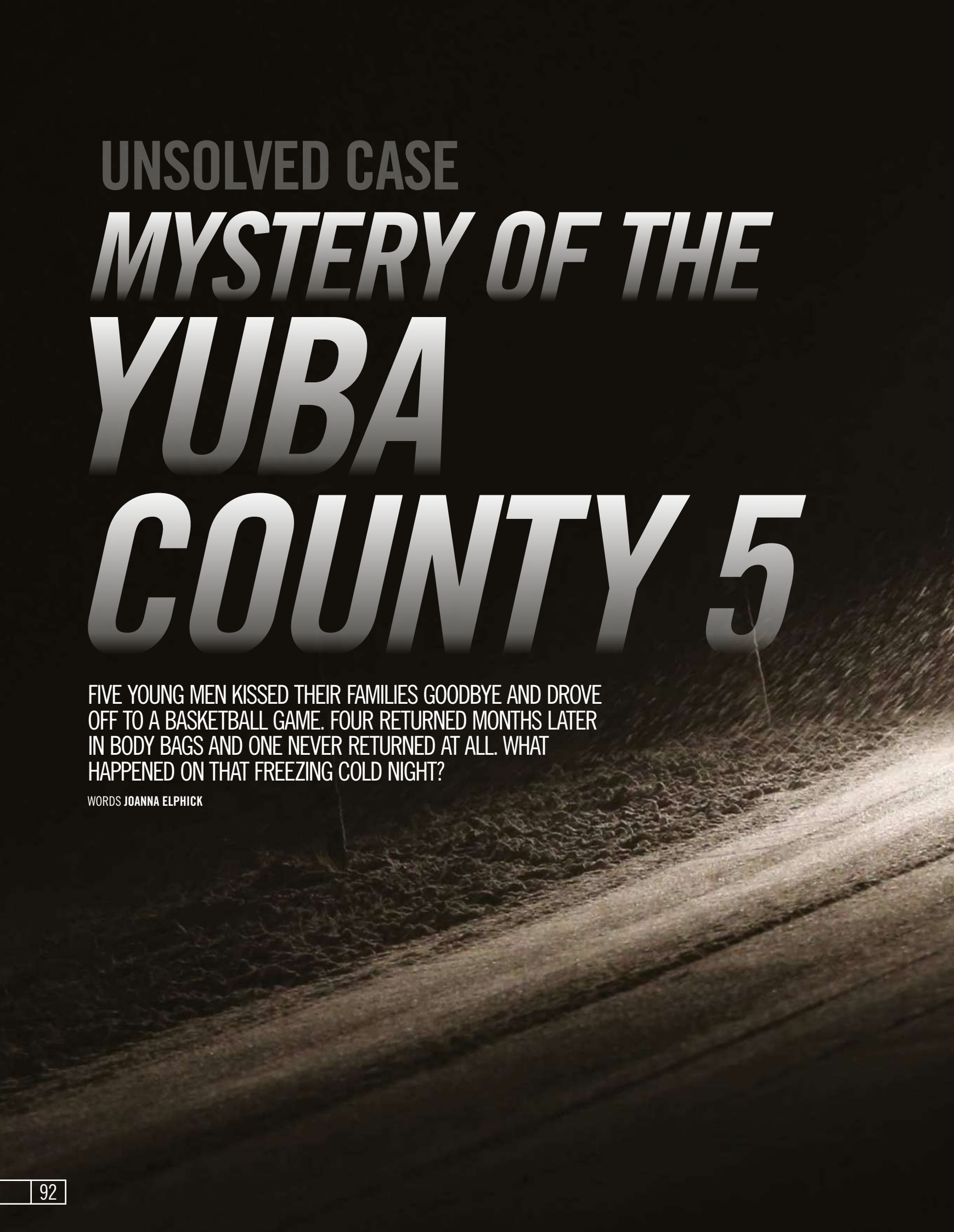
The defence team highlighted a number of “mitigating factors”, claiming that Dzhokhar had no prior history of violence, had been susceptible to his brother’s domineering personality and had been destabilised when his parents left the USA to return to Russia.

Prosecutors argued that the bombing warranted a punishment of execution due to the “substantial planning and premeditation” that went into the crimes as well as the “heinous, cruel and depraved manner” in which they were carried out.

On 15 May 2015, the jury returned the verdict that Dzhokhar be sentenced to death by lethal injection. He remains the youngest person on death row in the whole of the United States.

6 All the spectators look towards the direction of the first explosion except for Dzhokhar, who looks the other way, waiting for the second blast. Moments later, Dzhokhar makes a quick exit from the scene of his crime. Later that evening he sends out a tweet. It says: “Ain’t no love in the heart of the city. Stay safe people”

“AMONG THOSE OPPOSED TO THE DEATH PENALTY WERE BILL AND DENISE RICHARD, THE PARENTS OF THE YOUNGEST VICTIM”



UNSOLVED CASE

MYSTERY OF THE YUBA COUNTY 5

FIVE YOUNG MEN KISSED THEIR FAMILIES GOODBYE AND DROVE OFF TO A BASKETBALL GAME. FOUR RETURNED MONTHS LATER IN BODY BAGS AND ONE NEVER RETURNED AT ALL. WHAT HAPPENED ON THAT FREEZING COLD NIGHT?

WORDS JOANNA ELPHICK



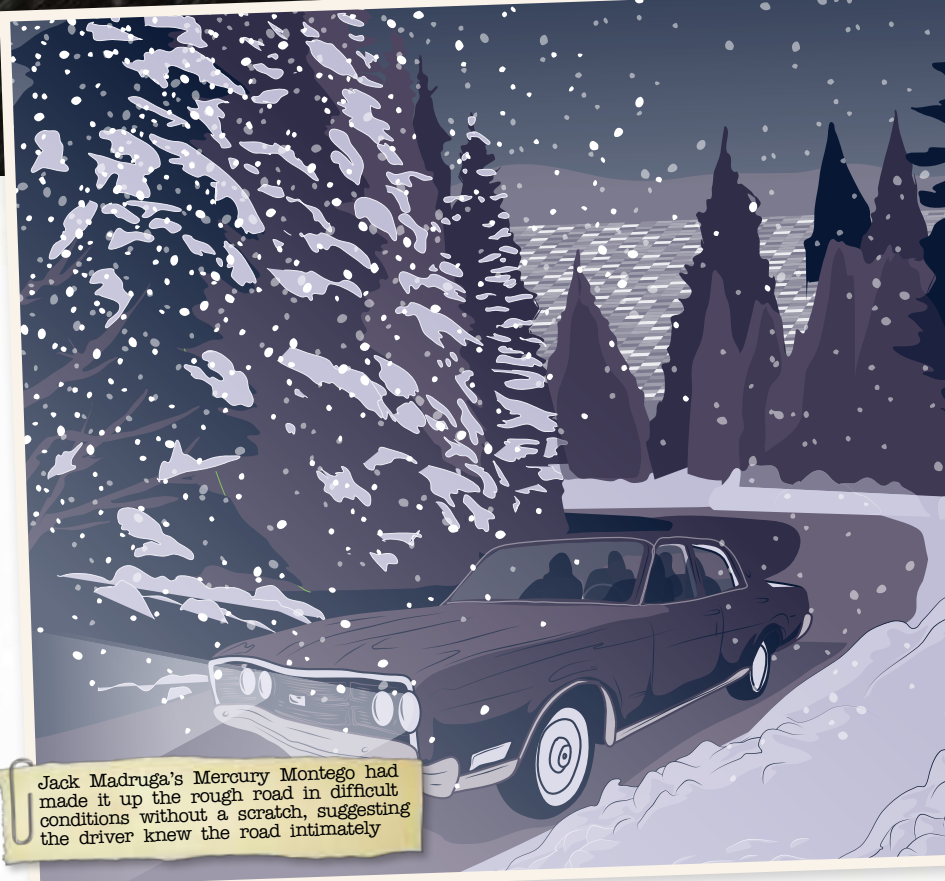
It was a freezing cold evening on 24 February 1978 when five close friends, Jackie Huett, Ted Weiher, Jack Madruga, William Sterling and Gary Dale Mathias, decided to take a mini road trip, 75 kilometres from their home town of Yuba City to Chico in order to catch a basketball game. Although it was cold out, the young men didn't feel the need for jackets, as they intended to drive up in Jack Madruga's beloved 1969 Mercury Montego and would be coming straight home after the game finished at around 10pm. It was important that they returned home as quickly as possible when they were done because the group were playing a game themselves the following day. It was a big event for their team, the 'Gateway Gators', and they wanted to be up and ready good and early on Saturday morning.

WRONG TURN

The game had been a good one, and as they clambered back into the car and pulled out of the California State University carpark they decided to celebrate with some snacks. Three blocks away they found a late-night market and so pulled in off the road. The clerk at Behr's Market would be extremely useful to the police when the investigation was underway, because he remembered the exact time they showed up and what the men bought. He had been slightly irritated by their arrival as it was closing time and he wanted to shut up shop and go home. The men had promised to be quick but had then proceeded to buy "half the store", including milk, Pepsi, a Hostess cherry pie, various chocolate bars and a Langendorf lemon pie. Laughing and joking, the group paid for their food and climbed back in the car, ready to go home. But the young men didn't go home, and from that point onwards their movements became inexplicable.

It was a straightforward journey from Chico back to Yuba City. The men knew the route perfectly well; along Highway 70, cutting through the Central Valley. It should have taken them about an hour to drive the 75 kilometres, especially since the driving conditions were clear. Although it was bitterly cold, the snow had not started to fall across the lowland areas and it was a bright, starry night.

However, the group did not take that route. Instead, they turned the car around and began travelling in completely the wrong direction. The car would eventually be found



Jack Madruga's Mercury Montego had made it up the rough road in difficult conditions without a scratch, suggesting the driver knew the road intimately

four days later, on Tuesday 28 February, 115 kilometres from Chico, high up on a lonely mountain road near Oroville, along the Rogers Cow Camp area. Whatever had possessed them to travel 2.5-hours up a mountain dirt track, at an elevation of over 1,375 metres, through thick snow into the Plumas National Forest when they had fully intended to make the one-hour journey home across the flatlands? Nobody could understand it, but as the parents gathered to give their statements to the police, it soon became apparent that this was no ordinary disappearance and these were not your average young men.

FIVE GOOD MEN

Ted Weiher's mother was the first to realise something was wrong when she went to wake up her son, as he had requested, and he had not come home. She rang William Sterling's mother Juanita in a blind panic only to find that William had failed to come home too. In fact, none of the



JACKIE
HUETT



WILLIAM
STERLING



JACK
MADRUGA



THEODORE
WEIHER



GARY
MATHIAS



ABOVE The Plumas National Forest just above Feather River after the big thaw. On that fateful night in February 1978, the view was decidedly less beautiful

OPPOSITE Five young men with their whole lives ahead of them disappeared one cold February evening, never to be seen alive again

men had made it back the previous night. For most families, a group of young men not coming straight home after a night out would not be a cause for alarm, but these men were slightly different and, under the circumstances, there was every reason to be fearful. The friends all suffered in varying degrees from developmental disabilities and were enrolled in a day program for mentally handicapped adults. Each one lived at home with his parents.

At 32 years old, Ted Weiher was the eldest. Although he was considered very slow, the gentle giant had tried to hold down a job as a janitor, but it had proved too difficult and his family had advised him to give it up. He was particularly close to Jackie Huett, the youngest member of the group, who at 24 walked with a stooped head and struggled to use the telephone without support. William Sterling was deeply religious and was often found reading passages from the Bible to other handicapped and sick patients at the local psychiatric hospital. His best friend, Jack Madruga, had never been diagnosed with any mental illness but clearly had a very low I.Q. However, he had gained a driver's licence and had served in the army.

25-year-old Gary Dale Mathias was the last member of the gang. He had also served in the army but had been given psychiatric discharge after suffering from drug problems while in Germany five years earlier. Having been charged with two counts of assault, Gary was diagnosed with schizophrenia and was subsequently put under a doctor's

care. His stepfather Bob ensured that he took his medication of Cogentin and Stellazine, and had been relieved to notice a marked improvement in his condition. On the night of the basketball game he had taken his tablets as usual, but left them at home because he intended to be back the following day, easily in time for his next dose.

The men each had their problems, but they weren't totally incapable and their parents all believed that they were perfectly able to make their way to and from a game without getting into trouble. They were all 'good men' who did as they were told and never deviated from a plan once it had been decided upon. A sudden change would have unnerved them and would have been entirely out of character. The parents all agreed that, should something have gone awry, the five friends would have stuck together, supporting one another as best they could and would certainly not have abandoned each other if at all possible. However, later evidence would suggest that they had done just that.

THE MYSTERY BEGINS

Two of them could drive, all had held down menial jobs at some point and none of them would have reneged on the upcoming Gateway Gators match. Their parents were understandably terrified, and when they didn't show in time for the big game, the local police were called and an investigation was launched. Sunday and Monday dragged by agonisingly slowly, but on Tuesday Jack Madruga's pride and joy, his Mercury Montego, was discovered. High up in the Sierra Nevada mountains above the Feather River, a search team located the car in a small drift just beyond Elke Retreat. The wheels had appeared to have spun in the snow, but the car was not stuck and could easily have been pushed backwards onto the dirt path. The floor and seats were littered with rubbish; chocolate bar wrappers, lemon

“ THE PARENTS ALL AGREED THAT, SHOULD SOMETHING HAVE GONE AWRY, THE FIVE FRIENDS WOULD HAVE STUCK TOGETHER ”



and cherry pie boxes, a carton of milk and some empty Pepsi bottles. The men had clearly eaten their celebratory feast before leaving the vehicle. But why leave it at all? The petrol tank was at least one-quarter full and the car itself was not stuck. Although the keys were missing, the police had no problems in hot-wiring it and starting it up. There was nothing wrong with the vehicle at all – in fact it was suspiciously undamaged. The men must have travelled up the unmade track in dangerous conditions and somehow avoided every single bump and rut. The car was not designed for such terrain and yet it had survived the journey unscathed. Police decided that whoever had driven the car must have known the road like the back of his hand in order to have avoided any damage, but Mrs Madrugá later testified that Jack never let anybody else drive his car and that he had never been up that road before.

“ AS JOSEPH SHONES CLIMBED OUT OF THE CAR HE SAW A GROUP OF PEOPLE, INCLUDING A NUMBER OF MEN AND A WOMAN WITH A BABY ”

ABOVE Jack Madrugá's pride and joy, the 1969 turquoise and white Mercury Montego that was discovered up in the Plumas National Forest mountains, a 2.5-hour drive from Chico in the wrong direction to the men's homes

Forest Rangers searched the area with no luck, and five days into their investigation a violent storm blew, in dropping 23 centimetres of snow over any potential tracks. The investigation was postponed, leaving the anxious parents to wait until the spring thaw.

A PECULIAR SIGHTING

While police waited for better weather conditions, a witness came forward claiming to have seen something suspicious on that Friday night. 55-year-old Joseph Shones had driven up the mountain road during the night of the disappearance but had got his car stuck in snow about 45 metres beyond the spot where the Montego would later be found. He had been digging the wheels out when a sharp pain forced him to his knees. Shones believed he was having a heart attack, and doctors later confirmed that this was the case. Having crawled back into his car, Shones turned the engine on and the heater up before passing out. During the night he awoke to the sound of whistling, and as he climbed out of the car he saw a group of people, including a number of men and a woman with a baby, walking up the road, lit up in the glare of headlights from a car and a truck. When he called for help, the lights went out, and he was plunged back into darkness.

A few hours later he was woken by the beam of a torch behind him. Once again he yelled for help, but the lights were extinguished and the whispering voices stopped. Shones was deeply unnerved by the experience, and as soon as he felt better he began to walk the 13 kilometres to the Mountain House Lodge, passing Jack Madrugá's empty car on the way. He soon forgot all about the incident when he got safely home but was reminded of the peculiar sighting when police announced the bizarre disappearance of the men on the

Joseph Shones, who had suffered a mild heart attack near where Jack's car was later found, reported seeing a group of men and a woman with a baby by the road on the night the men disappeared



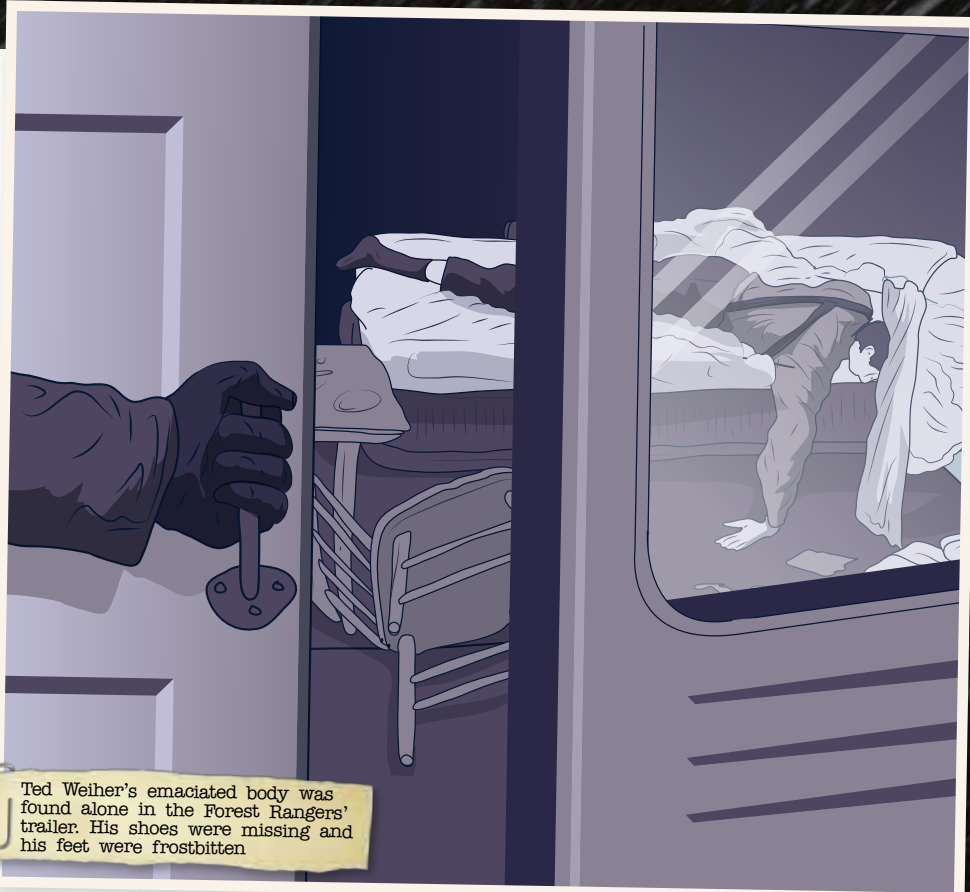
news. The moment he saw the photograph of the missing Mercury Montego he phoned the police. It soon became apparent that Joseph Shones had likely been the last person to see the men alive, but his statement only seemed to add to the list of unanswerable questions.

Meanwhile, the young men's families raised a \$2,600 reward for any information and waited for the thaw to arrive. The police became desperate, following misleading eyewitness accounts all over the county and eventually calling on psychics but, unsurprisingly, it was all to no avail.

On 4 June, after the spring thaw, some motorcyclists riding up through the mountain road discovered a Forest Rangers' trailer approximately 30 kilometres further up from where Jack's car had been found. A window had been smashed. As the motorcyclists opened the cabin door they were hit by a repugnant smell. Something had crawled in here and died. Sadly, it would turn out to be Ted Weiher.

HOW THE MYSTERY UNFOLDED

THE CLUES TO UNLOCKING THE MYSTERY LIE SCATTERED ACROSS THE MAP, FROM YUBA CITY TO BUCKS LAKE



Ted Weiher's emaciated body was found alone in the Forest Rangers' trailer. His shoes were missing and his feet were frostbitten

! EVENT THE RANGERS' TRAILER

They had evidently entered the trailer by breaking a window but did nothing to cover the hole once inside, even though the wind and snow was coming in. They must all have been in there at some point, so why leave when there was food and shelter?

🔍 CLUE OUTSIDE FOOD STORAGE HUT

The hut was filled with enough dehydrated food to feed the men throughout the winter. It also housed the propane gas that could have kept them warm.

👤 VICTIM JACK AND WILLIAM'S BONES

William Sterling's bones were scattered over 15 metres and Jack Madruga's body was dragged to a nearby stream, his hand curled around his watch. He had been partially eaten by animals.

👤 VICTIM JACKIE'S BONES

Jackie Huett's spinal column and then his skull were found after the thaw by his distraught father and search teams.

🔍 CLUE MERCURY MONTEGO

Jack Madruga's car had somehow made it all the way up the mountain on that rough road without a scratch, and yet he did not know the road. The window had been left open, something his mother said he would never have done.

👁️ WITNESS BEHR'S MARKET CLERK

The store was three blocks away from the university. The clerk recalled how excited the men were because their team had won, giving police an insight into their state of mind before they went up into the mountains.

! EVENT CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY

The basketball match was held at the California State University and ended at 10pm, when the men should have headed straight back to Yuba City.

👁️ WITNESS JOSEPH SHONES

Shones was the last known person to see the men alive. Although he claimed to have witnessed a woman with a baby, it may have been one of the men hunched up to keep the cold out. He also mentioned the truck headlights, corroborating the 'red truck' witness account.

! EVENT HOME

The men all lived with their parents in Yuba City, California, and became firm friends after enrolling in a day program for mentally handicapped adults and discovering their shared love of basketball.

🔍 CLUE RED PICKUP TRUCK

50 kilometres from the site of the abandoned car, a witness recalled seeing the men in a red pickup truck. They bought more snacks and made a phone call. It was two days after they had officially disappeared.

10 MILES

THE INVESTIGATION

SEARCH AND RESCUE TEAMS SCoured THE SURROUNDING AREA WHILE POLICE COMBED THROUGH THE TRAILER IN SEARCH OF CLUES ABOUT THE MEN

Far from providing answers, the body of Ted Weiher, lovingly wrapped in eight bedsheets, raised more questions. His shoes were missing, while Gary Mathias's trainers lay nearby. A watch that none of the families recognised had been placed on the bedside cabinet alongside Ted's ring. He had clearly starved to death, and yet there was plenty of food – enough for all the men – stored in an outside locker. Although there was no key available, the padlock was flimsy and could easily have been broken. Other cans had been opened with an Army P-38 can opener, which only Jack Madruga or Gary Mathias would have known how to use. The body was painfully thin, and it was estimated that he had lost up to 45 kilograms in weight while hundreds of dehydrated dinners had been just outside. The growth of beard on his face suggested he'd been hiding in the trailer for up to 13 weeks before he succumbed to starvation. His frostbitten feet revealed the arduous trek he must have endured through 30 kilometres of freezing snowdrifts to reach the trailer.

The cabin itself must have been extraordinarily cold, and yet they had done nothing to warm themselves. The trailer was gas heated, and police discovered an unused propane tank in an outside shed. All they had needed to do was turn it on but they had chosen, or been forced, to freeze instead. Police officers found matches and plenty of books and furniture that could have been used to create a fire, but even this simple act of survival had not been attempted.

The search and rescue team fully expected to find all five men inside the trailer, but when they realised Ted's was the only corpse present, they began looking nearby. William Sterling and Jack Madruga were discovered the next day. Both were found on the other side of the road seven kilometres from the trailer, William no more than a collection of bones on the forest floor, while Jack Madruga's half-eaten body lay further up by a stream. Wild animals had clearly found him long before the police. The distraught families joined in the gruesome search. Jackie Huett's backbone was unearthed by his heartbroken father, along with pieces of his clothing. His skull, later identified by the family dentist, was discovered the following day.

Around one kilometre away, in the opposite direction, rangers found blankets and a rusted torch by the side of the mountain track, but it

was never established if they had been used by the men or had merely been discarded by last year's hikers. Although this was all highly strange, the biggest question on the minds of the search and rescue team was obvious: where was Gary Mathias?

The undisputed leader of the group had obviously spent some time in the trailer because he had left his tennis shoes beside Ted Weiher's body. But where had he gone? Did he leave by himself, or did he leave with his other friends? If so, why hadn't the rangers discovered his body? Nothing seemed to make any sense. Special Agent John Thompson from the Californian Department of Justice was called in to assist in the investigation, but it didn't take him long to hit a brick wall, just as his predecessors had. Everybody seemed to come up with theories but nobody could give him the facts he so desperately needed. As reporters clamoured for answers he tried to show them the enormity of the task, stating, "No explanations. And a thousand leads. Every day you've got a thousand leads."

As time crawled by it became apparent that the police could not give the families what they wanted. Closure was a luxury these parents were unlikely to ever get.



A P-38 army can opener was found in the Rangers' trailer and had seemingly been used by the men. Only Jack Madruga and Gary Mathias would have known how to use it

THE RED PICKUP TRUCK

On 3 March, a woman rang the police claiming to have seen the boys in a pickup truck two days after the disappearance. She had been working in a store in Brownsville, 50 kilometres away from the abandoned Mercury Montego, when the truck had pulled up. Two men came into the store, buying various snacks. She later identified them as Ted Weiher and Jackie Huett. Another man, William Sterling, got out to make a phone call and took Jackie with him. Jackie's family would later question the validity of this statement, because Jackie was terrified of phones and always got Ted Weiher to make a call for him. However, Joseph Shones distinctly remembered two sets of headlights, one from a truck, out on the mountain pass. If this was true, who owned the truck?

William Sterling and Jack Madruga's remains were found away from the trailer. What drove the two men to leave the shelter and their friends?



RUSSIA'S YUBA COUNTY 5

IN 1959 NINE STUDENTS WENT HIKING IN RUSSIA'S URAL MOUNTAINS AND, LIKE THE YUBA COUNTY FIVE, NEVER CAME BACK

When the search team was sent to look for them, it was met with an inexplicable situation. The tent had been cut open from the inside where the students had 'escaped', leaving all their rations behind. Five of the group were found over one kilometre away in various stages of undress, two had serious burns to their hands while others had run bare-footed into the wilderness only to die of exposure.

The final four hikers were discovered three months later, wearing the clothes of the other students. One had lost her tongue and another had serious internal injuries, but not so much as a scratch was externally visible. The clothing was highly radioactive and nearby residents reported glowing lights above the mountain on the night of their disappearance. The Dyatlov Mystery is obviously independent of the Yuba County 5 cold case, but the two incidents have parallels and seem unlikely to ever be solved.



THE AFTERMATH

40 YEARS LATER AND THE POLICE ARE NO NEARER TO SOLVING THIS PERPLEXING MYSTERY

Warm spring thaws have followed the bitingly cold winds and heavy snowfall of the Sierra Nevada mountains for decades, but no new evidence has been revealed, leaving the families of Jack, Will, Ted, Jackie and Gary to only imagine what must have happened up there all those years ago. The questions are endless but the answers remain frustratingly out of reach.

The men all had their problems, and it was conceivable that they might have taken a wrong turn after the excitement of the game, heading in the opposite direction to home, but were they really so confused that, when they found themselves halfway up a mountain pass, they didn't realise their mistake and come back down? It seems something, or someone, forced them up Bucks Lane towards Palmetto.

If they had been mistaken in their belief that the car was stuck in snow and didn't have the foresight to 'bump' it out, why didn't they walk the 13 kilometres back down the track to Mountain House where Joseph Shones had made for, instead of hiking 32 kilometres up the mountain in blizzard conditions on the off-chance that they might find help? They would

“ THEY COULD HAVE SURVIVED THE WINTER, WITH PLENTY OF FOOD AND HEATING, YET ONE STARVED TO DEATH WHILE THREE FLED INTO THE NIGHT ”

have had to pass Mountain House on their drive up, and were guaranteed a warm place to stay. Their actions were inexplicable.

Having discovered the rangers' trailer, they could easily have survived the winter, with plenty of food and heating for all five men, and yet one starved to death while three fled into the night only to succumb to the cold and be taken by wild animals.

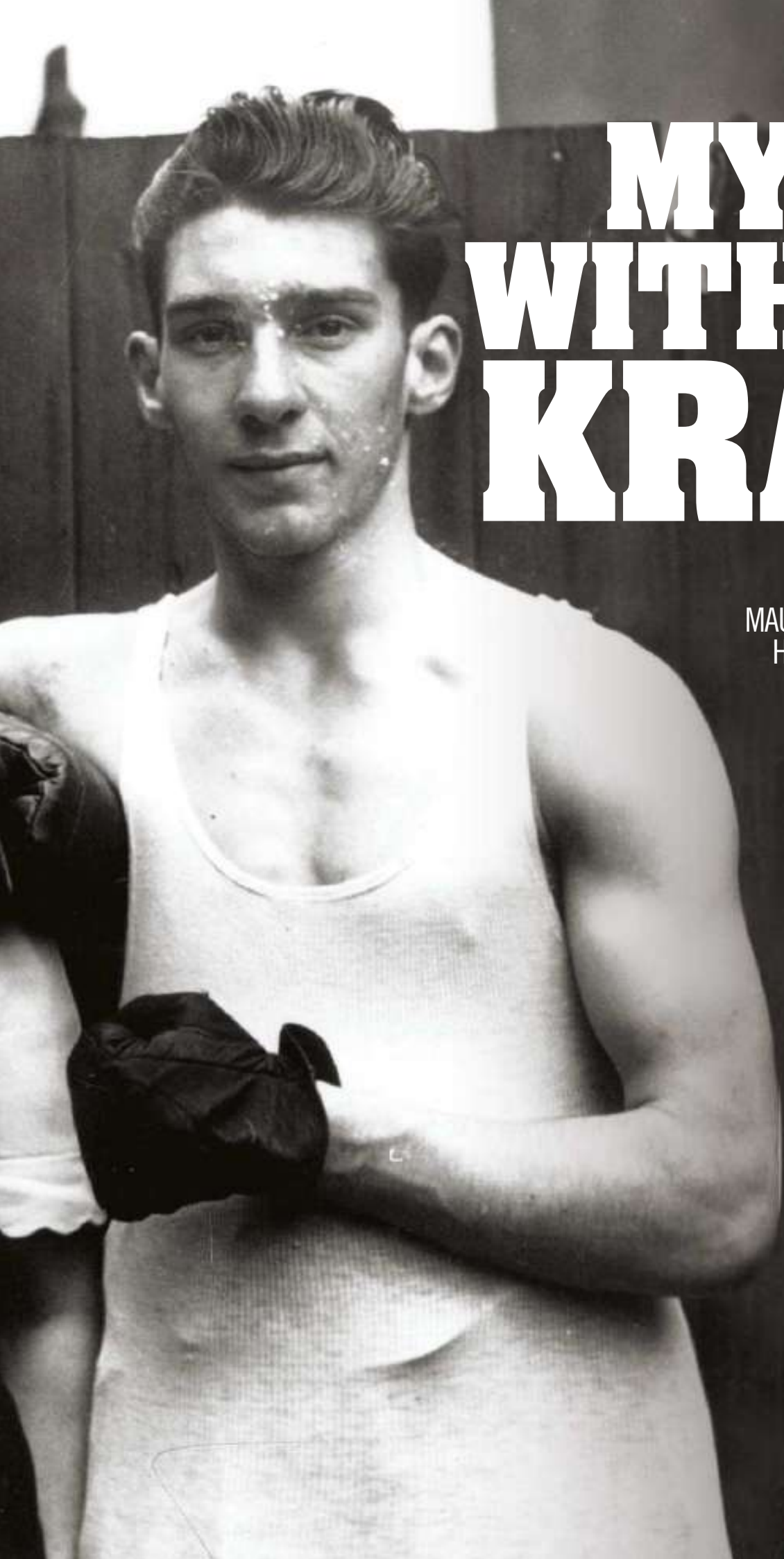
Finally, where is Gary Mathias? He must have made it up to the trailer as he left his trainers before disappearing. Presumably, he took Ted's boots after his friend passed away, and therefore it was most likely he who carefully wrapped Ted's body in the sheets. But Ted lingered for some months so Gary must have been there too. If the food had remained untouched, he must have been equally starving.

Police considered various theories. Most believe that Gary's body is somewhere up in

the mountains, swept away by melting snow or dragged off by foraging animals. His stepfather continues to search for his glasses. "I didn't think a bear would eat that", he said. Perhaps Gary had an episode after a few nights without his medication. The men would have been afraid and left, staggering out into the snow only to die. Ted's frostbite would have kept him in the trailer, unable to leave. But even this vague theory doesn't explain why they were up there in the first place. Did someone force them up that mountain to die? If so, who and why?

Jack Madruga's mother is convinced there were sinister motives and that her son was "either tricked or threatened". The other parents are equally sceptical that their men merely got confused, and believe that dark forces were at work that night. One thing is for certain, as Undersheriff Jack Beecham has expressed, "This case is bizarre as hell."





MY LIFE WITH THE KRAYS

FROM LIVING THE HIGH LIFE
TO BRAWLING WITH LOW LIVES,
MAUREEN FLANAGAN REMEMBERS
HER TIME WITH THE EAST END'S
MOST INFAMOUS FAMILY

WORDS BEN BIGGS

RIGHT Boxing champions Reggie and Ronnie Kray pose with their proud mother Violet. Soon they would become underworld icons

Ronald and Reginald Kray were two halves of the head of 'The Firm', the most feared criminal organisation in London's underworld in the 1960s. One was a calculating murderer, the other was certifiably insane. Both were sons to a loving mother and considered siblings to a younger sister they never had: hairdresser and model-turned-author Maureen Flanagan tells the story of her life with the Kray twins.

Were you aware of their reputation before you were introduced to the Krays?

Not too much, because I'm not an East Ender and I'd never been to the East End in my life. I met [older brother] Charlie Kray in Highbury, near where I lived in Islington. He said, after five minutes of meeting me, "You must meet my mum." So I found number 17a, this little terraced house, and there she was, this lovely lady: blonde, sparkling eyes, beautiful smile... she said: "Hello darling! Come on in." She didn't know me, I didn't know her, but within ten minutes you'd have thought you'd known her ten years.

The second time I went there, I was sitting having a cup of tea with her when the door went and someone said: "Hullo mum." Without looking around she said: "That's Reggie." They both said the same thing when they came in, but she knew when they came in the door. When I saw the two of them together the next week, I thought "Oh my God, how does this woman tell them apart?" The way they walked, the way they smoked – they had these beautiful hands... you'd never think they'd been

boxers, been in fights or whatever.

They had no bashed noses or cauliflower ears.

They were handsome men, but you noticed this aura about them. I've met some very famous people, not modelling but when I was doing films and television – I worked

with Roger Moore, Tony Curtis, Charlton Heston, and you'd think that maybe they'd have that same aura, but they certainly didn't.

When they walked into a place it went quiet. Everyone put down their drink and thought 'Please God, [let Ronnie be] in a good mood tonight.' You had that feeling. I'd look round and see these two guys at the bar who were laughing their heads off ten minutes before. They were ordering drinks, saying "Come on darling, have a drink!" Then the guy put his drink down and looked at Ronnie... I've never seen that look again. Ronnie had this air of menace and fear, but the minute he smiled – which wasn't often and only a little half-smile – and then he bought Reggie, his mum and certain people drinks, the place relaxed. Ronnie wasn't in one of his black moods that day, or he's taken his medication and [at least] he's not gonna kill somebody! Or be vicious, which of course, he was.

Were you ever afraid yourself?

No, never. In fact, I felt safe when I was with them. I knew that if there was going to be a fight, they could handle it. And the fight would never be in front of their mother. When they were arrested and the stories about them came to her, I asked Violet whether she had had any news, and she said: "What's this they're saying about the 'hat' man? Who is this 'hat' man who Reggie's supposed to have killed and stabbed to death? My Reggie wouldn't kill anybody. You know, he quietens things down, he has to take care of Ronnie when he's in his bad moods."

Describe the dynamic between the twins.

That depended on Ronnie's mood. They were alike and they had that 'telepathic' thing with them. Reggie would come in and say "I've been suffering with an earache all day," to his mum. Then the other one would come in and say the same, and they hadn't been together all day. Then the letters and phone calls you'd get when they were inside, with the same thought at the same time...



A pair of boxing gloves given to Reggie Kray by another crime legend – Charles Bronson

“ THEY BELIEVED THEY COULD GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING BECAUSE RONNIE HAD WALKED INTO A PUB AND SHOT SOMEONE IN FRONT OF WITNESSES ”

BLOW BY BLOW

KEY MOMENTS IN THE COLOURFUL LIVES OF THE EAST END'S MOST NOTORIOUS GANGLAND DOUBLE ACT

24 OCTOBER 1933

Identical twins Ronald and Reginald Kray are born in Hoxton, East London, to mother Violet and father Charles 'Charlie' Kray, a travelling dealer of scrap gold, silver and clothing.

Reggie is born roughly ten minutes earlier than his brother, while a third brother, Charlie (named after his father), is seven years their senior.

1939

Like their father and their grandfather, bare-knuckle fighter Jimmy 'Cannonball' Lee, before them, the twins take up boxing.

Their father takes them for boxing lessons three times a week – when he's around, at least.

1945

The Krays have their first brush with the law and are put on probation for firing an air rifle in a public place.

1948

The twins take their longest legitimate job, aged 15, working at Billingsgate Fish Market for six months.

Reggie helped on the stall, while Ronnie was an 'empty boy' who roamed the market collecting the empty crates and boxes. They also worked with their grandfather on his second-hand clothes stall on Brick Lane.

1949

Now local boxing legends, the Krays are on their way to becoming gangland royalty too. Reggie and Ronnie are arrested for an attack on a rival gang outside a dance hall in Mare Street, Hackney.

The twins are acquitted thanks to lack of evidence and a glowing character reference.



LEFT By the time they were 15, the twins were already boxing competitively. **BELOW** Maureen Flanagan with Charlie Kray, the twins' older brother.



A model in the late 1960s and early 1970s, Flanagan became a close friend of the Kray family

MARCH 1952

Reggie and Ronnie are called up for their National Service with the Royal Fusiliers.

A poor fit for army discipline, the duo walk out. Reggie punches a corporal and they then assault a police officer who attempts to return them to barracks.

They see out their National Service in military prison before being dishonourably discharged.

APRIL 1954

The twins buy a run-down snooker club in Bethnal Green, with help from their older brother, Charlie.

This becomes the heart of their kingdom of crime and they transform The Regal into a top night spot. They see off a Maltese gang who try to extort protection, with Reggie stabbing one through the hand.

1957

The Krays expand their holdings through extortion, robbery and racketeering.

Both men are charged with GBH for assaulting a man outside of a Stepney boozier. Ronnie, who is found with a firearm, gets three years while Reggie is set free.

1958

Reggie opens the Double R club and, again, Charlie puts down the cash in exchange for his cut. Slowly but steadily the gang acquire other clubs at knock-down prices after a spate of 'mysterious' firebombings.

The Double R is a huge success and frequented by celebrities.

MAY 1959

Ronnie is released and he is more unpredictable and violent than ever.

While in prison their beloved Aunt Rose died, causing Ronnie to snap, and he is diagnosed with paranoid schizophrenia.

He begins to put on weight and his speech becomes slurred.

But around each other it depended on Ronnie's mood. Maybe Ronnie was meeting one of his boys, so he would be in a good mood and you could see the relief in Reggie's face. They used to have terrible fights together, really go to it as if they were going to kill each other. And that's something that went on all their life.

They were practically celebrities – what was it like to be with them?

I went to the Astor one night with them, with Mrs Kray and Ronnie Bender driving – they didn't get in the same car, they were in the car behind us driven by another driver. The guy on the door obviously knew they were coming but the way they treated their mother... it was as though the queen had come in! This was a little lady from a terraced house in Bethnal Green that, all of a sudden, is meeting George Raft and Judy Garland – a woman who sings her favourite song. Then she meets the heavyweight champion of the world, Joe Lewis. They brought him over and took him round boxing clubs, then took him to nightclubs just to be seen with him.

They way they smoked was unusual. Ronnie used to hold the cigarette right down into the crook of his finger, where the finger meets the hand, and blew it away as though he was Noel Coward.

They spoke quiet. They only spoke loud when they were extremely angry and probably wanted to kill somebody. They didn't need to – Ronnie just looked at you and you knew not to speak, not to laugh and to do whatever he tells you to do. Reggie was the one you could speak to more, more friendly and would laugh, would walk into a pub and have a drink with everybody. Friends of mine would say: "He's alright, Reggie." Then the door would open and there was a different atmosphere in the pub.

On the day of the trial, we looked up and there, in the gallery, was Charlton Heston! You think 'What's Charlton Heston doing in the Old Bailey?' He was here making *Anthony and Cleopatra* and thought: "It's the twins. I'm going to see the trial." It's funny, because he's the star of one of Ronnie's favourite films, *Gordon of Khartoum*. When I asked him why he likes the film and this character, Ronnie said: "Because he's gay, he was mad like me and he'd fight anybody." He'd read about this and thought, "Yeah. That's me, with my troops." In his head, that's how he saw himself.

What was the mood in the Kray family like when the *Mirror* published its Lord Boothby apology?

When I said to Ronnie: "Well, they're saying there's a homosexual affair going on between a peer of the realm and an East End gangster." Because they couldn't mention Ronnie Kray, you see. Of course, Boothby was cleverer than the *Mirror*, got his apology and £40,000 [£500,000 equivalent today]. Ronnie said: "Don't be ridiculous. You know me, I like them good looking and they can be black, white or green. But they got to be young and beautiful. No way... me, having an affair with a fat old man?" He just made friends with people in high places, so that if anything happened he'd have a friend. Afterwards he said to Boothby: "Where's our cut of the 40 grand?" And they went and got it!

Was Violet Kray in denial of her sons' activities?

Ronnie – he never said a word about it when he went into the Blind Beggar and shot someone through the head. I said: "Well the barmaid, she said she saw this." Violet said: "She's telling lies and the police have told her to say that. They don't like them because they're successful businessmen."



“ WHEN THEY WALKED INTO A PLACE IT WENT QUIET. EVERYONE PUT DOWN THEIR DRINK AND THOUGHT ‘PLEASE GOD, LET RONNIE BE IN A GOOD MOOD TONIGHT’ ”



RIGHT Ronnie and Reggie Kray at home in 1966, following fruitless police questioning over the murder of George Cornell



ABOVE Cornell reportedly said "Well look who's here" when Ronnie Kray entered the Blind Beggar. By way of his answer, Ronnie pulled a 9mm Mauser from his pocket and shot him through the head

ABOVE RIGHT The Blind Beggar public house on Whitechapel Road, pictured a decade after the murder



She treated them like two princes from the day they were born. She lost a little baby girl 18 months before she had the twins. A lot of people asked: "Don't you think it would have been different if they had a sister that was older than them?" They never took any notice of Charlie Kray, who was seven years older than them. They never had a father who was there, he was always away.

Was prison inevitable for the Krays?

[The Krays] could never, ever lose. That's how they were caught, because they thought that they were invincible. They believed they could do anything and get away with anything because [Ronnie] had walked into a pub and shot someone in front of witnesses, then a year later, still no one had spoken. And they did get away with it up to a certain point. Ronnie said [about the policeman who arrested them]: "He's asking

this and asking that... we've looked into him, found out who he is and his background – if anyone's going to catch us, it would be Nipper." He knew that Nipper Read had made it his life's ambition and he wasn't going to stop. It would be a bit like Ronnie Kray – if he said he was going to do something, he did it. You couldn't get around him and you couldn't change his mind, not his mother or his brother.

The only murder that wasn't meant to be was Jack the Hat. Number one because Reggie was completely out of his mind on drink, suffering every day from depression about his wife who had killed herself, who he was obsessed with. Maybe otherwise he would have just given him a hiding, because he was out of control, Jack the Hat. He was on these silly amphetamines, shooting guns in clubs and saying "I'm not frightened of the Krays." So Reggie would have been the one to give him a good hiding. But there were witnesses, seven people in the room when somebody put a knife in his hand.

If that had happened now, Ronnie Kray would have been declared insane immediately, at the trial. He would have gone to a proper place where he could be treated, not three prisons where he had lots of fights, where people were picking on him, his medication wasn't forthcoming and therefore, he'd

“ THEY USED TO HAVE TERRIBLE FIGHTS TOGETHER, REALLY GO TO IT AS IF THEY’RE GOING TO KILL EACH OTHER ”

1965

Now celebrities themselves, the Krays, take over the West End gaming club Esmeralda's Barn.

Ronnie meets Lord Boothby at a gay party and the peer later uses his influence to have the twins released after they're arrested for menacing the owner of The Hideaway club. A month later, the club is added to their empire.

APRIL 1965

Reggie marries 21-year-old Francis Shea.

It wasn't meant to be. Eight months later, the pair are living separately.

8 MARCH 1966

South London's Richardson gang raid Mr Smiths, a club in Rushey Green, to wipe out their rivals.

Only one member of the Firm is present, Dickie Hart, and he is shot dead.

9 MARCH 1966

Ronnie walks into the Blind Beggar pub in Whitechapel and shoots George Cornell, a member of the Richardsons, while he sits at the bar.

All of the witnesses stubbornly refuse to pick either Kray twin out in an identity parade.

12 DECEMBER 1966

The Krays help Frank 'The Mad Axman' Mitchell escape prison. Ronnie had befriended the crazed killer on the inside and they hide him in a flat in East Ham.

As his name suggests, Mitchell became difficult to control and was shot by the Firm who bound his body with chicken wire, weighed it down and dumped it in the English Channel.

be worse. Before he was diagnosed a paranoid schizophrenic and was sent to Broadmoor. It was a different time and they didn't know too much.

How did the Krays' mother, Violet, take it when they were sent to prison?

When Violet Kray went to the Old Bailey for the sentencing, she saw her three sons being sent away. Two for 30 years and one [Charlie] for ten. That was absolutely devastating. This was a little old East End lady that suddenly found the bright light, was given a mink shawl and diamond earrings, taken to West End clubs to meet the likes of George Raft. She sat at the table with him and this was the man she watched in gangster films and she said: "He didn't have better clothes on than my two." That was the pride of the woman.

Were they still influential inside prison?

They always supported my charities. Always gave me toys, a bottle of scotch. It was always delivered to me, 'this is from Reggie' or 'this is from Ronnie'. I'd put them in as raffle or pub auction prizes... they'd demand you go and buy a football. Once I went to Broadmoor and Ronnie said: "Now I need a football." That's okay, I'll go to a sports shop. There's one in the East End owned by [boxer] Charlie Magri - he'll give me a football. Then he said "Oh, but I want it signed by George Best." He owned a club called Blondes. So I got the football and went onto the club on the Friday and said "George, we're doing this evening for this terminally ill boy, but I've been asked for you to sign something for Ronnie and Reggie Kray." I sold the football for £1,500.

Then Ronnie did all these letters and phone calls - this is all from a hospital for the criminally insane, to tell people to go to the pub for me that night... I want to make the distinction of murderers, and there are different murderers. When I went to Broadmoor to visit, I was sitting at the table when Ronnie walked in. Then he looked to his right and saw Peter Sutcliffe [the Yorkshire Ripper] to his right. And he looked at me straight away and said: "Move." And I said: "I'm alright here, Ron. You're late I've been waiting 15 minutes for you, now you want me to get up and move. Why?" He said: "Because I don't want you in the eyeline of that slag."

These two men were murderers. But to Ronnie Kray, he murdered a man. He'd never touched a woman or child. But [Peter Sutcliffe] had gone out and murdered 13 women. That's the distinction he made. Same with Parkhurst when Lord Longford arrived at the gates and said: "I'd like to see

“ IF THE MURDER OF JACK THE HAT HAD HAPPENED NOW, RONNIE KRAY WOULD HAVE BEEN DECLARED INSANE IMMEDIATELY ”

Reggie Kray - I'm Lord Longford from parole campaign." Now, you have to ask the prisoner if they want this person, so when they went to Reggie they said: "You've got a visitor, it's Lord Longford. It might do you some good, Reg, to come down." Reggie said: "Come down and talk to Lord Longford? He's campaigning for Myra Hindley! She killed little children. Tell him to piss off and I don't want to see him. What would the world think of me if I talked to him? I would go into a temper and I wouldn't be responsible for my actions."

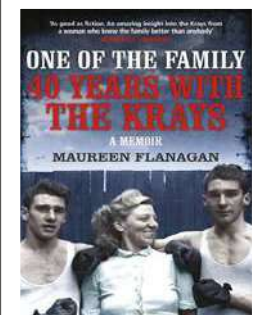
Were they hopeful of a potential release?

Reggie would want to know everything. "Did you go to Stringfellows Friday night? What are they wearing now, what music did they play?" But not for Ronnie. In the end he told me two or three years before he died: "Are you still doing the parole?" I said, "Yes, I still write to the parole officer." He said, "No, stop that. Don't do it any more for me. I'm never coming out of here." This is three or four years before he died. "I'm never being released from here. Continue for Reggie, 'cause Reggie should be released. He's not in here - I can't go anywhere without my medication."

Ronnie's funeral must have been quite an affair for you.

When I came to Parkhurst, Reggie said: "I've got a special job for you." So I had to do all the seating and in the end, I could only let them in 12 at a time because there were 500 people trying to get into St Matthews. Then you've got people like Lenny McLean and Roy Shaw who walk down the aisle and plonk themselves wherever they want to. But of course, he was clever, Reggie Kray. He knew that if a man had walked up to them and said: "Lenny, you can't sit there," he'd say "Well I'm here now, and I'm sitting here." But if a woman he knew said: "You can't sit in the third row," he'd say "Why, darling?" and I'd say "Reggie's got a special place for you." I had to do the same with Roy Shaw, who walked down the aisle and didn't want to sit on the same side as Lenny McLean because they were enemies, who sits in the second row! I thought "Oh my God, how am I going to shift him?" But I did, because of the respect they had for a woman where they wouldn't have done it for a man... and that's how he was clever.

One of the Family: 40 Years with the Krays by Maureen Flanagan is available now in hardcover from Century.



© TopFoto: Alamy

JUNE 1967

The unhappy Frances Shea, now Kray, commits suicide.

Reggie is consumed by grief and starts drinking heavily. Once the rational voice in the duo, he begins to behave just as erratically as his unstable twin.

OCTOBER 1967

Ronnie goads Reggie into killing Jack 'The Hat' McVitie, a Kray henchman who owes them money for failing to deliver on a hit.

McVitie is lured to a basement flat in Stoke Newington where Reggie stabs him in the face and stomach with a carving knife. Ronnie holds him steady. McVitie's body was never recovered.

8 MAY 1968

Ronnie and Reggie Kray are arrested by Detective Chief Superintendent Leonard Ernest 'Nipper' Read for the murders of George Cornell and Jack McVitie.

With the twins behind bars, witnesses begin to come forward, the Firm is closed down and the Krays are sentenced to life imprisonment.

17 MARCH 1995

Ronnie dies aged 61, following a heart attack.

1 OCTOBER 2000

Reggie dies in his sleep aged 66, following a battle with bladder cancer.

INTERVIEW

GROWING UP IN THE MOB

HOLLYWOOD MAKES THE MAFIA LIFESTYLE LOOK GLAMOROUS AND
EXCITING, BUT FRANK DIMATTEO KNOWS ALL TOO WELL THE REALITY OF
GROWING UP AMONG THE MOST NOTORIOUS CRIMINALS IN THE WORLD

WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS



Frank DiMatteo was “reared on the knee of the Mafia” in south Brooklyn New York – now known as Red Hook, when the city was rife with mobsters. Born in 1956, his father and godfather worked for the Gallo Brothers and his uncle was a bodyguard for Frank Costello as well as a capo in the Genovese crime family. He lived through some of the most iconic moments in gangland history including both of the Gallo-Profici wars, while the death of Albert Anastasia was a bogeyman story told to a young Frank by those closest to the murder. DiMatteo left school at a young age and grew up alongside multiple members of the Mafia who he also worked with throughout his life. “We came from a neighbourhood where a lot of gangsters came from,” recalled DiMatteo, who respectfully walked away from what he calls ‘the Life’ after the fall of the DeCavalcante family in the early 2000s. Still living in Brooklyn with his family, he remembers “the good old days” as part of his new book. Speaking with **Real Crime**, DiMatteo gave a raw insight into the deadly world of organised crime, gangs and violence.

Can you describe in one word what it was like growing up in ‘the Life’?

Interesting. My father wound up being a gangster and I was brought up by my father and my uncles, who all wound up being bodyguards for a crime family. I was about ten when I really realised we were a little different from other people by the way we dressed and looked and how people treated us. I was about 13 when I started driving for one of the bosses and everything came on its own, you get the respect, you get all the perks from it. So I would say it was pretty interesting.

When the head of the FBI at the time, J Edgar Hoover, denied the existence of the Mafia, how did that make you feel as an organisation?

It feels good because it’s less heat on your back. The fewer people that know about you in law and order the better it is, so to get that kind of recognition... When you get that denial from the [head of the] FBI, it helps. True recognition of the Mafia is enough.

What do you make of the Five Families and the way that they operate nowadays?

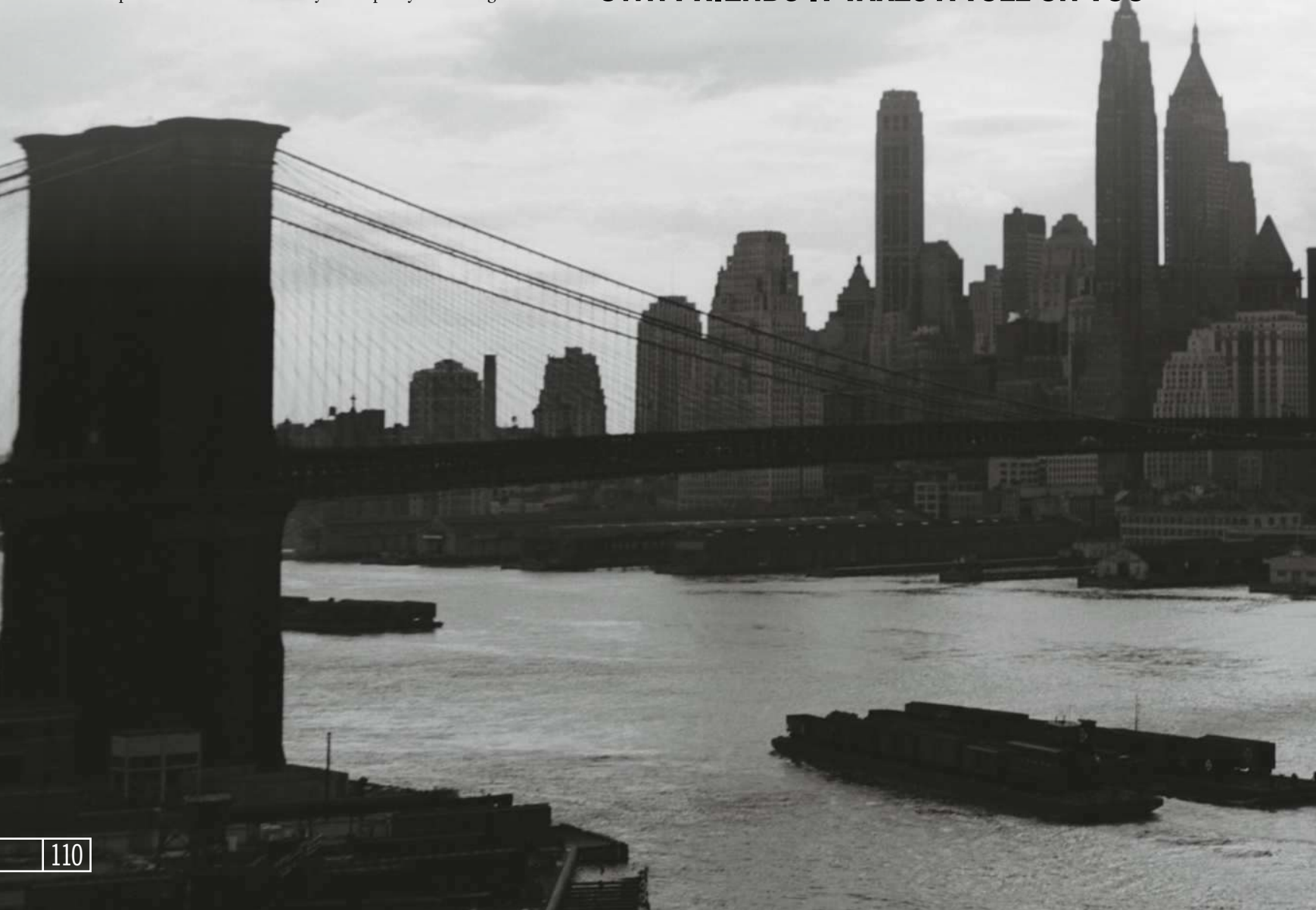
Today the Five Families are still around, but they don’t have the strength or the power they had in the old days. I think it’s in a bit of disarray at the moment with all the surveillance and all the rats and informants. Every move you make right now is known, so it’s trying to stay one step ahead of the law and trying to find new ways to make a living. Things have changed with technology, and surveillance has made it really hard for the boys to do a lot of things, but they’re still there and trying to make a living. They’re not in the street as much, you don’t really see them anymore, but they’re there. Where there’s crime there’s always someone to do it, so until you eliminate crime, gangs and families will still be around.



BIO | FRANK DIMATTEO

Former gangster Frank DiMatteo still lives in Brooklyn, not far from his childhood neighbourhood. His book *The president Street Boys: Growing Up Mafia* is available to buy from Amazon in print and digital.

“ WHEN YOU’VE KILLED SOMEONE IT’S HOORAY AND HURRAH, BUT WHEN IT HAPPENS TO YOUR OWN FRIENDS IT TAKES A TOLL ON YOU ”



In your books you talk a fair amount about ‘psychopaths’ – how would you distinguish such a person in an organisation like the Mafia?

Some guys are very good at being psychopaths; you can't tell unless you're around them. I was privy to a lot of things in those days; you knew what someone did and then you see them acting differently, so you see how they have like a Jekyll-and-Hyde persona. If someone was laughing and joking and smiling with a baby on his lap but then at night would go out and shoot two people, that's pretty drastic. Normal people don't do that business... Some of them say it's for business but normal people don't do that. When I was younger I didn't think people were crazy, but now I can sit back and reflect and see how crazy people really are.

You once received an e-mail from a man whose father was killed during an altercation with your dad. How did that make you feel?

He e-mailed me when I was doing some promotion for the book and he said that it wasn't very nice that I was promoting a murderer. I e-mailed back and pretty much questioned his knowledge of the murder. I was a young guy at the time [of the murder] and knew about it but he was a young fella, and I said to him you shouldn't listen to everything you hear unless you have some proof. I told him that it did go to court and [my father] beat the case. I said his father wasn't as nice as he thinks he was – I knew the story. He came back and said, “All you wise guys, you never do nothing wrong,” and I pretty much ended the conversation. It's an opinion, it doesn't bother me. I don't feel bad. I didn't do it and the

TAKING DOWN THE BOSS OF MURDER INC

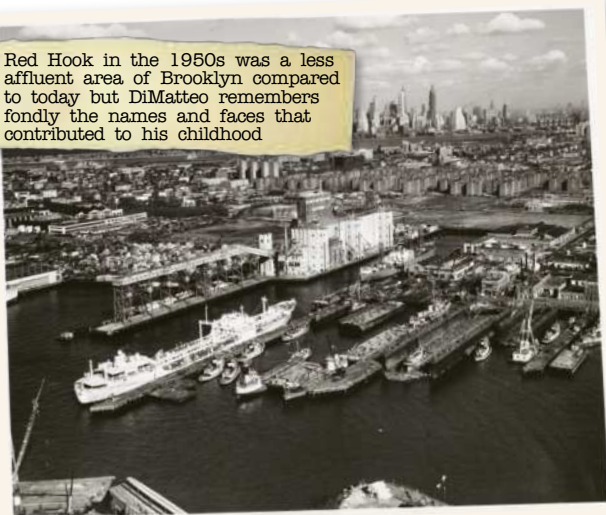
FRANK RECALLS HOW FAMILY FRIEND JOEY GALLO WAS ONE OF THE MEN WHO KILLED ALBERT ANASTASIA, HEAD OF THE MAFIA'S ENFORCEMENT ARM

“A hit on Albert went out because he was really crazy and they were trying to clean up the house,” said DiMatteo. He added that Joe Profici approached the infamous Gallo brothers for the job. “Vito Genovese and Carlo Gambino got to Albert's bodyguards and said if they don't walk away, they would die too, so his bodyguards pretty much turned their backs and walked away.”

Larry, Joey, Joe ‘Jelly’ Gioelli and Carmine Persico walked into a barber's shop on 25 October 1957 where Anastasia was having what would be his last shave, killed him and walked out. DiMatteo described Anastasia as, “...a mad hatter who didn't play by the rules... He was a boss in Brooklyn and had enemies with the other Five Families. Albert killed his boss and the Mangano brothers (Vincent and Phillip). That wasn't forgotten about. That had to bite him in the ass eventually because you just don't do that. All the things were adding up and it was his time to go.”



Red Hook in the 1950s was a less affluent area of Brooklyn compared to today but DiMatteo remembers fondly the names and faces that contributed to his childhood



IT STARTED WITH A HIT

FRANK DIMATTEO LIVED THROUGH ALL THREE OF THE BLOODY COLOMBO WARS, BETWEEN THE COLOMBO FAMILY AND ITS MAFIA RIVALS

THE FIRST WAR 1960-63

When Capo 'Frankie Shots' became a problem for Joseph Profici by running up tribute debts of \$50,000, Profici ordered the Gallo brothers to take him out and in return they would receive his policy game. When they refused to hand over the capo's son, Profici withdrew his end of the deal and the infighting kicked off.

THE SECOND WAR 1971-75

As Joseph Colombo prepared to give a demonstration at Columbus Circle in Manhattan, a man named Jerome Johnson shot him in the back of the head three times, paralysing the Colombo Crime Family boss. The family blamed the Gallo brothers, provoking the second war. However, police later determined that Johnson was a lone gunman.

THE THIRD WAR 1991-93

Victor Orena believed that boss Carmine Persico was costing the family vital opportunities for success and attempted to overthrow him via a capo poll, which he ordered Carmine Sessa to conduct. Instead Sessa relayed the information to Persico who ordered a hit on Orena. He survived, prompting the third and final war.



ABOVE DiMatteo's father was good friends with Joey Gallo (left) and bodyguard to Larry (right). Growing up, DiMatteo said that Joey left a "lasting impression" on him

guy deserved it. I told him that one guy goes to the hospital or cemetery and one goes to jail, that's how it works. If my father had lost the fight he'd be in the cemetery too. I always had the feeling that men, they want to do what they want to do. They're consenting adults, they should do what they want among themselves. That's always been my belief and still is.

From time to time the crew would have to "hit the mattress". What did this entail?

We hit the mattress in 1972. About 20, maybe 25, of us had two floors of an apartment and what we would do is we gather our stuff, some food, toiletries, clothes and weapons and lock ourselves in the apartment for a couple of weeks until everything had cooled down or we were told we could come out. We would sit there, watch TV, laugh, joke, play cards, eat food and plot the next move. 25 guys sitting around, you do get antsy but your life is on the line so you wait it out. If you want to go out you can leave, it's not a prison. If you want to go and get shot at or shoot somebody you have the right to do so, you're just told to lay low as it's the best way to protect ourselves while things are being worked out. We've had one or two guys who went out for a cigarette and we'd have guys watching to see if anyone was coming. No one has ever really left to go partying because it's too dangerous.

“ A LOT OF PEOPLE LIKE TO BREAK THE RULES AND DO THINGS THEY'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO. IT'S ORGANISED CRIME THAT'S UNORGANISED ”



ABOVE (Right-left) Frank, Emily, Ricky and Amelia DiMatteo were a prominent family on President Street for many years. Ricky's life of organised crime started in 1958; he joined the Gallo's soon after

What do you remember of the Gallo-Profici wars?

The first I was young, I was six, but the second war, the Colombo war, I was older. The first war, one guy got killed in front of me and I took it very lightly because I didn't know much about it, it didn't bother me too much. By the time the second war came, I was old enough to participate. The second war was probably just as bloody as the first one and, looking back at it now, it was a scary situation. We lost a lot of friends, I lost mentors who got shot at and arrested. It ain't pretty but at the time you grow up in it and it's part of your life. I was born into it so I didn't have too many choices. It's nice when you're winning but when you're losing the reality sets in. When you've killed someone it's hooray and hurrah, but when it happens to your own friends or mentors it takes a toll on you. It's a game and it's about money. It's about power, but mostly it's about money – that's just how it is.

There was speculation that Joe Gallo's bodyguard Pete the Greek set up his murder. Was there any truth in this?

The reason people were accusing him of that was because anytime a bodyguard don't die with their boss it's natural that people start talking. He was protecting him but he got shot in the ass and by protecting someone, you're supposed to be in front of them, not behind them. He allowed Joey to go out the front door and the second bullet that hit Joey outside was the one that killed him. If he was a good bodyguard he would have made sure that he was on top of Joey so Joey wouldn't do that but he was too busy yelling at the owners of the place, which was odd in a shootout. We didn't think he was a good bodyguard in the first place. My godfather, who was a second

bodyguard, was told by Pete to leave that night so Pete said he would take Joey home and then took him out in the middle of the night, which is silly. He had his daughter with him and his woman. If he was a good bodyguard he would have said, "No, Pete. If you want to eat we'll take the girls home and I'll take you back." Pete ran away because he did a year for gun possession, but he wasn't happy that everyone was grumbling about it because when a bodyguard survives people start talking and he took off. He went to Greece and no one ever saw him again. He's passed away now. Joey was in the wrong place at the wrong time. There was an open contract on him. [Pete] knew that he wasn't a sane guy at all, he had no fear at all. That's the story of what really happened.

How do films such as *The Godfather*, *The Sopranos* and *Goodfellas* match up to the truth of what 'the Life' is like?

Pretty good. I mean, it's Hollywood, they have to take their liberties. *The Sopranos* is pretty good. They did the whole on the street guys and I think they did it pretty well – did an excellent job. Not everything is true but it's entertainment.

Are there any 'rules' to a mob-style hit?

The fewer people know about it is the best – it's not something you sit around with 40 or 50 guys and we all talk about it. If you're chosen to do the hit then it's between you and them, it's not something you announce to everyone like an announcement in Ball Park. Also be very careful not to get caught. You make sure the family's not around and you get out without being noticed. And make sure they're dead. A lot of people like to break the rules and do things they're not supposed to. It's organised crime that's unorganised. The rules are made to be broken, and have been broken since day one. You're not supposed to shoot someone in front of their family but it's been done. Why it's done is because the bosses break rules – they make them and break them. They say never kill a boss. That's the first rule. Meanwhile, I think six bosses have been killed over the last 80 years.

Once a person is in 'the Life' is it possible for them to leave, or is it a lifelong commitment?

In the old days no, but in the new world we live in, yes, you can walk away to a certain capacity. If you're dangerous to them, you'll get killed, but if you're not dangerous you can walk away. At one time the Life was a lifelong commitment. Years ago you wouldn't walk away but now everybody's getting arrested or ratting on each other. We walked away because we were the Brooklyn crew that was with the family where all the captains and all the bosses were all arrested and became informants, so there was no one watching the door. We knew just to stay low and walk away, as soon as we got approached we would be evasive and say, "I don't know you," and walked away because everybody went to jail. When you cut off the head of the snake, the body moves and eventually dies and then there's no snake to go after. That's what happens when everyone is busy getting arrested or busy ratting on each other. How you get out and how much you're involved – it's complicated. It's another rule made years ago that's been broken. It was made for the old days where there were no rats or informants; you would die with the boss. Now the rules are not the same.

Do you have any regrets growing up in the life you did?

Not at all. I had no choice. Now, I did enjoy it, I did it. I can't say that I wish I went to school and college, no. I like the way I did it and I have no regrets.

MINUTE **BY** MINUTE

DIAMOND GEEZERS

THE HATTON

VAULT HEIST

THE 2015 HATTON GARDEN ROBBERY IS ONE OF THE MOST DARING HEISTS IN BRITISH CRIMINAL HISTORY, BUT THE OLD-SCHOOL CROOKS THAT PULLED IT OFF WERE NO MATCH FOR THE TECH-SAVVY COPS THAT HUNTED THEM DOWN

WORDS TONY THOMPSON

It was to be one last great job - the swan song of an ageing gang of career criminals that wanted a pension pot big enough to let them live out their days in the lap of luxury.

The vault of Hatton Garden Safe Deposit Ltd had been built in the 1940s and it was claimed that the “mass of steel and reinforced concrete” was totally bandit-proof. The first vault of its kind, it contained 1,000 safety deposit boxes. Situated in the heart of London’s gold and jewel trade, the boxes were known to contain a massive amount of wealth and had been of interest to members of their criminal fraternity ever since.

Known as ‘the Guv’nor’, 76-year-old Brian Reader was the driving force behind the raid. A well-known ‘face’ with strong connections to all the major criminal gangs operating in London, Reader had an impressive underworld pedigree. In 1983, he had played a major role in the £26 million Brink’s Mat gold heist. He had also been cleared of murdering an undercover police officer who was stabbed to death while carrying out surveillance on other members of his gang.

Using his connections, Reader set about putting together his dream team. First on his list was 67-year-old Terry Perkins, best known for being a member of the gang behind the £6 million Security Express cash robbery that also went down in 1983. Reader also recruited 74-year-old robber John Collins and veteran burglar Danny Jones. The four men had

worked together many times in the past and knew they could trust one another. They hoped their many years of combined experience would keep them one step ahead of the game.

Planning began in earnest in 2012 when members of the gang visited Hatton Garden Safety Deposit Ltd on the pretext of wanting to rent a box in the vault. Having quickly ascertained that the safe door was impenetrable, the gang decided to enter the vault through the adjacent wall. Soon afterwards, Jones began searching the internet for drills capable of busting through reinforced concrete.

By May 2014, Jones had narrowed his search to the Hilti DD350 diamond coring drill – the exact same model used during the raid. The four men would meet regularly to discuss progress, usually on a Friday night, either at the Castle pub in Islington or at an Italian cafe called Scotti’s.

During March 2015, the gang made multiple visits to the eight-storey building housing the vault, wandering in and out to identify CCTV cameras, alarm systems and work out the best way to get to the basement. By then others had been brought into the main gang including an inside man known as Basil, who had access to crucial keys, and Carl Wood, a close friend of Jones. With all the pieces in place and a seemingly foolproof plan, the gang decided to put the wheels in motion during a time they knew the building would be empty and the surrounding area quiet – the Easter Bank Holiday weekend.

“THE FOUR MEN HAD WORKED TOGETHER MANY TIMES IN THE PAST AND KNEW THEY COULD TRUST ONE ANOTHER”

THURSDAY 2 APRIL 2015

18.00

Security guard Kevin Stockwell comes to the end of his shift, sets the alarm and locks the doors of Hatton Garden Safety Deposit Ltd. It is the start of the Easter weekend and he is not due to return until the following Tuesday morning. This provides the gang with a massive window of opportunity during which they can execute their plan.



The hole the gang drilled into the reinforced concrete vault wall was just 45x25cm, barely big enough for gang member Danny Jones to squeeze through

20.20

The gang arrives on the scene. Collins and Wood are driving a white Transit van. Reader arrives by public transport. All members are disguised as workmen with high-visibility jackets and hard hats.

20.22

Soon afterwards, another member of the gang, known only as 'Basil', is captured on CCTV as he walks along Greville Street towards 88-90 Hatton Garden. Seemingly aware of the position of the CCTV camera, he uses a bin bag to obscure his face before entering the building.

21.21

Jeweller Lionel Wiffen, who has a basement office next to the safety deposit box company, leaves his office by way of a locked fire escape – his preferred route in and out of the building. One minute later, Basil, who has been hiding inside the building waiting for Wiffen to make his exit, opens the door to the fire escape at the side entrance.

21.22

The white Transit van arrives at the entrance and the men unload bags and two wheelie bins containing tools and metal joists. The men are captured on CCTV as they struggle to take the heavy loads into the building. Collins returns to the van and parks it in nearby Cross Street. He then makes his way to 25 Hatton Garden, a building opposite the gang's target, and keeps watch.

22.15

Two members of the gang climb the stairs to the second floor of the building. They call up the lift and disable it by knocking off the door sensor, ensuring the doors remain open. Back on the ground floor, the gang pins a handwritten note on the wall next to lift declaring it to be "Out of order".



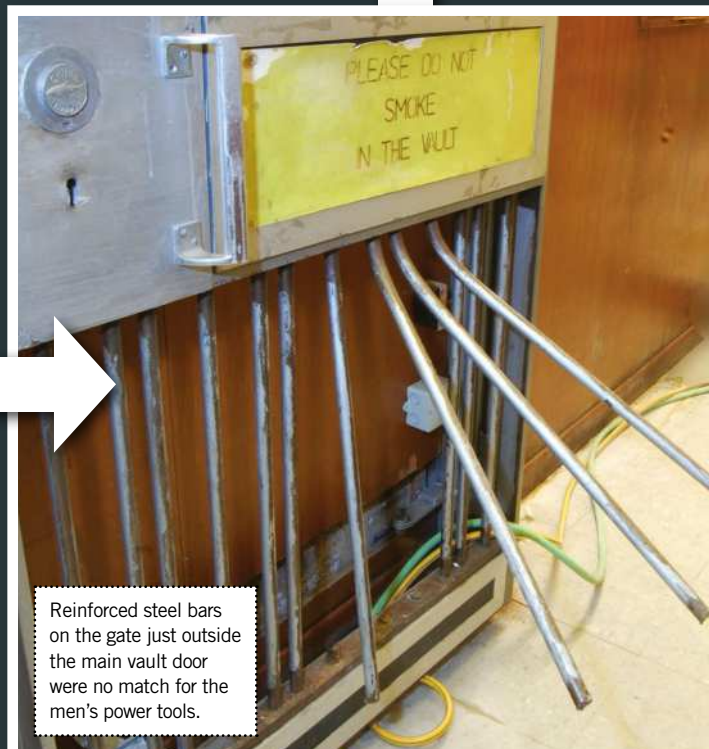
Footage from cameras inside the building showed the men accessing the lift with tools via the fire escape.



The vault door was an intimidating lump of heavy reinforced steel with a sophisticated locking mechanism.



A trail of vandalism shows the route the men took through the building to access the Hatton Garden vault.



Reinforced steel bars on the gate just outside the main vault door were no match for the men's power tools.

FRIDAY 3 APRIL

22.40

At least one member of the gang slips down the lift shaft (following an armed robbery in the 1960s, the lift no longer travels to the basement) and forces up the metal shutters blocking the doors. An unlocked cupboard next to the lift is opened and the telephone cable coming out of the alarm box is cut. An aerial attached to the alarm is broken off.

00.02

Using power tools and other equipment, the gang cuts through a security gate to gain entry to the vault door. The robbers start setting up the drill, positioning it directly outside the 0.5-metre thick concrete wall adjacent to the huge steel vault door.

00.18

Unknown to the gang, the damaged alarm transmitter has been able to connect with its receiver. An alert is sent saying the alarm has been tripped. The alarm-monitoring company reports this to the son of the owner of the company, who calls security guard Kevin Stockwell to tell him to check the building. The police are informed about the alarm but ignore it.

01.15

Kevin Stockwell arrives at Hatton Garden. Collins, acting as lookout, has fallen asleep and fails to alert the rest of the gang to his presence. The raid hangs in the balance. Stockwell finds both the front door and the fire exit locked. Assuming the alert is nothing more than a false alarm, Stockwell returns home to bed.

04.30

The gang finishes drilling the last of three holes in the 0.5-metre thick concrete wall next to the vault. It has taken nearly an hour to drill each one and a further 30 minutes to reposition the drill each time.

THE MISSING JEWELS

EASY TO TRANSPORT OUT OF THE COUNTRY AND SELL ON, MOST OF THE STOLEN GEMS MAY NEVER BE SEEN AGAIN

Millions of pounds worth of jewellery that was stolen in the raid has yet to be recovered and has almost certainly been taken out of the country. Unlike cash, which can be extremely bulky, or gold, which is very heavy, diamonds and other gemstones are easy to conceal, simple to transport and pack massive value into a tiny package.

Although precious stones can be re-cut to disguise them, this reduces their value. Instead, so-called 'flying fences' will travel from overseas in order to purchase stolen goods before attempting to sell them far from the scene of the crime, sometimes years later.

A 5.34 carat diamond worth £50,000 stolen from Graff Jewellers in London in July 2007 allegedly turned up in New York seven years later, while another diamond that was stolen in the same raid is believed to have surfaced in Hong Kong in 2012. Around two-thirds of the loot from the Hatton Garden heist is still missing, so we might not hear anything about it for a decade or more – if at all.

The men were able to bypass the door by drilling through 0.5 metres of reinforced concrete wall beside it.

Having squeezed through the hole, they had hours to raid the security boxes before the morning shift began.



Police found some of the stolen valuables (including those pictured) hidden in a grave

SATURDAY 4 APRIL

05.00

The gang sees that, despite having breached the wall with the drill, entry to the vault is blocked by the back of a floor-to-ceiling cabinet containing some of the safety deposit boxes that is bolted to the wall. The gang attempt to use a hydraulic jack to push against the cabinet, managing to rip out the bolts. However, the jack breaks before the cabinet has even shifted an inch.

After several attempts to fix the jack, the gang give up. Reader is especially despondent and tells the others that they will never get into the vault.

07.51

The raiders pack up their equipment and leave the premises via the fire escape with the exception of the mysterious Basil, who exits through the front door. Collins retrieves the white van, picks up the disheartened four men and drives away.

16.00

Collins and Jones spend most of the day making a series of phone calls in the search for a replacement hydraulic ram. The pair then drive to Twickenham and visit two plant-hire shops. In Machine Mart, Jones buys a new pump and hose. The receipt is made out to a V Jones of Park Avenue, Enfield. Jones has used his real address and his partner's initial for the purchase.

21.17

Collins climbs into his white Mercedes and leaves his home to travel to central London with Jones and Wood as passengers. They drive past the entrance of 88-90 Hatton Garden and note the lack of activity. The three men get out of the car and walk along the road, checking to see if anyone has raised the alarm. Satisfied the coast is clear, the trio return to Collins's home.

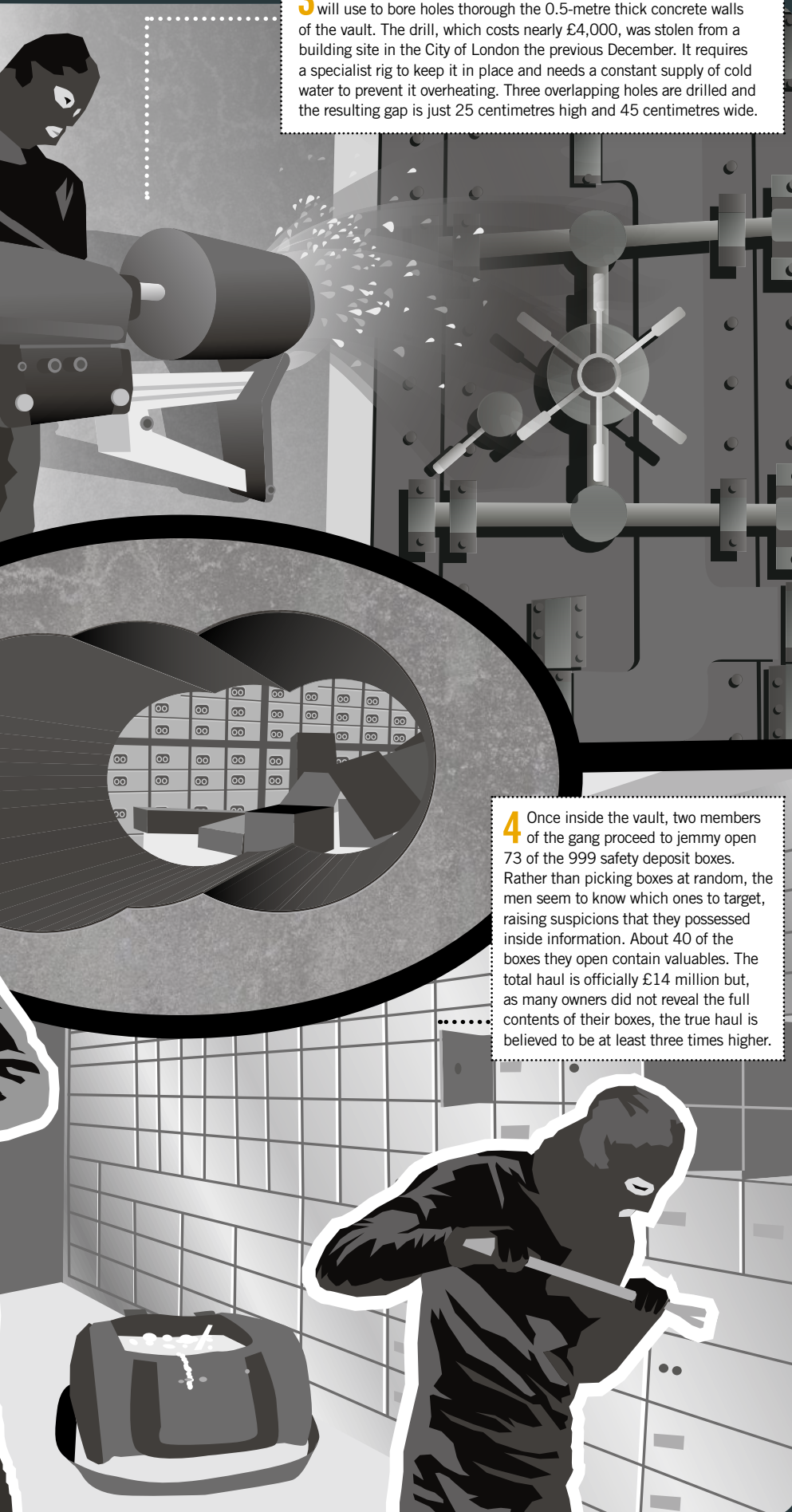
BREAKING INTO THE VAULT

ON A QUIET BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND, THE GANG PUT THEIR PLAN INTO PRACTICE AND PULLED OFF THE LARGEST BURGLARY IN BRITISH HISTORY

1 Basil opens the main wooden doors of 88-90 Hatton Garden Safe Deposit Ltd with a key. Immediately behind is a magnetic glass door that, outside business hours, requires a four-digit pin code. Once inside, Basil gains access to the courtyard by pulling back on two bolts on the door and then opening the fire escape to allow the others to enter, clearing the way for them to make their way down the lift shaft.

2 The gang cuts the power to the iron gate securing the ground floor and then slides it open. The lock on the wooden door behind the gate is smashed open, letting the rest of the gang – along with all the heavy equipment necessary for the raid – into the basement area. At this point, only a single iron gate stands between the gang and the door of the vault.

3 The gang set up the Hilti DD350 diamond coring drill, which they will use to bore holes through the 0.5-metre thick concrete walls of the vault. The drill, which costs nearly £4,000, was stolen from a building site in the City of London the previous December. It requires a specialist rig to keep it in place and needs a constant supply of cold water to prevent it overheating. Three overlapping holes are drilled and the resulting gap is just 25 centimetres high and 45 centimetres wide.



4 Once inside the vault, two members of the gang proceed to jemmy open 73 of the 999 safety deposit boxes. Rather than picking boxes at random, the men seem to know which ones to target, raising suspicions that they possessed inside information. About 40 of the boxes they open contain valuables. The total haul is officially £14 million but, as many owners did not reveal the full contents of their boxes, the true haul is believed to be at least three times higher.

DISHONOUR AMONG THIEVES

THEY STARTED THE ROBBERY AS FRIENDS, BUT IN THE WEEKS AFTER THE JOB, THE CRACKS BEGAN TO APPEAR

Covert recordings of conversations between members of the gang in the weeks after the raid showed that pulling off the biggest burglary in British history had strained their long-standing friendships.

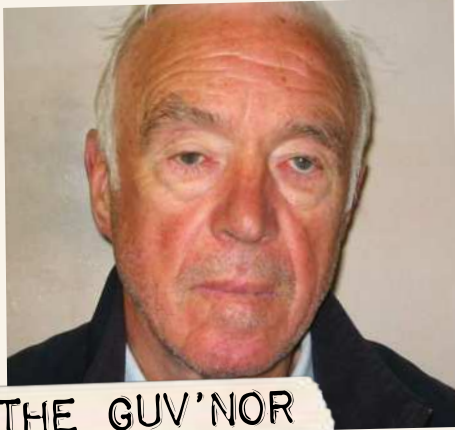
In particular, Jones and Perkins were caught discussing the fact that they would have been able to break into far more boxes and steal much more money if Reader had not quit the gang. Perkins noted: "We should be sitting here now with chauffeur-driven Bentleys, one for every day."

Jones added: "All them months and f*****g years he's put work in to go, 'look I won't be here tomorrow' cos he's thought you'll never get in there. I really want to have a go at him but I've got to stop myself. Really want to hit him and say toughen up you f*****g pr*** that's what you are, you lost all the f*****g work, you bottle out at the last minute."

Despite having planned the raid, the pair agreed that Reader was no longer entitled to a share. "He knows he ain't getting a dollar," said Jones.



The drill the gang used to bore three holes in to the vault was left at the scene of the break in



THE GUV’NOR

REAL NAME: Brian Reader

The oldest of the Hatton Garden raiders, Reader had a long criminal career behind him. He was involved in the 1983 Brink’s Mat heist, which saw gold bullion worth £26 million stolen from Heathrow Airport. Reader helped conceive and plan the Hatton Garden heist and was in the basement during the first night of the raid.



TEL

REAL NAME: Terrance Perkins

A key member of the gang, Perkins was involved in every stage of the operation and was responsible for dividing up the loot once the gang had collected it from the safety deposit boxes. A career criminal, Perkins had been jailed for 22 years for his part in the Security Express robbery that took place in April 1983.



KENNY

REAL NAME: John Kenneth Collins

Collins, a highly experienced thief with a record dating back to 1961, carried out some of the early reconnaissance on the target and drove the van to and from the scene. During the raid itself, Collins was the main lookout – though it was claimed by the others in the gang that he fell asleep on the job at a crucial moment.



CARL

REAL NAME: Carl Wood

Wood had been captured on CCTV during the first night of the raid but panicked on the second, after discovering that a previously open fire escape had been locked, and walked away. Barely surviving on a disability pension and riddled with debt, Wood got involved in the raid through his long-standing friendship with Jones.



BILLY THE FISH

REAL NAME: William Lincoln

Lincoln was the getaway driver during the raid and assisted in transferring the stolen goods to safe houses after it was complete. With two false hips and an incontinence problem – he famously wet himself during his first police interview – he got his nickname due to being a regular at Billingsgate market.



HUGHIE

REAL NAME: Hugh Doyle

The youngest defendant at 48 years old and the only one to be granted bail during the trial, Doyle was convicted of money laundering after helping the gang to transfer the stolen goods from one vehicle to another after the raid. He had been a drinking buddy of Collins, Reader and Perkins for many years.

SUNDAY 5 APRIL

22.04

The gang, along with the new hydraulic pump, return to Hatton Garden in the white van, minus Brian Reader – who has given up believing the task to be hopeless. Once inside the building, Carl Wood discovers the fire escape that they had deliberately left open has now been locked. This is proof that someone else has been in the building over the weekend. Wood

instantly gets cold feet and decides to leave, much to the annoyance of the rest of the gang. Like Reader before him, he takes no further part in the heist.

23.55

The men set up their new equipment by the holes in the vault wall. They use metal joists to anchor the pump on the opposite wall, placing the ram against the back of the cabinets that are blocking their way inside. This time, the pump does its job and the cabinets start to give way. An excited Perkins reportedly exclaims: “It’s working! It’s working!”

00.10

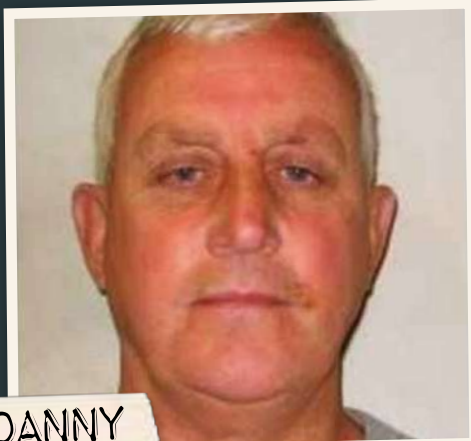
With the jack removed, the gap made by the three holes is just barely wide enough for Danny Jones – slimmer and fitter than the rest due to regularly running marathons – and mystery man Basil to slip through and begin opening the safety deposit boxes inside.

05.44

The gang emerges from the fire escape along with two wheelie bins and several bags, all of which are stuffed with jewels, cash and other items taken from the vault. Once again, the bins are so heavy it’s a huge effort to move them. Collins brings the white van to the fire escape exit so it can be loaded up with loot.

OLD AGE PILFERERS

THE GANG MEMBERS WERE CONVINCED THEY HAD GOTTEN AWAY CLEAN, BUT WITHIN HOURS OF THE RAID, POLICE WERE HOT ON THEIR TRAIL.



DANNY

REAL NAME: Daniel Jones

With nine previous convictions dating back to 1975, resulting in total sentences of 23 years, Jones had been involved in crime his whole life. Credited with having the original idea for the raid - he had been researching drills on the internet since 2010 - he was one of two men to climb into the vault and break open the boxes.



JON

REAL NAME: Jon Harbinson

Innocent taxi driver Harbinson had been accused of transporting the stolen goods on the Bank Holiday Monday following the raid. He had been asked by his uncle, William Lincoln, to look after three bags and told they did not contain anything important. The jury agreed Harbinson had been duped and cleared him of all charges.

It was, to all intents and purposes, the perfect crime. The gang broke into a secure vault, escaped with millions of pounds worth of cash, gold and jewels and left the scene without leaving a scrap of forensic evidence behind.

What led to the downfall of the gang was the fact that they failed to make allowances for the many innovations in law enforcement that had emerged in recent years, such as automatic number plate recognition cameras, CCTV and mobile phone evidence. They were, in the words of the detective who oversaw the operation Peter Spindler, "Analogue criminals operating in a digital age."

Numerous blunders were made along the way but the biggest of all was the fact that John Collins had driven his own car to Hatton Garden the night the gang returned to try to enter the vault for a second time. The white Mercedes was one of a number of vehicles that were 'spotted' by automatic number plate recognition cameras as being in the area close to the time of the raid.

Once police traced the car back to Collins and became aware of his long criminal record, they knew they were on to something. The car was found sitting outside Collins's house. Detectives set up a surveillance operation and soon saw him talking to Daniel Jones.

A check of phone records showed that Collins had been in touch with Terry Perkins and when he too was placed under surveillance, Brian Reader soon came into the picture. Police had correctly identified all the major ringleaders in the raid in a matter of weeks.

Bugs were placed inside Collins's car and also a Citroen Saxo belonging to Perkins. Police soon captured the gang

members bragging to one another about what they had achieved as they read about their exploits in the papers.

At one point, Jones was heard telling Perkins: "The biggest cash robbery in history at the time and now the biggest in the f*****g world, that's what they are saying... And what a book you could write, f*****g hell!"

Despite initially going their separate ways after the raid, the ringleaders continued meeting in their favourite pub on Friday nights. Surveillance officers covertly filmed the meetings and police used lip readers to decipher what was being said.

Knowing that the loot had been moved to a series of safe houses in the immediate aftermath of the raid, police were waiting for the gang to meet and divvy up the goods in order to swoop.

Just six weeks after the burglary, simultaneous raids by more than 200 officers caught many members of the gang red handed. Police were astonished to find a wealth of incriminating evidence in plain view in many of the homes including books on the diamond trade, a copy of *Forensics For Dummies* and some of the distinctive clothing seen on the CCTV footage of the raid, along with cash and jewels taken from the safety deposit boxes.

However, only about one third of what was stolen has been recovered.

TUESDAY 7 APRIL

06.44

It takes an hour to load up the van with all the stolen goods and wipe down all the equipment - which is being left behind - to destroy all forensic traces.

07.30

Just 45 minutes after the gang leaves, Lionel Wiffen arrives at his office in order to meet an electrician. Although he is concerned when he finds that the fire exit is unlocked once more, he does nothing.

08.00

Kevin Stockwell arrives at Hatton Garden Safety Deposit Ltd for the start of his next shift and soon enough discovers "a scene of chaos". He immediately calls the police.



John Collins's white Mercedes car was seen on CCTV in the area. It proved a crucial lead for the cops

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THE FINE ART OF GETTING RICH

THE RENAISSANCE MAN OF FRAUD, ART J WILLIAMS JR TURNED FROM PETTY CRIME TO FORGERY ON A GRAND SCALE, COUNTERFEITING \$10 MILLION IN BANK NOTES. BUT THIS WAS MORE THAN A GET-RICH-QUICK SCHEME, IT WAS A CHALLENGE AND IT WAS A FINE ART

WORDS SETH FERRANTI



On the Southside of Chicago, it's all guns, gangs, hard knocks and inner-city squalor. When poverty is rampant, life is rough and the denizens of the block live by any means necessary. Everything is a gamble and the need to get money consumes the populace. It's a struggle just to make it through the day and keep your belly full.

Artistic qualities are not a prized attribute and often those who portray them are held in contempt. The streets can be vicious and those that inhabit them learn early on that violence is the most respected currency.

Amid the gangs and underworld of the Southside, Arthur J Williams Jr grew up a prodigy. He was a go-getter who learned to fend for himself at a young age. Crime was all around him and he traversed it daily, juxtaposing the reality that was staring him right in the face with what he knew was right and wrong. It was a hard struggle within himself and eventually he gravitated towards it unintentionally.

PETTY AIN'T PRETTY

"I came home one day and my mom was crying, because she couldn't feed us. I was mad and frustrated and hungry," Art said.

"I went outside and started hitting the parking meters. I was hearing the change in them and I found a way to break into them. I went and bought some groceries and took them home."

Crime and the illicit gains it brought represented instant gratification to Art and he took to it willingly, diving in headfirst. "We were dirt poor and I would break into parking meters and cars, steal bikes and hustle weed. Anything to make a dollar," he said. "My family lived in the projects and I was a troubled kid. I didn't have any direction and my father had left."

With his mother struggling financially, Art hung out with a reckless group of friends who became involved in the local gang. Art had the mentality that he was going to

get money regardless. He recognised what was going on around him and emulated the actions of the dudes in the street that he watched and admired, causing havoc and gaining a reputation as a go-hard youngster who had potential.

However, Art's future wasn't in the streets. He had the necessary edge for it, but he also had a distinct creative and artistic side that would be more apt to other vocations than outright thuggery.

In the gang-infested neighbourhoods where Art found himself, there were many types of crimes taking place and there was more than one way to get money. Art found out that you could even make it. Instead of drugs and guns, Art was introduced to the art of counterfeiting as a teenager.

THE DA VINCI FRAUD

"My mom's boyfriend was an old time counterfeiter, an old Italian guy," Art said.

"He saw me gangbanging, breaking into cars, stealing cars and radios, hustling little dime bags of weed – out on the streets getting in trouble. He wanted to show me how to commit what he termed a gentleman's crime; he wanted to show me a better way. He looked at printing as an art rather than a crime.

"When I was about 15, he took me under his wing and taught me the ancient craft. He felt like I was smarter than that and he started teaching me how to print the old money, like the 1985 \$100 bill.

"He saw potential in me. He liked the fact that I tried to take care of my mom and siblings. So he decided to teach me a better way to make money."

So it was that Art, the young, ambitious and enterprising criminal, learned how to make money. One day he was roughing dudes off for their cash, and the next he was printing it.

It seemed like a dream come true to Art, and keeping to the code of Omertà, Art has never named his benefactor to this day. For media and story purposes, he calls him Da Vinci. He made a promise long ago to never divulge his teacher's real name, and he has stuck to it.

"During my lessons of the printing process, Da Vinci liked to tell stories," Art said. "At the time, I was young and didn't pay much attention to his stories. My interest was solely on printing money. But when I was interviewed for the book *The Art Of Making Money*, his stories resurfaced in my memory and I was surprised and grateful at how much I retained.

"I knew I couldn't use my teacher's real name so I chose Da Vinci, because most of the stories were about Leonardo da Vinci. Plus my teacher loved art."



Counterfeiting has long been called the world's second oldest criminal profession, prostitution being the first, and wherever and whenever governments made money, criminals tried to counterfeit it. It's an age-old tradition that has been passed down throughout the generations from master to apprentice. You can't just learn the craft, you have to be picked. Art was even told that his mentor's namesake was a counterfeiter.

"Da Vinci told me," said Art, "the old master Leonardo would grow angry with those he worked for. Said they were cheap and never wanted to pay his worth. So the old master Leonardo would turn lead into gold, counterfeiting the Medici gold. Alchemy was really just counterfeiting."

Art took to the vocation and his lessons eagerly, but during his apprenticeship, his teacher disappeared. "I spent a good nine months with him and then he just vanished," Art said. "I tried to do it on my own, but at that point I was still a novice. I hadn't learned enough.

"I ended up going back to the street, started doing some pretty heavy stuff, hitting drug dealers. I got into some trouble in Chicago and went down to Texas to get away from it." The artist in him receded and the roughneck came out. After doing a stretch in the Texas Department of Corrections, Art decided to get back into his art.

"I was in the joint for like two years for hitting this jewellery dealer," Art said. "When I got out, my ex-wife was buying a book for me and she paid with the new \$100 bill. I saw that they marked it. I didn't know what that pen was for. I didn't know what the big deal was about the 1996 note."

“WE WERE DIRT POOR AND I WOULD BREAK INTO PARKING METERS AND CARS, STEAL BIKES AND HUSTLE WEED”

THE BIG 100

Most of the \$100 bills in use today were designed in 1996. At the end of 2012, 8.6 billion \$100 notes were in circulation, according to the Federal Reserve System. That bill was touted as being uncounterfeitable, but Art broke the 1996 bill shortly after it was introduced.

With an apprenticeship in the old-world craftsmanship of bank-note design, Art embarked on painstaking test runs to hone his technique, and through the process of elimination, he perfected his printing acumen and duplicated the 1996 bill.

"It was a trial-and-error process," Art said. "I would try one thing and if it didn't work then I would try something different until I figured it out. I've always had a relentless attitude toward things. Whenever I put my mind to something I do it." This attitude and his relentlessness ability to stay the course, along with his passion for the craft, drove Art to perfection on the bill.

"The first thing I attacked in the 1996 note was the paper, the security thread and the watermark," Art said.

"I embedded the thread and watermark in between two sheets of paper. Then I sprayed it with a special formula I made to give it a fresh, starch feeling that would counter the detection pen devices. The second thing was the shifting ink.

"When the 1996 note was created, the printing and engraving office used the shifting-ink technology. The problem with that is the same company that made the ink licensed it to other companies to use; House of Color used it. They sell car paint, spray paint, and paint for model planes and cars." With hard work at the printing press and more modern tools like the computer, Art counterfeited the bill that the Fed said was unbreakable.

"It was a long process, it took me years to get to that super-note quality. Everyone was marking it with the pen. I had to find a paper that could defeat that, and that was a process in itself. I ordered paper from all over the world. Then I started to work on the hologram, the watermark that's in the paper, and the security thread. We made our own paper and embedded our own watermark and security thread within it. The last thing was the shifting-colour ink. That was the final thing. Then we just started printing."

SUPPLY AND DEMAND

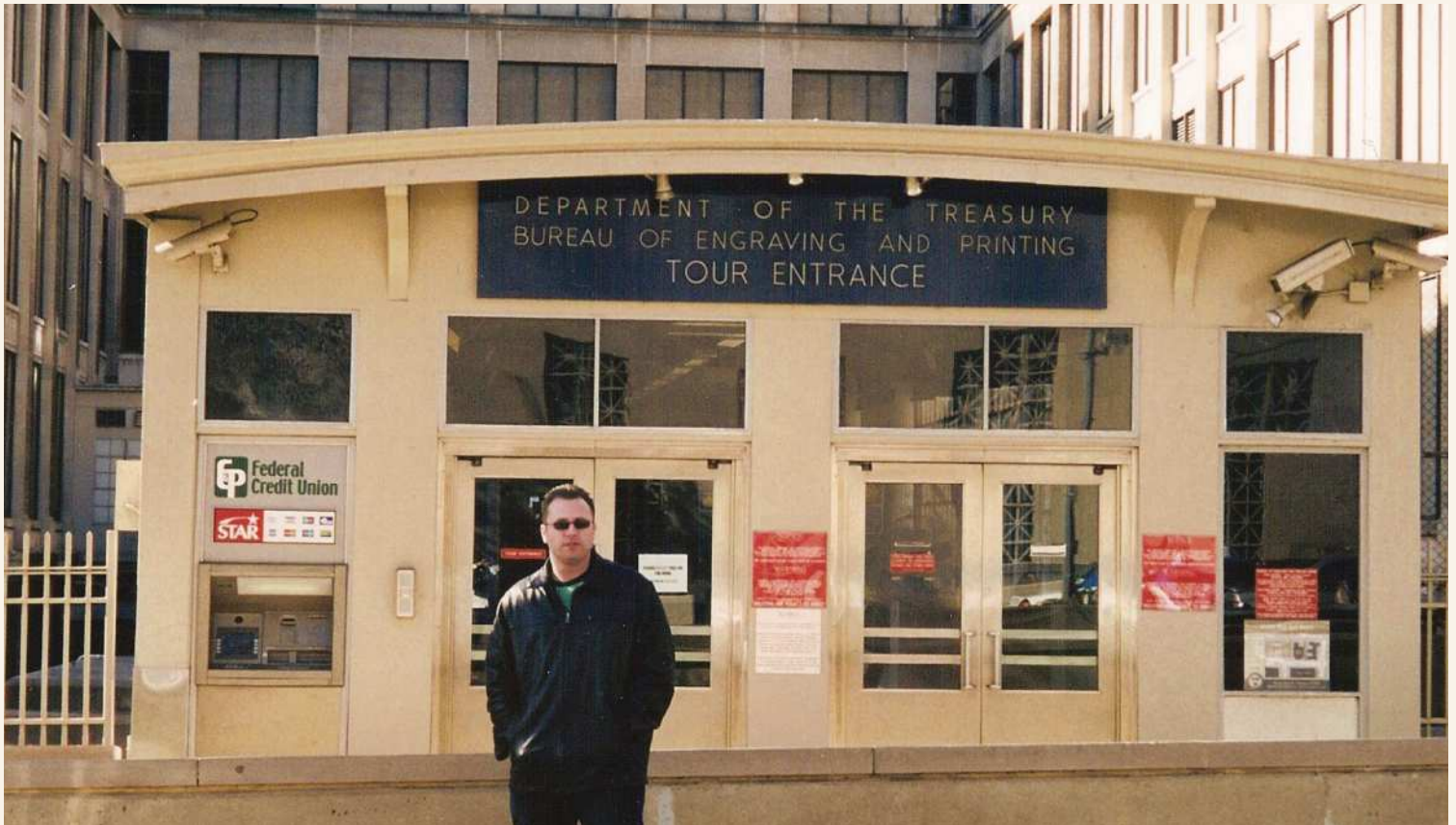
After churning the bill out through his techniques, Art turned to his criminal associates to get rid of the fake currency. He used his street contacts in Chicago to sell millions of counterfeit bills to organised crime syndicates. He did business with everyone. The only colour he saw was green and business was good, he had an A+ product, but in the streets it was dangerous.

"Growing up on the Southside, I ran with some real characters," Art said. "You always have to watch your back. But every culture has a mob in Chicago – Russian, Chinese, Italian, blacks, Mexicans – if you're not a part of that mob, it's hard for an outsider to safely do business with them. But as a teenager I played basketball and would travel to all the different cultural neighbourhoods. I met a lot of kids in those neighbourhoods and befriended most. Later in life when I was printing cash, those same kids were grown up and we connected in some way. It made for safer dealings."

Having mastered an illicit craft, Art was ready to get rich. He had the secret to winning the lottery except he didn't have to buy a ticket. He could just print the money himself. It would be a wild ride and Art would become a notorious outlaw of epic proportions before it was all over. Secret Service agents doggedly pursued Williams as he printed what some estimate to have been as much as \$10 million in fake money before

BELOW The author, Seth Ferranti, with Art Williams in Bridgeport the Italian section on the notorious Southside of Chicago where Williams got his start





he eventually landed in federal prison for six and a half years – the third time he was incarcerated for his criminal exploits. He's done about nine years total for his crimes.

OLD MASTERS

Between prison stints he was profiled in the pages of *Rolling Stone* magazine in 2005 and was the subject of the 2009 book *The Art Of Making Money*. Hollywood has come calling and bought the rights to his story for an as-yet untitled production. Art's counterfeiting escapades have been well publicised and the US Secret Service said Art's forgery of the 1996 \$100 note was the best they had ever seen. Art has had more than his 15 minutes of fame, but he developed new talents pertaining to his art during his incarceration that would keep him in the limelight.

"To help pass my time, I started to use different art mediums to recreate old money into beautiful pieces of artwork. I plan on replicating the new \$100 as the final piece in my money collection. This way allows me to accept the challenge without breaking the law," Art said.

“ THE FIRST THING I ATTACKED IN THE 1996 NOTE WAS THE PAPER, THE SECURITY THREAD AND THE WATERMARK ”

ABOVE Williams poses outside the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, the US agency responsible for the production of currency

THE REINVENTION OF ARTHUR J WILLIAMS

HOW THE KING OF COUNTERFEITERS FOUND A NEW CALLING

"When I was in prison, I never really thought much about hanging my art in a gallery. I was just doing it to pass the time. I like painting, it's peaceful, it grounds me," Art said. He always had an affinity for design, but he never thought about art for art's sake until a friend suggested that he take an oil-painting class at the prison.

"When I first took the painting class, they made you pick a picture out and then paint it, and they gave us a bunch of flowers to choose from. I couldn't believe it. Here we are in prison, and they want us to paint flowers. I gave it a shot, but I just wasn't feeling that imagery. I wanted to do something different," Art said.

"I decided I wanted to paint currency. It was the first painting I did. It took me a year. I just took off from there. I did the \$2 bill, then I did the \$10 bill, and then I did the \$5 bill when I was in the halfway house, which is my best one given that I was able to make it change colours."

Following his release, Art still had no inclination of being an artist. He was from the streets, that was just something tough guys didn't do, but he was very artistically inclined. He had several projects going

on including his clothing line, the *Cain's Dagger* book project and some scripts he had written. However, it seemed like a lot of people were taking an interest in his artwork, and that led to the Meg Frazier Gallery in his hometown of Chicago hosting Art's first show, Creative Works Representing the Life of a Master Counterfeiter, in the Spring of 2015.

"In my previous prison bids, I was always thinking of how I could beat the system, but I have a plan now, and the top of that plan is my clothing line. Every day when I wake up, it's to reach that goal. I'm not so quick to go back to what I know. I'm through with counterfeiting. Now I print shirts and paint bills."



ABOVE Williams signing prints of his paintings at his art opening exhibit in Chicago



ABOVE One of Art Williams's many pieces of artwork inspired by classic bank notes and the craftsmanship involved in their creation. Williams is still 'making money', but doing so well within the law

"When I was young and being taught how to counterfeit, my teacher would express the artistic beauty the old engravers displayed in their works. He showed me some of the first bank notes that were printed and immediately I saw why he referred to money as art rather than currency."

Art made a plan that centred around his former counterfeiting activities. He would still print bills and money, but he would do it in legitimate fashion.

"Now that I no longer can print due to the federal law prohibiting such an act, and my incarceration, I decided to recreate the old masters. I also wanted to bring to the world the lost art of making money," Art said. "Most people have never seen the old paper money that eventually replaced gold and coins. Recreating the old money is my way of preserving history and giving the old master engravers their due credit."

PAYING THE BILLS

Since his release, he has had an art opening for his work, got into printing T-shirts, published a book, and put together a documentary on his re-entry into society. For a former criminal, he has been busy as he has capitalised on his notoriety and focused on

" I KNEW I WAS GOING TO HAVE TO MAKE A CHANGE, ESPECIALLY WHEN MY SON JOINED ME IN PRISON FOR THE SAME CRIME "



legitimate pursuits. Art has turned his past and infamy into a brand.

"What held me back for so many years is that I didn't have a goal besides making money," he said. "With all the money I made, there were so many things that I could've done, but I had no respect for money."

"I knew I was going to have to make a change, especially when my son joined me in prison for the same thing. I knew that something had to give. I really started focusing heavily on what I wanted to do when I got out, which was the clothing line and my writing. I really didn't look at the art as a means of support. For me, it all comes

down to: you can't ever give up. You always have to have some goals in place."

"In prison, you got all these people that have all these lofty dreams about starting their own business but it's really hard when you get out there. When you build your own business and you do it the right way, it's a marathon. Where I'm at today is I am watching where the money goes, I am working with clients, I am managing employees and different personalities, and taxes? Whoever thought of taxes? I never did. But it's been an extreme experience. I am creating a product that somebody wants."

"I am doing jobs for people. Buying the shirts. Printing them. It's difficult and can be a challenge in different ways than the counterfeiting, but I am working hard and I won't give up. It feels good to be in legitimate business and doing what I love. I'm still printing. Still printing."

ABOVE Art behind the scenes the Common and John Legend event where one of his paintings was exhibited on stage

HOW SECURE IS THE CURRENT \$100?

WILLIAMS WEIGHS IN ON THE LATEST INCARNATION OF HIS OLD BÊTE NOIR

For the fourth time in history there was a new \$100 bill. The improved, high-tech \$100 note made its debut about a year ago. The Federal Reserve reacted to improved counterfeiting technology and the new bill is their effort to thwart digital printing devices. After a decade-long research and design process, the Fed claims the note is more colourful, more secure, easier to authenticate, and harder to replicate.

DESIGN

With the raised printing all over the bill, trickier watermark, life-like Ben Franklin portrait, hologram-like 3D security ribbon, more colour-shifting ink and other tech-savvy measures, the Treasury believes they have a design that can't be reproduced, but the romantic in Art isn't impressed. "I look at the new \$100 bill and I see the lack of artistic imagination. It is very plain. This may be the last time that the \$100 is redesigned, due to the increased use of digital currency to conduct transactions through smart phones. I would have hoped that the Bureau of Engraving would have used more artistic imagination given the beauty of the old notes." Art says. "For security purposes, I give them an A+. I believe anything a man makes can be reproduced, but would it be cost effective?"



BELOW A sheet of new bills come off the press at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing



SECURITY RIBBON

The bill incorporates new anti-counterfeiting features, including the blue 3D security ribbon woven into the paper that uses 650,000 micro lenses to produce dancing 3D Liberty Bells and \$100 numerals, making it nearly impossible to duplicate. "In my opinion, the only way to defeat the new bill would be to attack the paper and the blue strip embedded in the paper," says Art. "That strip would have to be first."

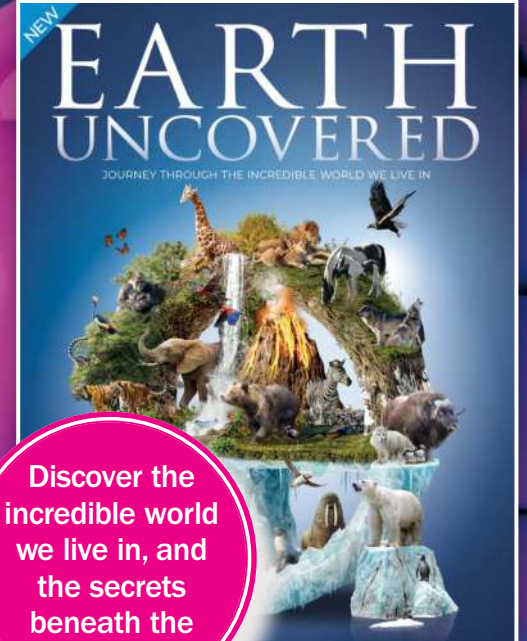
NANO INK

"To prevent what I did from happening again, the Fed uses nano ink for the blue strip down the middle," says Art. "I will say the new \$100 bill completely eliminates all the newer methods of printing, using computers, ink-jet printers, laser printers and digital printers due to the nano-ink blue strip. Basically, the blue strip eliminates all the amateurs. I think the blue strip is the only thing that will challenge the professional counterfeiter, and the one who figures that out will be the holy grail of forgers."

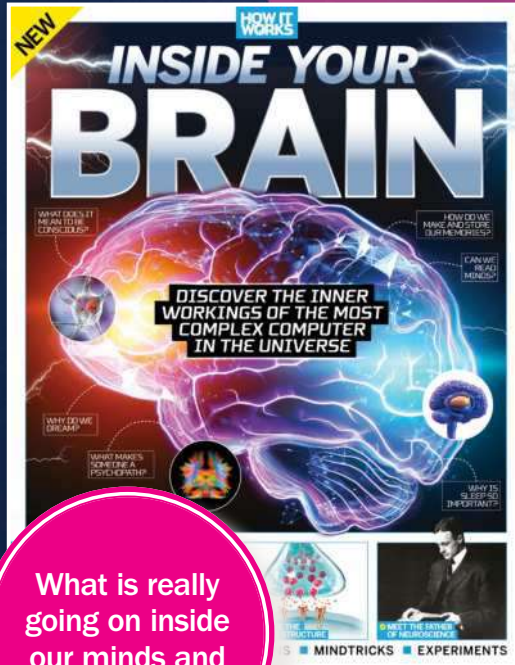
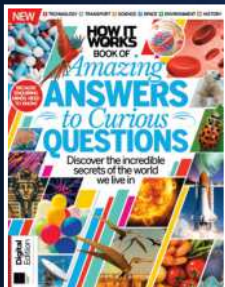
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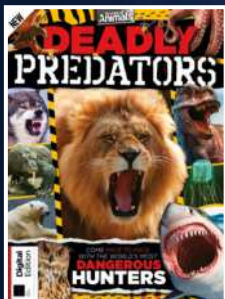
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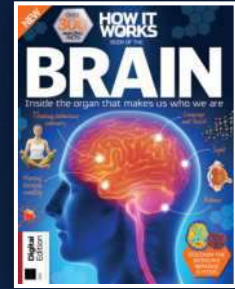
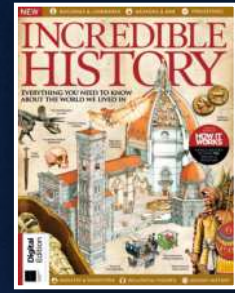
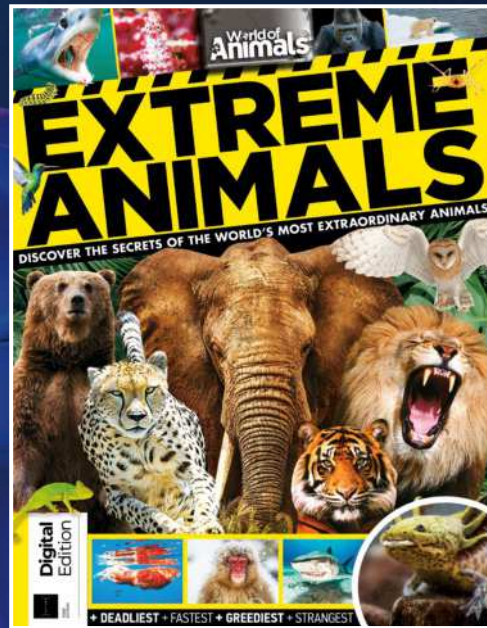
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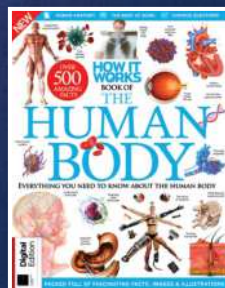
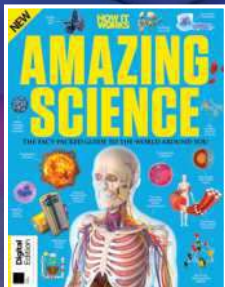


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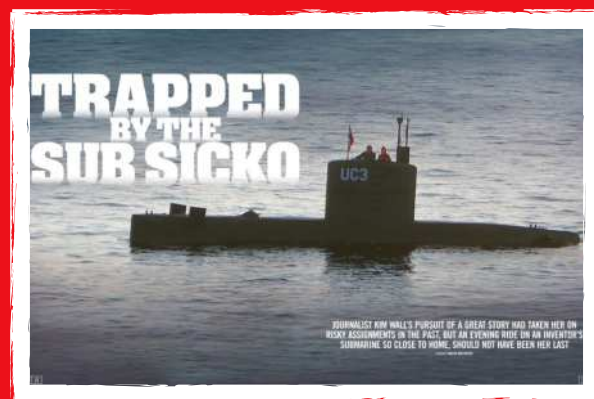
DIAMOND GEEZERS

INSIDE ONE OF THE MOST DARING HEISTS IN BRITISH CRIMINAL HISTORY



MURDER IN PARADISE

HOW 'THE SERPENT' BECAME ASIA'S MOST NOTORIOUS SERIAL KILLER



THE SUB SICKO

SNUFF-OBSSESSED PETER MADSEN HAD LONG-PLANNED THIS MURDER